WHEN IN
BALTIMORE
STOP AT THE

130 Rooms
Elegantly
Furnished
Unexcelled
Cuisine
Rooms
with Bath
and en Suite.
Centrally Located.

Opposite Camden Station
Main Depot B. & O. R. R.

Rates $1.00 per Day and Upwards

SEND FOR BOOKLET

Hotel Joyce
Baltimore, Md.

KING BEE SHOES

$3.50 and $4.00

With a chance of a new pair FREE.
See offer on top of box.
Sold everywhere.
Made only by

GEORGIA SHOE MAKERS
CATALOG FOR POSTAL

Bangles and Bracelets

¶ Nearly every year witnesses the return to popularity of some article of jewelry worn many seasons before.

¶ This is Bangle and Bracelet year.

¶ Not alone the new styles, but the restoration to their former beauty and usefulness of those worn half a century ago.

¶ Our stock presents one of the largest assortments in the South, ranging in price from **$5** to **$500.**

¶ In our Repair Department we have unusual facilities for restoring bangles, bracelets and all kinds of jewelry; re-stringing of pearls, and repairing of fine watches.

¶ Estimates furnished upon application.

GALT & BRO.

Established Over a Century.

JEWELERS, SILVERSMITHS, STATIONERS

1107 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

THE Publishers Failure

Places in our hands the remainder of Their Greatest Publication

Ridpath's History of the World

9 Massive Royal Octavo Volumes, 4,000 double-column pages, 2,000 superb illustrations.
Brand New, latest edition, down to 1906, beautifully bound in half Morocco

At LESS than even DAMAGED SETS were ever sold

We will name our price only in **direct letters** to those sending us the **Coupon** below. **Tear off the Coupon, write name and address plainly, and mail to us now before you forget it.**

Dr. Ridpath is dead, his work is done, but his family derive an income from his history, and **to print our price broadcast,** for the sake of more quickly selling these few sets, would cause **great injury to future sales.**

Weighs 55 lbs.

RIDPATH takes you back to the dawn of history, long before the Pyramids of Egypt were built; down through the romantic, troubled times of Chaldea's grandeur and Assyria's magnificence; of Babylonia's wealth and luxury; of Greek and Roman splendor; of Mohammedan culture and refinement; of French elegance and British power; to the rise of the Western world, including the complete history of the United States and all other nations down to the close of the Russia-Japan war.

RIDPATH'S enviable position as an historian is due to his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian has ever equaled. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan; to watch that thin line of Greek spearmen work havoc with the Persian hordes on the field of Marathon; to know Napoleon as you know Roosevelt. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability, and makes the heroes of history real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of emoires in such a fascinating style that history becomes as absorbingly interesting as the greatest of fiction.

RIDPATH'S History is strongly endorsed by Presidents Harrison, Cleveland, and McKinley, Jefferson Davis, Lew Wallace, John L. Stoddard, Bishop Vincent, Dr. Cuyler, Rabbi Hirsch, Presidents of Ann Harbor, Amherst, Brown, Dartmouth, Tufts, Trinity, Bates, Colby, Smith, Vassar, Yale, and other Colleges, and by the Great American People, 200,000 of whom own and love it.

RIDPATH is generally conceded the **Greatest History** ever written.
It is the **only general history recognized as an authority.**
It is so **beautifully written** your children will learn to love it.
You should know history in these **history-making days.**
This is your chance to buy **for less than ever before.**
You may pay **in small sums monthly, if you wish.**

$1
Brings the Complete Set, Balance Small Sums Monthly.

SEND COUPON TO-DAY AND WE WILL MAIL SAMPLE PAGES FREE

FOLD HERE, TEAR OUT, SIGN, AND MAIL

FREE COUPON

Western Newspaper Association
204 Dearborn St.
Chicago, Ill.

Please mail, without cost to me, sample pages of Ridpath's History containing his famous "Race Chart" in colors, map of China and Japan, diagram of Panama Canal, etc., and write me full particulars of your special offer to Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine readers

Name.....

Address.....

-IF-

You Wish to Join Hands

with our several hundred agents who are bending every energy to extend the circulation of

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

AND

The Weekly Jeffersonian

Write us for terms and sample copies.

Our Agents are making money — YOU CAN.

ADDRESS

Thos. E. Watson,

Thomson, Georgia.

"Yes,

do send me a book.

. . Not a bargain book, bought from a haberdasher, but a beautiful book, a book to caress—peculiar, distinctive, individual: A book that hath first caught your eye and then pleased your fancy, written by an author with a tender whim, all right out of his heart. We will read it together in the gloaming, and when the gathering dusk doth blur the page, we'll sit with hearts too full for speech and think it over."

Dorothy Wordsworth to Coleridge.

Such a book is

WILL N. HARBEN'S

"Ann Boyd"

AND

MR. WATSON'S

Life and Times of Andrew Jackson.

Both begun in the January number of this Magazine as serials.

Mail us your Subscription. At the year's end you will have both Stories Complete.

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE

1879——————1906

GEORGIA MILITARY COLLEGE

A UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA PREPARATORY SCHOOL

MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.

THREE COURSES: Classical, Scientific, . Commercial; Music and Art. Honest work done by teachers. Exacted of Students.

GOVERNMENT: Military, after West Point Model. U. S. Army Officer, Commandant of Cadets and Instructor in Military Science, French and Spanish. Military Equipment furnished by U. S. Government.

EXPENSES: Total cost for year of 38 weeks, $150.00. Includes Board and Laundry, two Uniforms. Books from $5.00 to $10.00. This school brings an Education within the reach of the poor boy.

OUR AIM: The complete training of the boy.

Twenty-Seventh Session. **Opened September 4th, 1906.**

For New Illustrated Catalogue, Address,

W. E. REYNOLDS, A. M., President, Milledgeville, Ga.

BOYS' INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,

ROME, GEORGIA.

FOUNDED BY MARTHA BERRY.

THE ONLY SCHOOL IN THE SOUTH FOR BOYS FROM THE COUNTRY EXCLUSIVELY.
NO BOY FROM THE CITY WILL BE ACCEPTED.

EXPENSES for Board, Tuition and Plain Washing for term of sixteen weeks are $25.50—just one-half the actual cost to the school. The balance due for the expenses of each student is raised by the personal efforts of the founder of the school.

There are now 125 students in attendance, representing twenty-four counties in Georgia. Many of these boys would have no other opportunity to obtain an education.

Here is a golden opportunity for the people of Georgia to help develop the manhood, the citizenship, the sterling Christian Character of the most worthy boys in the State.

$51.00 pays the deficit on one student one year.
$25.50 pays the deficit on one student one term.

WILL YOU NOT AID US IN THIS IMPORTANT WORK? Contributions, large or small, gratefully received.

Address all communications to

MISS MARTHA BERRY, Rome, Ga.

THE DIXIE BUSINESS COLLEGE

ATLANTA'S MODEL TRAINING SCHOOL

Just opened by the best known Business College teachers in Georgia.

Between four and five thousand of our students are now holding splendid positions throughout the South.

The most modernly equipped, the best lighted, and the most centrally located school in Atlanta.

COMBINED BOOKKEEPING AND SHORTHAND COURSES FOR $45.

if scholarship be purchased during January. WRITE FOR ANNOUNCEMENT.

H. L. Bridges & Bernard C. Ansted,

PROPRIETORS

THE

Atlanta Dental College

A School
Of Dentistry
By Dentists
For Dentists

Largest School in the State
Leading School of the South

FEATURES: Large New College Building, Complete New Library, New Practical Porcelain Department, Heavy Operatory Clinic, Exclusively White Patients, Monthly Examinations and Daily Recitations, Central Location, Experienced Teachers and Demonstrators.

Write for souvenir catalogue and further particulars to

WILLIAM CRENSHAW, D. D. S. Dean
Box 401 Atlanta, Ga.

MSS. of Novels, Essays, Poem Plays and Epigrams will be considered for issue in book form by us. Address at once, BROADWAY PUB. CO., 835 Broadway, N. Y.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN

Texas Investments

OF ANY KIND OR SIZE

Address

E. C. ROBERTSON,

Kiam Building, Houston, Texas.

REAL ESTATE.

Those desiring to move to South Georgia, the most prosperous section of the state, can secure bargains in city property, farm lands, saw mill or turpentine sites, by writing to

C. C. TYLER,
BOX 272
Moultrie, - - Georgia.

Give Watson a Square Deal,

Then give your boy a penny to get a card, and write us for description and photos of SQUARE-DEAL CORN, improved by us for forty years; raised by us in 30 states; so you can get acclimated seed near you. Largest, whitest, most productive and best quality known. Sample with Editor. We offer $1,000 for a better Corn. Address,

SQUARE-DEAL SEED CORN FARMS,
Cook, DeSoto Parish, La

JAMES W. GREEN J. D. WATSON

GREEN & WATSON

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

THOMSON, GA.

Consulting Counsel THOS. E. WATSON.

Will practice in McDuffie and surrounding counties. Loans negotiated and Collections made on good terms.

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

AND

THE COMMONER.

TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE AND WM. J. BRYAN'S PAPER

Both One Year for Only $1.85

Mr. Bryan is the most conspicuous figure in American politics to-day. He is more—he is a *World Figure.* His views on men and things are awaited with interest in foreign countries as well as at home. THE COMMONER is his medium of communication with the world; but it is more than a personal organ, for it covers the whole realm of political thought. Hence, no one, whether a follower or an opponent of Bryan's doctrines, can fail to be interested in the columns of this famous paper.

ADDRESS

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE,

ATLANTA, GA.

J. W. FIELDER, Pres

"ANYTHING FOR ANY OFFICE"

IVAN E. ALLEN, Secy & Treas

OFFICE & SALESROOMS.
61 PEACHTREE STREET
MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS.

Fielder & Allen Co.

"THE OFFICE OUTFITTERS"

OFFICE FURNITURE,
TYPEWRITERS,
STATIONERY,
BLANK BOOKS.

FILING CABINETS

262

CABLE ADDRESS "FIALCO"

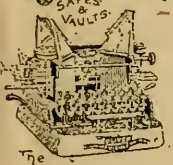
P O BOX 4541

NEW YORK, 101, 103 DUANE ST.
CHICAGO, COR WABASH & MONROE STS

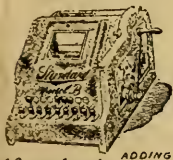
FACTORY
150, 152 154 156 158, 160 EDGEWOOD AV
TELEPHONE 3800

Atlanta, Ga., December, 15, 1906.

SAFES & VAULTS



The OLIVER STANDARD VISIBLE WRITER



Standard ADDING & LISTING MACHINE

EDISON'S MIMEOGRAPH

SECTIONAL BOOK CASES

BANK & OFFICE FIXTURES.

Mr. Business Manager:-

Is your business increasing? Is your office system adequate to the demands? Do not wear yourself out with old methods. Take the short cuts to success by having your office machinery in full revolution. Office system minimizes worry, capacitates the brain, concentrates power, broadens the field, increases business and reduces expense.

There is no office large or small that does not need our goods. We do not confine our trade to Atlanta. Our traveling men and mail order system is at your command, and your orders or inquiries will receive our careful attention.

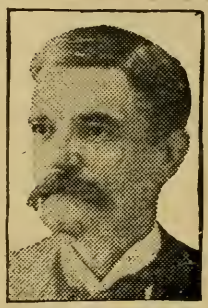
If you are in need of anything special in office appliances, write us fully on the subject. If interested in any of the articles below named, please check the item, cut out the page and mail to us for prices.

ADDING MACHINES.
Addressographs
Architects Supplies
Book Cases
Bank Furniture
Bank Safes & Vaults
Blank Books
Blue Print Paper
Court House Furniture
Card Index Systems
Check Files
Check Protectors
Chairs & Tables
Church Pews & Seating
Desks
Drawing Material
Filing Cabinets
Gunn's Sectional Bookcases
Inks, Mucilage & Paste
Indexes & Transfer Cases
Loose Leaf Ledgers & Books
Mimeographs & Supplies
Miscellaneous Stationery
Metal Furniture
OLIVER TYPEWRITERS
Opera Chairs & Seating
Paper & Twines
Pencils & Pens
Pocket Books & Wallets
Pigeon Hole Cases
Ribbons & Carbon
Roll & Flat Top Desks
Roller Copiers
Routing Systems
Sectional Bookcases
Sectional Filing Cabinets
School Furniture
STANDARD ADDING MACHINES
Typewriters & Supplies
Typewriters Repaired
Waterman Fountain Pens
Wire Goods
Vertical Filing Systems
YAWMAN & ERBE FILING SYSTEMS
YORK SAFES & VAULTS
ANYTHING FOR THE OFFICE

Yours very truly,
FIELDER & ALLEN CO.
J W Fielder

SAM JONES

HIS LIFE and SAYINGS



SAM P. JONES

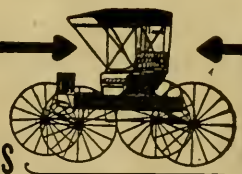
The greatest evangelist the world ever knew Over 450,000 converts. His memory cherished in every Christian home. You have heard him, or you know of his wonderful power. You can't hear him speak now, but you can read His Life and Bright Sayings compiled **BY HIS WIFE,** assisted by his co-worker, WALT. HOLCOMB. It contains over 400 pages and 50 full page illustrations. The type is plain and splendidly printed on good paper. Sent to any address on receipt of price. Size, 9½ x 7.

A Book You Should Have

Cloth B'g, $2.50 Half Morocco B'g, $3.50 Full Morocco B'g, $5.00, (De Luxe)

Great opportunity for agents. Send 50c for canvassing outfit. Book sells on sight. Over 19,000 sold the first week.

J. L. NICHOLS & CO., 930 Austell Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.



BEST VALUES EVER OFFERED YOU,

If you want to buy a buggy, saddle or harness, and want a reliable high-grade article at actual manufacturer's prices, less the profit of both jobber and dealer, it will be greatly to your interest to deal directly with us.

BUGGIES, $32.50 and up
HARNESS, $6.88 and up
SADDLES, $2.50 and up

Don't buy until you see us or write for Catalogue No. 21.

JOHN FOSTER CO.

265-267 DECATUR ST., Cor. Moore
ATLANTA, GA.

Genuine Gold Specimens

Free Samples of gold ore direct from the mine, sent free. We have a limited amount of stock of an exceptionally attractive and promising Nevada Gold Mine. The company is operated by reliable, responsible and honorable men, whose references are customers of years' standing, in all parts of the country. This stock is not manipulated by speculators or stock jobbers. It is offered now at a very low price, for rapid development purposes, and will sell at par soon, we believe, going higher as the mine develops. If you want to make money rapidly we advise you to purchase and hold this stock for large and regularly paid dividends. The stock of one Nevada Gold Mine increased 50 per cent in one day; 18 Nevada stocks during October 1906 increased in value Twenty-One Million Dollars. If you like a square deal and to be in the best of company, you will send us your address at once for full particulars.

MANHATTAN INVESTMENT CO.

125 EAST 23D STREET, N. Y.

LET ME TELL YOU of a simple and easy way to enlarge your arms an INCH in 1 MONTH, and increase your strength and breathing capacity 50 PER CENT. Develop your arms, shoulders, chest and legs to a wonderful extent. Strengthen your HEART, LUNGS, NERVES and all the internal muscles. Rid yourself of rheumatism writer's cramp, dyspepsia and constipation. And attain robust health, great strength, youthful vigor and a perfect form. Write to

R. GIBSON, Boston, Mass., Box 3559 W.

FOR 12 MONTHS.

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine and The Atlanta Georgian **$4.50**

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine and The Atlanta Constitution, daily **$5.00**

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine and The Review of Reviews **$3.00**

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine and either one of the following publications One Year for only **$2.00**

Bob Taylor's Magazine, Nashville, Tenn.
The Union News, Barnesville, Ga.
The Cotton Journal, Atlanta, Ga.
Southern Cultivator, Atlanta, Ga.
Semi-Weekly Journal, Atlanta, Ga.
The Watchman, Cleburn, Texas.
The Tri-Weekly Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine and either one of the following publications One Year for **$1.75**

Woman's Work, Athens, Ga.; National Co-Operator, Dallas, Texas; Southern Ruralist, Atlanta, Ga. The Missouri World, Chillicothe, Mo.

The Weekly Jeffersonian included with any Combination for 75c Additional

Club Rates. **We Save You Magazine Money.** Combinations.

Lord Bacon has said that "Reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man." If you want to be full—not physically, but mentally—full of the best information, you should read the best magazine literature. Foremost among the magazines is

The Metropolitan Magazine.

A beautifully illustrated monthly. A well appointed magazine in every department. There's some thing i it each month to interest the reader. Are you a subscriber? Why not become one?
Below you will find some very attractive offers to which we direct your attention:

The Metropolitan Magazine

With one Class A	$1.65
With two Class A	2.30
With two Class C	1.70
With one Class C) and one Class A	2.00
With two Class B	3.70
With one Class A and one Class B	3.00

Metropolitan Magazine

Review of Reviews or one Class B; Woman's Home Companion or one Class A	3.00
Metropolitan; World's Work; Delineator; McClure's	3.65

Class A.

American Magazine	$1.00
American Boy	1.00
American Inventor	1.00
American Primary Teacher	1.00
Baby	1.00
Cosmopolitan	1.00
Farming	1.00
Garden	1.00
Good Housekeeping	1.00
Home Magazine	1.00
Kindergarten Magazine	1.00
Little Folks	1.00
Physical Culture	1.00
Pilgrim	1.00
Suburban Life	1.50
Success	1.00
Times Magazine	1.50
Woman's Home Companion	1.00
World To-Day	1.50

Class B.

Automobile	$2.0
Motorway	2.00
Out Door News	2 00
Outing	3.00
Reader	3.00
Review of Reviews	3.00
Trained Nurse	2.00

Class C.

American Messenger	.50
Amer. Poul. J.	.50
Arkansaw Traveler	.50
Boys and Girls	.50
Housekeeper	.50
Ladies' World	.50
McCall & Patton	.50
Modern Women	.50
Modern Priscila	.50
New Idea Woman's Magazine	.50

Write for our Catalog.

Watson's Jeffersonian may be added to any Club for **$1.50 extra.** Address all orders to

Walker's Southern Magazine Agency,

212 Leonard Building, - - - Augusta, Georgia.

Our Advertisers.

The advertising columns of this Magazine carries into your homes only the announcements of those whom we have reason to believe do a legitimate and honorable business. Almost to the man, our advertisers were prompted to place their contracts with us, not with a single eye to the returns which they hoped to get as a result of using our space, but because they are broadminded men who believe in this Magazine as you do, enthusiastically predicting and welcoming Mr. Watson's success.

They with others, whose advertisements will appear in our next issue, will continue to extend this evidence of their sincerity and thereby guarantee WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE a financial success if you as our clientile only patronize them to that extent whereby they can carry their advertisement with us without doing so at a total loss. We are careful as to the character of the advertisements which we carry, which necessarily restricts our revenue from this source, so in your appreciation of this fact we ask you as our friends to so far as possible patronize our advertising friends and in doing so, be careful to mention this Magazine so they may know our people and know they are appreciative.

The H. H. Hale Music House,

OF ATLANTA, GA.

Joins hands with the LUDDEN & BATES SOUTHERN MUSIC HOUSE of Savannah, Ga., and a Car Load of Pianos will arrive by January 15th. Mr. H. H. Hale will be in charge of the Atlanta House as Manager, Representing the Old Reliable

Ludden & Bates Southern Music House

(37 Years in Music)

With a line of Pianos that Could not be Improved Upon in their Several Grades Were Every Other Make Added.

Chickering In Boston in 1823 was completed the first Piano in this country by the young inventor whose name stands for all that is perfection in piano building and bears the greatest honors in the musical world—Jonas Chickering, founder of Chickering & Sons. Chickering Quarter Grands and Uprights will be found here on exhibition and sale.

Mathushek Pianos through their rich tone quality, delicate touch, and GREAT POWER OF DURABILITY have won from artists and the public in general the appropriate name of "Lastingly Perfect." Mathushek's in all styles in stock.

Ludden & Bates Club Pianos Co-operative selling — 100 Pianos to 100 customers — club members—**brings up a saving of nearly $125.00.** You, with 99 other persons, secure the **New Scale $400 Ludden & Bates Piano** at club price of $287.00, cash or on terms of $10 cash and $8 monthly (quarterly or yearly terms if desired)—the only difference between spot cash and on payments is the interest—just what the money is worth to a business man—8 per cent. No waiting, no delays—pianos delivered in the city or at depot for shipment promptly, and with each "Ludden & Bates" Club Piano is our "**Guarantee for a Lifetime,**" and our "**Free Life Insurance Clause**" which provides, that in case of the death of club member, and all payments have been made according to agreement, a receipt in full for the balance of amount due us will be given the family, thereby safeguarding your childrens' musical education by keeping the piano in the home, and besides you will find in the New Scale $400.00 Ludden & Bates a piano that can hardly be duplicated elsewhere as to Tone-Action, general construction—in fact all that goes to make a piano as near perfect as is possible—for much less than double the club cost of $287.00. The pianos are on exhibition here. Call and criticise—find one weak point—if you can. If at a distance write for Club Booklet "A" which will give full particulars.

We only mention three of our big leaders—over a dozen dependable, well known makes are included, and all sold on the Ludden & Bates Southern Music House Policy of **giving a dollar's value for every dollar received.** Time payments—monthly, quarterly or yearly granted to reliable people. No matter what you are offered, come and see us **and compare values.**

H. H. HALE,
170 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.

Or
LUDDEN & BATES SOUTHERN MUSIC HOUSE,
Savannah, Ga.

In the Circulation Department

✣✣✣✣✣✣✣

My friends, no one *has been* asked to put a dollar into this Magazine. No one *will be* asked to do so.

With no financial backing beside my own, the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE has entered the field. It is absolutely independent, and will remain so.

It will grind no man's axe, nor reflect any other opinions than my own,—excepting, of course, when it may publish the signed articles of some contributor.

Don't you feel like helping a Magazine of that sort? Don't you think that you ought to have *at least one Magazine* that is devoted to the cause of the Plain Common People,—free from the control of any political party, any Trust, any candidate for office, any corporate combination?

This Magazine is devoted to Principle, not to Party. It will stand for those eternal principles of Justice and Right upon which the better men of all countries and all ages have sought to build the Government and its laws.

Are you willing to help me in *this?*

IF SO, NOW'S THE TIME. I don't want your money. What I need is your friendly sympathy, your co-operation.

Selling at fifteen cents you can see for yourself, if you are familiar with such matters, that the Magazine is not cut out for a money-maker.

It was not intended to be a mere money-maker. True, I want it to be self-sustaining—but *the real purpose* is to make the Magazine a power for Good.

It means to help you make better men out of your boys.

It means to do somewhat to hold up to your daughters those higher standards which made their mothers and grandmothers the noblest and purest of women.

It means to keep *you* informed of the truth of all such public matters as concern your own interests as a man, and as a citizen of a great Republic.

Now if this *Purpose* touches a responsive chord in your breast, talk-up the Magazine wherever you go, and thus aid me in extending its circulation and influence.

All Newspapers, Club Raisers and Agents who wish to help me, and those sending in their individual subscriptions, will please address same to me at Thomson, Ga. Postal notes and checks to be made payable to me. News dealers wishing supplies will order from Atlanta direct.

Thomson, Ga. THOS. E. WATSON.

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

THOS. E. WATSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1907 No. 2

CONTENTS.

MR. WATSON IN HIS WORK-ROOM. Frontispiece.

EDITORIALS. - - - - - - - - - *Thos. E. Watson* 151
Illustrated by W. Gordon Nye.

With Brisbane at Delmonico's—Morgan Wept—Negro Secret Societies—The Struggle of Church Against State in France—Some Random Talk on Literary Topics,—and the Crowning of a Living Poet.

VIVIEN. Poem. - - - - - - - - - *Charles J. Bayne* 191
Illustrated by Albert Mitchell.

MR. WATSON IN HIS HOME. - - - - *Charles J. Bayne* 195
With Photographs.

ANN BOYD. Serial Story. - - - - - *Will N. Harben* 211
Illustrated by W. Gordon Nye.

A RIDE TO THE ALTAR. Short Story. - - *A. U. Mayfield* 226

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD. - - - - - *Charles J. Bayne* 231
Illustrated with Cartoons and Photographs.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON. *Thos. E. Watson* 251
Illustrated by W. Gordon Nye.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER. Poem. - - - *Thomas Hood* 269

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD. - - - - - 270
With Photograph.

BOOK REVIEWS. - - - - - - - - *Thos. E. Watson* 274

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT. - - - - *Thos. E. Watson* 276

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE. - - - - 284

FARMERS' UNION DEPARTMENT. - - - 290

RETURNING THANKS TO OUR FRIENDS. - 295

Published Monthly by
THOS. E. WATSON
$1.50 Per Year. Austell Building, Atlanta, Ga. 15 Cents Per Copy

Application made for entry as second class matter at Atlanta Ga. Post Office.

MR. WATSON IN HIS WORK-ROOM.

Editorials.

With Brisbane at Delmonico's.

I.

For months and months Mr. Arthur Brisbane, the great editor of the Hearst Newspapers, had been urging me to come to New York, to take hold of an oar on board the wonderfully constructed trireme of William Randolph.

From letters, the pressure grew to telegrams, and the impression was gradually engraved upon my mind that unless I dropped everything and flew to the rescue, the Hearst newspapers would suffer irreparable damage.

Finally, there came over the heated wires the Brisbane distress-call of "Do Come!" and I could resist no longer.

Not being able to bear the idea of what would happen if I did *not* go, I telegraphed Brisbane that he might expect me on a certain day. I was always particular to specify the time of my arrival because it seemed a pity to have Mr. Hearst in his automobile miss the right train and meet the wrong one.

So I put off from Thomson Thomaston Thomas Thomasville Tompson Thomason Tomson Tompkins.

That's where I live.

The name of the place has turned my hair prematurely gray, but nothing can break my toe-holt on the local situation, and I expect to live just as long as I possibly can at Thomson Thomaston Thomas Thomasville Thompson Thomaston Tomson Tompkins.

And a smart little town it *is*, too. We have electric lights that keep you busy buying bulbs; we have an artesian well from which a steam pump extracts the water; and we have a Town Government which may be somewhat of a myth and a joke to Vagrants, Pool Rooms, Blind Tigers and Keepers of pig-stye nuisances, but which is a dreadful reality to taxpayers.

Please do not laugh. This is no joke. It is solemn statement of melancholy fact.

But, as I was saying, I boarded the cars at the simple little town where I live, and was taken to New York, with the customary missing of connections and enjoyable delays which have given the Southern Railroad the very worst name among all the law-breaking public-be-damned-Railroads.

In spite of all that the Southern Railroad could do, I finally landed in New York.

McGregor, my travelling companion, and I waited in the depot, in a well-bred manner, until the jostling crowd of ferry and car passengers should scatter. We wanted Mr. Hearst to have plenty of elbow room for his automobile when he should come up to the front entrance looking for me. The crowd lost no time in dispersing itself in various directions. In a little while, Mac and I were almost alone at the front entrance of the depot. Then we looked about for Mr. Hearst's automobile.

'Twasn't there!

William Randolph was nowhere to be seen.

Then we concluded that Mr. Bris-

bane must have come around in his carriage to meet us; and we began to inspect the carriages. But Brisbane's carriage wasn't there.

Assuming at once that both Hearst and Brisbane had been kept away from the depot by circumstances over which they had no control, I began to look around for the Messenger Boy that I felt sure must have been sent to seek us and to deliver a message from my illustrious friends Hearst and Brisbane.

In vain did my eager eyes search the regions round about for a messenger boy who might seem to be looking for a small man from Thomson Thomas Tompkins and the rest of it.

Sighing a weary sigh, I told Mac we would take a cab for the Hoffman House.

This we straightway did, and in about five minutes we alighted at the side entrance of that imposing hotel.

When we travel together Mac invariably carries the purse, and on this occasion when we alighted from the cab it was Mac's part of the performance to settle with the cabman.

"How much," says Mac.

"Three seventy-five," says the cabman, grim as death.

"What?" asked Mac, cupping his ear.

"Three dollars and seventy-five cents," said the cabman with extreme deliberation and distinctness.

I was almost in tears, for it was *my* money, you see; and whenever Mac hesitates a moment about spending it, the case is alarming. So I said, "Mac, step there to the clerk's window and ask if the charge is right."

Mac strode along the corridor, while I followed slowly and respectfully. Says Mac to the clerk:

"How much ought the cabman to charge me from the Pennsylvania Railroad depot to your hotel?"

Said the clerk to Mac:

"How much does the cabman want?"

Innocently Mac fell into the hole. Said Mac:

"He *wants* to charge $3.75."

Said the clerk:

"Pay it at once. You're getting off light."

The clerk didn't know that I was travelling with Mac, else he would not have glanced at me solemnly and winked, when Mac had gone back to lower my available assets to the extent of $3.75.

But the clerk *did* look at me solemnly and wink his eye. The scamp.

When I came to settle my bill at the hotel a few days later, I had reason to suspect that the cabman who charged me $3.75 for a five minutes ride in a one-horse hack was related by blood and marriage to the Hoffman House management.

But that's neither here nor there.

Subsequent journeys to New York taught me how to tip a station boy with 25 cents and thus get a Pennsylvania Railroad cab which would carry me almost anywhere for 35 cents; but that, you see, was later.

If ever you fall into the hands of a New York cab driver, may the Lord take compassion upon you.

* * * *

We registered. We were assigned to rooms. Then we took up the question of Hearst and Brisbane. How were we to let our illustrious friends know that I was there? We debated the subject seriously. Finally, we decided to blaze away on the telephone.

During the remainder of that day, we made every effort to get in touch with my illustrious friends. No go. Apparently, I had been forgotten.

All next day we labored with the Hearst office, trying to reach my illustrious friends. No go.

That night, I felt bad. Real bad.

That night I could have read one of Senator's Beveridge's magazine articles without laughing at Beveridge.

Whenever I am that low down in

spirits, I'm almost at the jumping off place. If there had been any air-tube passage back to—you know the name *now,* don't you?—I wouldn't have lost a minute in going in at the New York end of it, and signalling the other end for suction.

You see, we country people can never get accustomed to the ways of city folks.

City people sometimes appear to us to be selfish, inhospitable, and neglectful of the genial courtesies of life, when they don't mean to be so at all.

Mr. Hearst and Mr. Brisbane are such extremely busy men that we must make large allowances for their seeming lack of attention to one whom they had summoned from a distant state.

On the third day, our patient persistence was gloriously rewarded. We actually got in touch with my illustrious friends.

After that, everything was most pleasant and satisfactory.

* * * *

"Meet me at Delmonico's to-morrow at 11 and take lunch with me." Or, perhaps, he said "12 o'clock:" no matter.

Brisbane's invitation was gladly accepted.

Next day, I shambled up town in my awkward way, stopping here and there to make inquiries.

Country people are rather helpless in big cities.

Getting about in New York is a formidable task to a shy man like me.

That day I practiced at the mark considerably before I hit it.

Sometimes I found myself *above* Delmonico's; sometimes *below;* sometimes to the *left*; again to the *right.*

Finally, victory perched upon my banners, and I located Delmonico's. I presume you know what it is. Delmonico's is one of the famous restaurants of the world.

To take luncheon there was an event: to take it with Arthur Brisbane was an epoch.

I was a trifle late, and he was waiting for me, book in hand.

The great editor reads, even on the run. If there is any *good thing* in that book, you may bet your bottom dollar that Brisbane found it, and worked it up into an editorial.

It's a habit he has. Few of the celebrities of literature have kept out of the Appropriation clause of the Brisbane mind. Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, Carlyle, Ruskin,—each in his turn has gone into the Brisbane hopper and been ground into Hearst editorials.

So much the better.

Hidden away in books, the wisdom of those sages would have been lost to the average man.

Brisbane rendered the world a service when he cast the heavy metal into *his* pot, melted it up, and issued it in small coin, stamped with his individual and powerful impress.

As an interpreter of the mighty dead, he has done vast good, to say nothing of his own immense contributions to the cause of popular education.

* * * *

Putting the book aside, Brisbane rose, greeted me cordially, and led the way into the splendid dining room.

I felt as much at home there as a blacksmith *looks* in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. On this account, aad a few others, I said little, and Brisbane did the talking while we waited to be served.

Brisbane is not imposing in personal appearance. He is neither tall nor large; he has no Presence. He is inclined to baldness, stoops rather than carries himself erect, and would never cause a casual passer by to turn for a second look. When he talks his words come from his lips as though they were being pushed out through the small end of a funnel. There is

an impression of tenseness, of concentration, of incisiveness, of compactness; and every thought is set forth in clear-cut, simple strength. He is so sharp in his mental sight and so apt in wording his vivid thought that he is sometimes witty almost.

Never quite so.

His mental view takes in a situation so fully that his comment upon the absurdities of it almost attains to humor.

Almost, but not quite.

His eye is so keen for contrasts that he seizes upon every detail of a horrible condition, and in sketching it with his pen he *almost* reaches pathos.

Never more than that.

To be genuinely witty is denied him. To be genially, broadly, humanly, lovingly humorous is not in him.

To melt into tears himself, and *thus* be able to draw the tears from *your* eyes, is foreign to his nature. Penetrating, clear-minded, wonderfully gifted with the power of expression, of condensation, of seizing upon the strongest points of any subject; rich in illustration, boundless in knowledge of men and things, a fighter of inexhaustible resource—such is Brisbane. In general most considerate of others and most attentive to small courtesies, you feel that *if you got in his way,* the locomotive of his fixed purpose would crush you without hesitation or remorse.

His forehead is curiously cut up with wrinkles. His brow seems to be laid off in three terraces, the first two of which recede slightly, while the third bulges boldly forward, giving his dome of thought a slight resemblance to one of those Dutch or Flemish houses where the third story hangs over to peep at the ground floor.

A very remarkable head—that of Brisbane — massive above and in front of the ears, being both wide and lofty—in fact a most intellectual head. You feel that he has read much, thought much, looked through all shams, sounded most pretensions and found them hollow; and that at heart he is a well-bred, even tempered cynic—playing the game with the inflexible determination to win.

His voice is low, musical, distinct. He speaks rapidly. And when he speaks he invariably says something worth hearing.

I cannot imagine Brisbane saying anything silly, or feeble. *Wrong* he may be and often is, but never is he weak. Nonsense I have read in his writings, error I have heard fall from his lips, but the will-power and men-

MEN OF LITERARY GENIUS NO LONGER LIVE ON THE CRUMBS FROM THE RICH MAN'S TABLE.

tal strength of the man bears off even his errors in apparent triumph.

I never argue with him—nor he with me. He knows when he has said something that I reject; and I know when he differs from me; and we let it go at that.

That's the best way, after all.

* * * *

In due time, we were served and we ate.

Of many things Brisbane talked during the meal, and upon all subjects he was instructive. I listened with admiration; and why not?

My companion at table is the best paid editor on earth.

Milton got $25 for Paradise Lost; Shakespeare was considered lucky to have cleared a few thousand pounds upon *all* of his plays after *a life time* of labor; Wordsworth was ever poor; Coleridge ate the bread of dependence; Robert Burns lived and died in comparative squalor.

Arthur Brisbane earns $47,500 per year with *his* brains and pen.

* * * *

Said Brisbane to me:

"Mrs. Clarence Mackay told me a few days ago that her winter sojourn in the South was spoiled by seeing the little children who work in the South Carolina Cotton Mills going home from their work *after dark,* and lighting their way across the fields with lanterns. Suppose you write something on that."

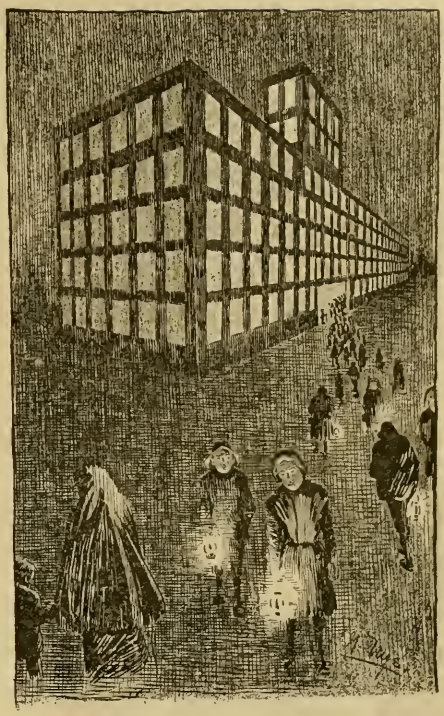
Afterward, I *did* write something on that,—as readers of the New York "Watson's" will recall.

Some of these days when Senator Ben Tillman thinks he has said enough about his everlasting *"Nigger Question,"* I hope he will whirl in and *remove from South Carolina the reproach of Child Slavery.*

* * * *

Brisbane said,

"I was at George Gould's not long ago. He's very fond of your *Story of France.* Reads it so intently that his wife said to me 'Mr. Brisbane, I wish you'd take that *red book* away from George—he has it in his hands nearly all the time.' "



THIS IS THE SIGHT THAT SPOILED THE PLEASURE OF MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY DURING HER WINTER STAY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Curious that George Gould should be reading a book which holds as much of the author's heart and soul as was ever breathed into printed pages—a book which was *so* aggressively radical in its plea for oppressed humanity that the blue pencil of the publisher's *Reader* ruined some of its most important chapters.

But I was a despised Populist in those days—an outlaw whom everyone could revile and outrage with impunity; and among other bitter pills which I had to swallow was the destruction of scores of pages of my prineipal book.

Said Brisbane to me:

"Suppose you take charge of Hearst's Morning *American,* at $10,000 per year. You could come down to the office once a day, look over a few exchanges, dictate an editorial, and then have the remainder of your time to give to your more serious literary labors.

"If within the year you can make a success out of the *American,* you can practically fix your own salary thereafter. Of course, if you don't make the *American* a success Hearst will have no further use for you."

To the point, you see.

But nothing ever came of it. The Presidential Campaign was on; it was necessary to wait till after the election; and after the election I fell an easy prey to our Town Topics friend, Col. Mann.

When, upon a later day, I told Brisbane about the arrangement with our Town Topics friend he remarked quietly and with decision,

"He's a d——d old rascal; — simply wants to exploit you."

This announcement was not news to me *then*: I had waked up to the situation, but, like the starling in the cage, I couldn't get out.

Very foolishly, the Colonel made the blunder of giving me the *opportunity* to get out of the cage—and out I flew.

* * * *

In the course of our conversation, mention was made of a certain well known Special Correspondent of Newspapers.

"He doesn't know anything," said Brisbane. "Besides, he has brown eyes. You never saw a brown-eyed man that had any sense. *Grey eyes* are the eyes of genius.

"There was Cæsar, born of a black-eyed race, but having grey eyes. Napoleon, born of a black-eyed race, had grey eyes," and so on.

He said all this quite earnestly, with every indication of settled conviction.

Naturally, I took notice of the color of Brisbane's eyes.

They are grey.

At the same moment, he was noting the color of *mine.* They are grey.

To this hour I am uncertain whether Brisbane was hoaxing me, or whether he actually believes that queer thing about grey eyes.

Beginning with Webster, I could enroll a list of black-eyed men of genius that would convince even Brisbane that his theory about grey eyes is more curious than sound.

* * * *

It was an enjoyable meal, seasoned with much Brisbane knowledge of men and things, but we couldn't tarry forever, even at Delmonico's, so Brisbane tipped the waiter 50c. *in cash,* and had the luncheon charged to his regular account.

A very careful man is Brisbane about giving tips. It's a part of his religion. He defends and glorifies the tipping system in his editorials.

This is one of the Brisbane eccentricities that I can no more understand than I can understand why he editorially alludes to Joe Gans, the negro prize fighter, as "a colored gentleman."

II.

Upon one occasion, after he had completed the reorganization of Government in the Italian States, Napoleon exclaimed:

"My God! how scarce men are! In Italy, I have been able to find but one—Melzi."

In our own day, the thing which is scarce is that which Napoleon found so scarce in the decadent Italy of his time—*manhood.* You may find a score of brilliant minds, where you will find one *man.*

What is meant by intellectual greatness, we all understand. What is

meant by a great man, perhaps is not so well understood.

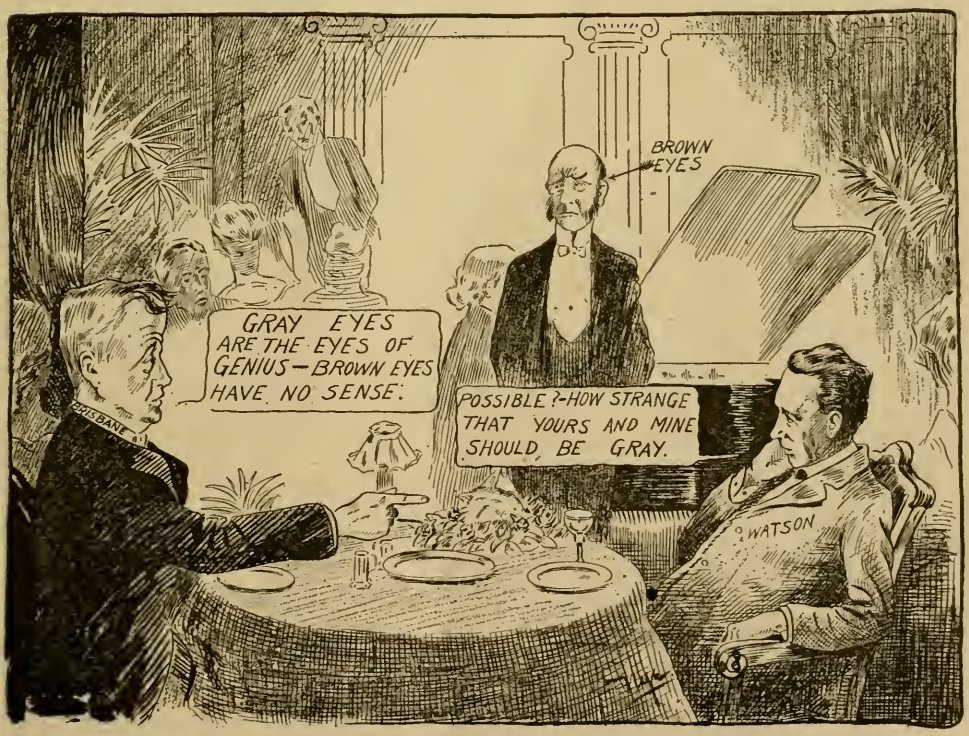
When we say that one is a *great man,* we mean that he towers above other men in those elemental qualities which round out his character, and give him a superiority which attracts attention and compels respect. Those qualities are courage—moral as well as physical—honesty, truthfulness, loyalty to conviction, fidelity to duty, boldness of initiative, tenacity to purpose, loftiness of aim, purity of motive, the strength to stand for what he thinks is right, though he stand alone; the patience to work, and to wait. No matter how much the world may scoff and jeer and disparage, he *knows* that his work is good —for all true men know their true worth. Therefore the true man goes forward with his work, unhasting yet unresting, as the stars go.

To be an intellectual giant is one thing. To be a Great Man is another. One may have a grand personality, and yet not have a grand intellect. On the other hand, one may have a grand intellect, and not possess grandeur of personality.

For instance: Lord Bacon had one of the greatest of minds, yet he was one of the most ignoble of men. His intellect was transcendent, broad, deep, creative, powerful. But he was mean, cowardly, false-hearted; true to nothing and to nobody.

Rousseau possessed creative genius of a high order. His book, *The Social Contract,* probably changed the destinies of modern Europe. But Rousseau himself, as a man, was beneath contempt.

Edgar Poe was a great, original, creative genius; *as a man,* he was pitifully small and weak.



MR. BRISBANE AMUSES HIMSELF BY ANNOUNCING THE STARTLING THEORY AS TO THE COLOR OF THE EYES OF MEN OF GENIUS.

Take Rudyard Kipling. Here, again, we have mental greatness: here again we fail to find a man. He allowed his brother-in-law—Ballistier is the name, I believe—to lash him with a whip on the public highway, and he did not then or ever afterwards resent the assault. Yet this contemptible coward has exerted all the powers of his great intellect to fan into flame the militarism of Great Britain, and stir up in the Englishman a savage lust for battle and blood and con quest.

Curran was a great advocate, a great orator: he was a pitifully small *man.*

O'Connell was a great advocate, a great orator, *and a great man.*

Patrick Henry was the greatest orator since Demosthenes—and, like Demosthenes, failed in being a great man.

Charles James Fox was great both in Intellect and Manhood. After his preliminary mistakes, due to environment and vicious training, his nobility of heart and grandeur of mind swung him into the proper position and made him the greatest English Statesman of his time. Battling always for those rights of the individual man which some people call Democracy, others call Republicism, others call Liberalism, but which, by whatever name called, are the great elementary principles upon which all just Government of man by man must be founded, his career is one of the most glorious that history records.

On the other hand, William Pitt, the lifelong rival of Fox, possessed a great mind, but was not a great man. He was cold, mean, selfish, theatrical, narrow, envious, an Apostate from principle, a slave to Power, a recreant to his own sense of Duty.

Just as one may have a great intellect and not be a great man, so one may possess those qualities which make a great man, without possessing those mental traits which constitute intellectual greatness.

George Washington was a great man—a *very great* man. But he was by no means a genius. His mind, indeed, while broad, was somewhat sluggish. Mental work was to him a labor of Hercules. It is true that he brought to it, when once aroused, the strength of Hercules, but the *Treasury of the Thought* owes not a single gem to George Washington. He lives and he towers into an immortality which few men will ever rival, and none will ever excel, by reason of the fact that he possessed in rare completeness the essential qualities of stalwart manhood.

In comparison with Jefferson, Washington's mental gifts shrink into insignificance, but when Jefferson is contrasted with Washington as a *man,* it is Jefferson who suffers by the comparison.

* * * *

Take the case of Marlborough and Napoleon Bonaparte. Marlborough was a great General—one of the best that ever handled an army. In mere military genius, it is by no means certain that he was inferior to Napoleon himself. But *there* all thought of comparison must be abandoned. As a man Marlborough was nothing. A more despicable specimen of the human trouser-wearing animal than he, it would be difficult to conceive.

But Napoleon was even greater as a man than he was as a Captain.

Take that scene on the deck of the British Man of War, Bellerophon:

Napoleon has fallen from the highest pinnacle of human success into the abyss of irretrievable failure. The whole world, including his own flesh and blood—yes, including the wife of his bosom—have deserted him. His enemies have trampled his eagles into the mud, have caged him, and are sending him to that rocky prison, where he is to be tortured till he dies.

A British Admiral, in obedience to

the brutal orders of his Government, approaches his captive, and says to him:

"England demands your sword."

See with what unbending pride Napoleon straightens himself, sets that firm, square jaw, fixes that hawk-like, unquailing eye and, laying his hand lightly upon his sword, *stands at bay.*

This is manhood. To die rather than submit to personal indignity; to be true to one's self in the moment of universal disaster; to rise above all that circumstances can do to you—*this is manhood.* And on board that British ship, where he stood a helpless captive, the sheer manhood of Napoleon Bonaparte backed down the Admiral of the British Navy, and backed down the British Government itself. This triumph of unaided *manhood,* is to my mind more glorious than Marengo or Austerlitz or Wagram.

Take Napoleon at St. Helena, caged in that miserable little cow-house. Ever day of his life he is badgered, tormented, nagged at, by that contemptible jailer, Sir Hudson Lowe. This abominable character had taken it into his head that he could earn his own promotion from his official masters by heaping indignities upon the greatest man the world ever saw. With this odious conception of his duty controlling his course of action, Sir Hudson Lowe one day announced to Bertrand that every day thereafter Napoleon must submit himself to the personal view of his English guards; and that if necessary the Englishmen would force his door to satisfy themselves that he was still there.

UNARMED CAPTIVE HALTS THE VICTORIOUS ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

Again Napoleon revolted. His manhood recoiled against the indignity. Rousing himself, he said:

"Although I am here alone, I am as unconquered as when I was at the head of half a million of victorious troops, and gave laws to half of Europe. Let them break down the door if they like, *but I will kill the first man who enters.*"

And again the Englishmen backed down. And again the Government backed down.

If the records of the human race can show *manhood* in finer fullness than is displayed in these two examples, I am not aware of it.

* * * *

But what has all this to do with Mr. Arthur Brisbane?

Just this:

You have read this article to no purpose if you have not already understood me to mean that Arthur Brisbane's is one of the great intellects of this generation. It is extremely doubtful if he has, in his own peculiar field of mental work, *an equal anywhere among the sons of men.* Therefore, the question of his own intellectual greatness being conceded, one naturally asks himself:

Is Arthur Brisbane, also, a great man?

The answer depends entirely upon the point of view.

In one respect Mr. Brisbane seems to be radically deficient in manhood. He allows himself to become submerged in Hearst; engulfed in Hearst; swallowed up in Hearst, losing all identity of his own. For every bit of the work done by Brisbane, the credit—save among the initiated few—goes to Hearst. The outside many, who are unitiated, suppose that the editorials in the Hearst newspapers are written by William Randolph Hearst. Even when Brisbane's incisive, luminous, powerful editorials are published in book form, they come to you under the name of "*Hearst Editorials.*" Therefore, at first blush it would seem that Brisbane lacks those essential qualities of great manhood—bold initiative, fearless assumption of responsibility, and the undying determination to make one's identity felt.

* * * *

But there is another view—probablly, the correct one. Mr. Brisbane may belong to that class who believe that they can best accomplish their purpose by keeping in the background; by directing others from behind the curtain; and by putting others forward, and working through these nominal masters.

Richelieu worked behind a feeble king, and thus used the king as a tool of his own. The astute Minister, working always through his king, broke the power of a haughty feudal nobility so effectually that the turbulent viceroys of one generation became the servile courtiers of the next.

Robert Walpole, working behind two stupid kings—George the First and George the Second—and thus making use of these royal instruments, *laid in England the solid foundation of Parliamentary Government.*

The Prussian Statesman, Stein, working behind a blockhead of a king, abolished feudal abuses and built upon these ruins the glorious democratic institutions which have made modern Germany the wonder of the world.

* * * *

Now it may be that Arthur Brisbane, years and years ago, conceived the splendid plan of getting possession of the young millionaire, William Randolph Hearst, and working through this nominal master to accomplish his own purpose.

It may have occurred to his profound intellect that the very best way to serve his own purpose was to efface himself; submerge his individuality; stay in the back-ground; direct the play from behind the curtain; and *thus* make of William Randolph

"IS BRISBANE THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE?"

Hearst and his colossal fortune *a stalking horse for Socialism.*

If this was Brisbane's idea, it was a magnificent conception. If in losing his own identity, or appearing to lose it, in that of Hearst, Mr. Brisbane deliberately planned a renunciation and a sacrifice of himself, then there dawns upon my mind a conception of his grandeur as a man, that would lead me to place him far in advance of any one of his contemporaries.

Goldsmith beautifully illustrated the same idea, operating in the mind of a lovely girl, in the play *"She Stoops to Conquer."* The same idea has been very frequently and successfully used by others in various ways; but if in Brisbane's case the same stratagem has been employed, then it has been made to attain the sublime.

In other words, if in appearing to lose his own identity and individuality in Hearst, the purpose of Mr. Brisbane was that of making a huge appropriation of the Hearst millions for the good of humanity, then I would say that the quiet, unpretending gentleman, who writes all those epoch-making editorials, is one of the greatest men this Country has known.

Using Hearst and the Hearst millions and the Hearst newspapers, as a speaking trumpet, this self-effacing Socialist is doing a greater educational work than all the other Reformers put together. He is today the mightiest Individual Force that acts upon Public Opinion.

Brisbane, the Thinker, is using Hearst as a lever to move the world.

Brisbane, the Fighter, is using Hearst as a sword with which to pierce his way to victory.

Brisbane, the Power behind the Throne, cares not that Hearst *seems to be the King.*

* * * *

I wonder if Brisbane suspected that thoughts like these might be passing through my mind, that day when he amused himself by talking nonsense to me about grey eyes—that day when we lunched together at Delmonico's.

Morgan Wept.

[On the day when the news of the death of Samuel Spencer reached New York, J. Pierpont Morgan, chief owner of the Southern Railway System, was at church. As he came out of the building, a newspaper reporter told him of the dreadful accident. "Sam Spencer killed in a wreck on his own road." The story carried by the newspapers is that the tears gathered in Morgan's eyes and rolled down his cheeks. He was still shedding tears as he walked away.]

One of the most touching passages in the Bible is that which reaches its climax in the simple words: *"Jesus Wept."*

A perfect embodiment of unselfishness, of love for erring humanity, of a Charity which excluded none who repented, of a consecration to Creed and Mission which faltered not in the Garden where he wept those bitter tears, nor upon Golgotha where his divinely compassionate heart ceased to beat, Jesus was then, and forever will be, representative of what the human soul is capable of *at its best.*

Therefore, when we follow the simple narrative of His life and works, when we read of those whose lives caught some of the glory of His own, we enter into the spirit of His purpose, *and we sympathize.*

"Jesus Wept," writes the disciple.

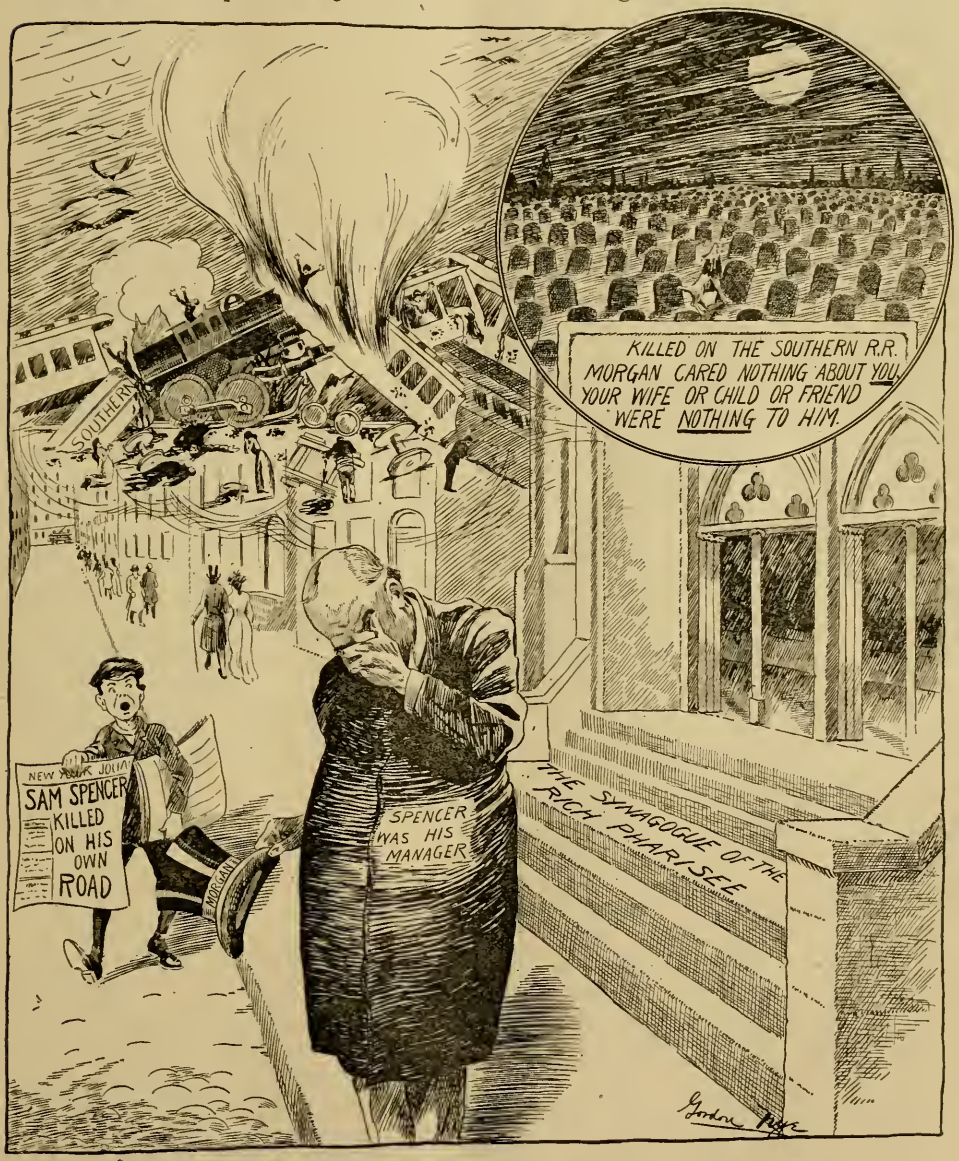
Yes; and over those two plain, unpretending words millions of men and women have likewise wept.

* * * *

At the opposite end of the human line, stands the millionaire *who is known as J. Pierpont Morgan.*

As Jesus represents the very best type of man, Morgan represents the very worst.

And the most appalling thing about it is that YOU—oh! my son!—do not *know* that Jesus stands for the *best,* while Morgan stands for the *worst.*



THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN KILLED ON THE SOUTHERN RAILROAD SYSTEM. MORGAN, THE CHIEF OWNER HAD NO TEARS UNTIL SPENCER, HIS MANAGER OF THE ROAD, WHO MANAGED FOR HIS POCKET ONLY, BECAME A VICTIM OF HIS OWN HORRIBLE MISMANAGEMENT. THEN MORGAN WEPT.

The frightful fact is that *you* would choose—if the choice were *yours*—to be like Morgan.

You want to be rich, like Morgan.

You want to be powerful, like Morgan. You want to have an army of servitors at your beck and call; Cabinets and Senates listening to your slightest word; Presidents inviting you to private consultation; palatial residences in America and in Europe; magnificent yachts and private special trains; picture galleries lined with paintings which cost fabulous sums; the pick of the world's frail but high-priced Pompadours to gratify your scarcely veiled sensualities; and a host of flabby editors sloshing printer's ink in the eyes of the Public to convince that easily duped creature that *you are the most admirable product of Christian Civilization.*

That's what *you* want. You would be a Morgan if you could. Ah, *the pity of it!*

* * * *

For *this man Morgan is* a fair sample of *the very worst results of Modern life.*

He is a *robber*—yet the law cannot reach him.

He is a *murderer*—yet no indictment can be framed against him.

He is a *Corrupter of Public Morals,* yet no odium attaches to him.

Why? Because *bad men of his kind* are in control of Courts, of Cabinets, of Senates, of Legislatures, of Newspapers;—thus they are immune to prosecution and punishment.

The Harrimans, the Ryans, the Belmonts, the Armours, the Rockefellers, the Havemeyers, the Baers, the Clarkes, the Hills, the Vanderbilts—how can you treat such men as criminals?

You cannot. *They are in control!*

* * * *

Boasting of the community in which *he* lived, a certain man said to Sargent S. Prentiss:

"Why, *we* haven't got any jail."

Prentiss replied:

"Perhaps *the thieves are in the majority and won't build one.*"

Such is the case with our criminal millionaires. They control the whole situation and *they will not allow the passage of laws which will jail themselves.*

* * * *

Morgan is as bad as any of his class, and not, perhaps, the worst of the band.

With his corporations he plunders the people; with his corporations he kills the people; with his corporations he corrupts the people.

One of the criminals who was caught with the goods in the Insurance Company Investigations was Morgan. His man Perkins was his go-between.

One of the criminals in the midnight bond deal and the Endless Chain racket was Morgan.

One of the criminals who maintains the paid lobbyist to corrupt Legislatures and Congress is Morgan. And the chief owner of the Railroad most notorious for its criminal negligence of human life is Morgan.

Of all the corporation man-killers in the world, none has such a bloody record as the Southern.

* * * *

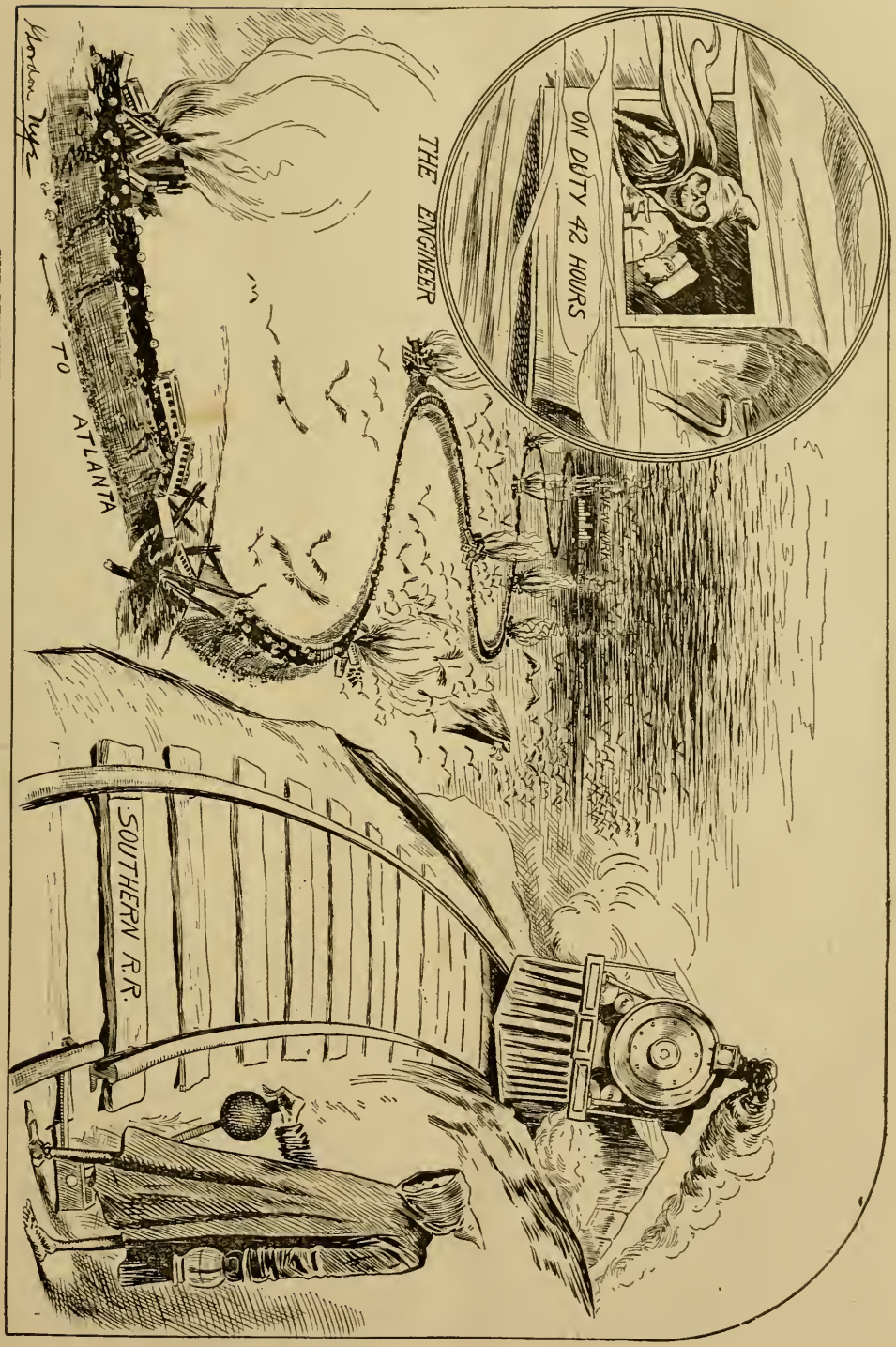
Not long ago, Morgan showered congratulations upon *the Manager* of this man-killing Corporation, the Southern Railroad.

As chief owner of the property Morgan felt happy. He expanded into words of laudation.

To *the Manager* of the man-killing corporation Morgan said, in substance:

"*You have doubled my property, you have trebled my gross earnings, and increased my* NET EARNINGS 525 PER CENT!"

The congratulations dealt with *Dollars.*



THE ETERNITY FLYER. LEAVES NEW YORK DAILY OVER THE SOUTHERN RAILROAD FOR ATLANTA.

Nothing but DOLLARS!

The praise, the gratitude, the approval were for the dollars.

Nothing but the DOLLARS!

The South Carolina R. R. Commission had been after *the Manager* about rotton cross-ties.

The Federal Court of Judge Speer, in Georgia, had been after *the Manager* about violating freight-rate laws.

The National Inter-State Commission had been after *the Manager* for his failure to obey federal law as to automatic car-couplers.

Editors of un-subsidized newspapers and magazines had been after *the Manager* for his failure to invest a sufficient amount of *those net earnings* in the improvement of the property and the perfection of the service.

But of all these things Morgan took no heed.

What mattered it to him that *you* were killed in a collision?

Morgan cared nothing about *you.*

What mattered it to him that *your* wife or child or friend were pulled out of a burning wreck so charred in the flames that you never knew whether you had the right corpse or not?

Morgan did not care.

Your wife or child or friend were nothing to *him.*

What mattered it to Morgan that horror-stricken bystanders, hurriedly assembled at the scene of the wreck, had their very hearts frozen by that frightful prayer of fear and pain, "SHOOT ME AND PUT ME OUT OF MY MISERY?"

Morgan did not care. *He* didn't see the sight; *he* didn't get hurt, *his* wife was not the charred corpse; *his* son did not scream in vain terror and agony, as he went crashing down with the broken bridge.

No; Morgan looked at the *Manager's Report,* and saw that it was GOOD—*for Morgan's pocket.*

And that's all Morgan cared about at *that time.*

But soon afterwards—God! how soon!—there came to Morgan another report:

"Samuel Spencer, *your Manager,* has got killed on your man-killer Railroad."

Then Morgan was touched, and THEN,

Morgan Wept.

Negro Secret Societies.

Some years ago, in the course of an address to a public meeting in Georgia, the writer called attention to the fact that the white people were allowing the negroes to get the advantage of them *in organization.*

Secret Societies, alleged to be harmless and merely charitable, were welding the blacks together along the lines of class interest and race hatred. Thus the blacks were gaining for themselves the immense advantage which a disciplined army has over a mob. It was apparent to every one who kept his eyes open that a great change was taking place in the attitude of the blacks toward the whites. This was particularly true of the younger negroes. The change was one which manifested itself in a greater hostility toward the whites. Negroes were less respectful and friendly—more inclined to self-assertiveness and defiance. Negro laborers were less inclined to do faithful work, or to take any sort of rebuke for neglect of duty. Contracts were good just so long as the negro felt inclined to stay on the place—and no longer. Gratitude for favors and kind treatment became a thing of the past. A housekeeper whose cook had been at

work for months, and whose contract bound her for months ahead, was liable to wake up any morning and find herself facing the necessity of going to the kitchen to do the cook's work. The man of the house, who had gone to bed with lot servants all about the place, might rise the next morning and realize that *he* had become his own lot boy—the negroes having "quit." Farmers who had advanced money at Christmas to "affirm the trade" with negro field hands, and who had fed, housed and paid these negroes during the earlier months of the year when their labor was worth comparatively little, would find it next to impossible to keep the hands in the field during the very months when every hour of the daylight counted heavily for or against the farmer.

Then, again, certain white ladies found it useless to try to employ negro servants:—there was evidently a blacklist and a boycott at work. Certain white land-owners found it a waste of time to seek negro field hands —no black man would even promise to work for them.

Here, again, was circumstantial evidence of a conspiracy.

* * * *

Commenting upon these matters, I advised the people to organize the whites and to break up the suspicious secret societies of the blacks.

No people on earth should permit the spread among themselves of a vast midnight conspiracy against that element of the population which represents the best interests of Christian civilization.

In self defence the whites must organize. The legislatures of the Southern States should require every secret society, white and black, to take out a license. Any other secret society than those licensed should be made illegal, and a punishment should be provided for every boy attending a secret meeting which has not been licensed.

Such a law would not interfere in the slightest degree with any secret society which the community ought to tolerate. *It would break up all the others.*

Let the discretion to grant or refuse the license be vested in the ordinary of the County, and let it be his duty, with the aid of the Sheriff, to enforce the law. Let him have the power to revoke any license which has been abused, or which has been obtained under false pretenses.

The manner in which secret midnight - meetings are being held throughout the Southern States means something, and the whites will have cause to deplore their own carelessness if they fail to give prompt attention to the situation.

* * * *

There are too many idle negroes lying around our towns and cities. There are too many insolent negroes crowding white people off the streets. There are too many surly blacks elbowing white girls and ladies to one side on the sidewalk. There are too many negro dens and dives. There are too many negro vagrants. *The Mayors and Marshals of our towns are not doing their duty. The city authorities of Southern cities are not doing their duty. The Grand Juries of the Counties are not doing their duty.*

Blindly, madly, we are drifting into social and industrial chaos. It has become well-nigh impossible to get negroes to work for white people upon any terms whatever. *In a short while, negro patronage will have left the white merchant, just as negro labor is leaving the white farmer and housekeeper.* Can you not see this?

You are blind if you can not.

* * * *

If I were a negro, it is quite likely that I would feel and talk just as

Booker Washington does; but if Booker were a white man he would feel and talk just as I do. Each man stands up for his own race. That is human nature. As a negro, Booker clamors for social, industrial and political equality. He practices what he preaches. He travels in the Pullman Palace Car with the whites. He puts up at the white man's hotel. When he and his colored companions reached the eating house at Wellington, S. C., they crowded into the white dining room and there was no room left for Senator A. O. Bacon of Georgia. The negroes feasted while the whites fasted. Booker educates his children at the white man's college. When a white boy entered Booker's office at Tuskegee and neglected to take off his hat he was promptly and sternly ordered to take off his hat. Booker is training the younger generation of negroes to work for themselves in order that they will be landowners, money-lenders, etc., in order that the whites will be compelled to concede them social and political equality.

If you were a negro you would adopt the same course. *As a white man, you must rouse yourself to what is coming.*

If you do not mean to grant social and political equality to the blacks it is high time you were putting on your thinking cap.

The first question is:

What are you going to do about it?

And the first thing to do is to require the negroes to hold their political meetings in public, just as you do.

If they plan in the open, you can afford to counter-plan in the open.

If they go underground, you must counter-mine.

WHAT IS TO BE THE OUTCOME OF SUCH NIGHT MEETINGS AS THESE?

And whatever you are going to do, do quickly, for the matter is pressing.

* * * *

If Booker Washington says in public to the whites that the negroes have made greater progress in thirty years than the Latin whites have made in ten centuries, *what do you fancy he says to those secret, midnight gatherings of his own people?* If Bishop Turner is bold enough to *say in public that your flag is a dirty rag and that your government is worse than hell,* what do you suppose he says in the meetings of those negro secret societies? If that New York negro editor, T. Thomas Fortune—whom Pendleton, of the Telegraph, loves to quote—rushes into the newspapers of the whites to *advise the Atlanta negroes to kill as many of the whites as the whites killed of the negroes,* what limit do you suppose he puts upon his bloodthirsty talk when he speaks to his own race in a secret, night meeting?

* * * *

The very best thing that could happen to the two antagonistic races in the South would be a thorough organization of the whites which would *guarantee the full protection of the law to every law-abiding negro and which would lay the heavy hand of punishment upon every vagabond and criminal, whether black or white.* It would be wrong as well as foolish to try to discipline the black idlers, vagrants and criminals without making the sword cut both ways. *White vagrants and criminals should be given precisely the same medicine that you give to the black vagrants and criminals.*

Unless this be done, the moral effect upon the negro would be lost and the public sentiment of the world would be against us.

* * * *

Let us not for God's sake!—hate any fellow-man solely because his Maker gave him a skin that is black. *Let us be just.* Let us discriminate between the good negro and the bad, the industrious negro and the vagabond. There are tens of thousands of negroes who deserve the good will of the whites. We must prove to them that we appreciate their worth. We must encourage them in their efforts to lead sober, honest, industrious lives. *We will lose the case and bring about a condition that will be a curse to us all if we confound the hard-working negro with the drunken loafer, the law-abiding negro with the rogue and the rapist.* Never in the world will it do for us to have the negroes believe that we hate all negroes *because* they are negroes.

That is the worst thing that could happen.

That is the very thing that the enemies of the South would like to bring about. We must guard against this.

We must prove, by word and deed, that the worthy, law-abiding negro, who conducts himself respectfully toward the whites shall not only have our friendship, but also our protection whenever he needs it—whether from the evil men of his own race or of ours.

That is the key to the negro problem in the South.

Fortitude.

Do not become *discouraged!* Don't lose heart.

You may not be able to see the harvest where you have patiently sown the seed, but be assured of this! *No seed is lost.*

The truthful word manfully spoken, the earnest effort honestly made, the

noble creed consistently held,—these are things which do not perish; they live on and move the world and mould the destinies of men long after you are dust.

Leave cowardice to the cowards; leave servility to the slaves. Be a man—proud, though in homespun; free, though in a hut.

Own your own soul!

Dare to listen to your own heart-beat. Between you and God's sunlight, *let no shadow of fear fall.*

What is there to live for if you are never to think, never to speak, never to act, save as the echo of some master you dread? Better the death of the brave than the long misery of the mental serf.

Not *always* is it easy to know the right,—very often is the road rough. *Human praise* can be won by shorter routes. Honors and riches are not always its rewards. Pleasanter days and calmer nights may be yours, if you float smoothly down the tide of *policy,*—steering deftly by the rules of the *expedient.*

But has life nothing loftier than this? Is there no divine voice within you that calls for better things? Is there no great pulse-beat of *duty* within you,—no flame of the warrior spirit when insolent wrong flings its gage of battle at your feet?

Are you willing that the Right shall call for aid, and *you* give no succor; that Truth shall plead for help, and *you* bear no witness?

Is the sacred torch of Liberty—passed on from hand to hand down the ages in which brave men dared to keep it lit—to find *you* unwilling to hold it aloft?

Shall the temple of civil freedom, reared by the great men who are gone, stand vacant,—calling mutely, calling vainly for votaries at the shrine?

Was it all a mockery,—this long struggle your forefathers made for Justice? Is it an idle tale—this story of the heroism with which the rights of the people were slowly won?

Not so—not so! Levity may slight, and ignorance may disregard the blessed heir-looms of human endeavor, of patriotic purpose, of high-minded self-sacrifice,—*but they are there,* and, LIKE THE SIGNAL FIRES OF THE HIGHLANDS, they call heroic hearts to DUTY!

You may have desponded, but you must not despair. You may have stumbled, but you must not fall. You will rouse yourself, and press forward. *You will do your duty*—for that is your religion.

If Wrong triumphs, it shall not claim *you* as a partner in the crime.

If the light dies out in the homes of the people, the curses of the unhappy shall not blast your name.

You will be a man,—*loyal, fearless, independent, ready for work, and* LOYAL TO THE LAST to the creed which *your* heart approves.

Men like these,—and no others,—won every treasure in the storehouse of liberty, every jewel in the crown of good government, every thread in the golden tissue of religious and political freedom.

Men like these,—and no others,—are going to keep alive the sacred fires our fathers kindled, are going to stamp out the foul heresies that imperil our rights, *are going to fight to the death* those who would turn back the march of human happiness, and are going to re-dedicate this government to the principles upon which it was founded!

Stand firm and fear not.

From underneath the weight of every failure, *rise and* COME AGAIN.

Brave men, who are *nothing more* than brave, rush into the combat, get worsted and quit.

Brave men, who are something *more* than brave, take no defeat as final.

The Struggle of Church Against State in France.

The most glorious night in the history of France, is that of August 4, 1789.

On that famous night the National Assembly tore up Feudalism, root and branch. So universal and irresistible had become the rage against Feudal burdens, Feudal privilege and Feudal tyranny, that the Breton Club, filled with ambitious and enthusiastic young nobles who had embraced liberal principles and who were then leading the Revolutionary movement, determined to put forward one of their leaders to move, in the National Assembly, that the peasant be given the right to buy out his lord's Feudal privileges.

The young duke of Aiguillon had been selected to make this motion. But Count Noailles, who as a younger son had no Feudal privileges to lose, had heard of the Duke's purpose and jumped in ahead of him that night—gained the floor himself, and made a speech proposing not only the privilege of *redeeming* Feudal right in money, but the abolition of forced labor, and all personal service *without any redemption.* Thus a young scion of the Aristocracy, who little dreamed what he was doing, struck at the very heart of the Old Order.

Feudalism had stood in France for a thousand years. Six months previous to the night of August 4th it had seemed to be as formidable as ever. Its huge form met the eye at every turn. Its battlements rose high, were thick, looked strong. Its dungeons were deep and dark. In its hands were both sword and purse. The State guarded it; the Law drew its charmed circle about it; the Church blessed it, and was its partner. Who could have believed, six months before, that the purse was empty, the sword all rust, the walls ready to crumble at a touch, the whole elaborate fraud and imposture feeble with incurable decay?

WRONGS OF THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

After Noailles sat down, the Duke of Aiguillon rose, painted a frightful picture of the conditions then prevailing throughout the country, and admitted that *the violence of the peasantry found its justification in the wrongs of the Feudal system.* He proposed that corporate bodies, towns, communities and individuals, that had theretofore enjoyed special privileges and exemptions, *should for the future, bear their share of the public burdens.*

Great excitement followed the Duke's speech. An enthusiastic impulse of patriotism began to take possession of the entire Assembly. One after another, deputies rose, made passionate speeches and proposed the destruction of some oppressive feature of the feudal system. Springing to his feet after the Duke had sat down, a Breton deputy, dressed in the plain clothes of a farmer, made his first speech—and so far as I know, his last—in that Assembly. Said he, *in words which the privileged few of all nations might now take to heart as an indication of the wrath to come,* "Had *you* burnt the title-deeds of Feudalism *yourselves,* the *peasants* would not now be *burning parchment and castle together. Those feudal burdens crush and degrade humanity.* Let us burn *the privileges which yoke men like beasts of labour, and which compel men to beat ponds at night to prevent the frogs from disturbing the sleep of their voluptuous lords.*"

By this time the assembly was in a whirl of excitement. The next attack was made upon bloated pensions and outrageous salaries. Carried away by the generous contagion, the nobles *voluntarily* agreed to sacrifice, for the public good, those pensions

and salaries. Their announcement was received with thunders of applause.

The Marquis of Beauharnais proposed that hereafter *all citizens be equal before the criminal law,* and that *employment of every kind should be open to every citizen alike.* Voted amid shouts of approval. And so the beneficiaries of special privilege rose, one after the other, and, inspired by the spirit of that glorious night, surrendered up to *be burned upon the altar of sacrifice those special privileges which had plunged France into the horrors of civil strife.*

The Clergy Did Not Join.

A writer in the New York *Herald,* of recent date says that upon the night of August 4th, *the clergy* of France caught the patriotic infection, and that they themselves rose to the splendid height of *voluntary renunciation* of their special privileges for the benefit of the fatherland.

The New York *Herald* is utterly, absolutely wrong. *The clergy did nothing of the kind.* Upon the contrary, they were conspicuously wanting in sympathy with the patriotic spirit pervading the Assembly. It was upon the initiative of *others* that the assembly voted away from the clergy the privileges and abuses which they had refused to voluntarily renounce.

The Bishop of Nancy, who had in a recent sermon attacked so bitterly the salt tax, and the extravagance of the court was the spokesman of the church upon that historic evening. The utmost which the bishop would offer in the way of conciliation and compromise, *was that the peasant might redeem in money the feudal* privileges which the church had long enjoyed. The rich clergy gave nothing to the common cause. The poor cure offered to renounce his fees. The Assembly, *profoundly touched by this spirit in the poorer clergy, refused to accept the sacrifice.*

It is true that the revolutionary leaders pressed right on until the proud aristocracy of the Church was stripped of its un-Christian wealth, privilege and power—but not once did the higher clergy manifest the slightest public spirit or patriotic impulse.

On the contrary, when the royal treasury was empty, the deficit yawning wide and deep, the life of the Bourbon Dynasty at its last gasp, the minister of the Bourbon King and implored his brother Catholics to lend to the state a beggarly $300,000 to save the throne from ruin.

The Archbishop of Brienne, who made the plea, was a good Catholic. And *his prayer was coldly, flatly, emphatically scorned*—by those princes of the Catholic Church who *paid no taxes and whose revenues amounted to more than* $15,000,000 *per year.*

Catholic vs. Catholic.

In order to understand the crisis that now threatens civil war in France, it is necessary to take a look backward, but, first, *it is absolutely necessary for us to understand that this is a falling out among Catholics.* It is not a conflict in which Protestant is arrayed against Catholic; it is not a struggle in which the believer is at dagger's point with the unbeliever. *It is a division of the faithful into two camps.*

Now for the look backward.

There has for generations been trouble among the French Catholics. In fact, so far as the writer now remembers, the Catholic Church in France has never been entirely at peace with itself save when there was a conflict on between believer and infidel, or between Protestant and Mother Church. Ever since the Catholics obtained a complete triumph over the Protestants, there have been dissensions in their own ranks. These have been extremely bitter; and upon the stormy sea of Catholic factions, the ship of state

has had difficult navigation time and again.

For the purpose of this article, it is not necessary to mention every dispute between the papal court of Rome and the French Catholic church. It will answer every purpose to recall that there has always been at least two distinct groups of French Catholics. One of these favored *Home* rule, and the other favored *Rome* rule.

The one faction were in favor of a Gallican church, which should be, to all intents and purposes, independent of the Vatican in matters of discipline and mere church government.

Opposed to these Home rulers was the faction of French Catholics called *Ultra Montaines,* who believed that the Vatican should be supreme and should be obeyed in all things.

Of course, the tendency of the policy of the Rome rulers was to erect within France *a power greater than the king's;* thus making *the church greater than the state.*

A Religious Monopoly.

Let me remind the reader of the time when the most marvelous woman that ever lived, Madame de Maintenon, wrung from Louis XIV those concessions to the orthodox Catholic church which resulted in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and in the Dragonnades. The Huguenot gathered up his household goods, shook the dust of his country from the soles of his feet and sought in Great Britain and in the New World the liberty which was denied him in the land of his birth. Those Protestants who remained in France were without power and without legal recognition. The Catholic was monarch of all he surveyed. The Catholic church was a huge religious monopoly. Its hierarchy was intrenched in a power before which the king himself was a secondary potentate. *Then followed those consequences which have always followed when too much power is granted to any set of men.* The Catholic church absorbed much of the wealth of the land. The higher priesthood became an aristocracy, imitating in every respect the feudal aristocracy *which was rich, idle and licentious.* Just as the state regarded the subject from the standpoint of taxpayer only; just as the state imposed upon the common people all the burdens of government while denying them the benefits; so the nobility of the Catholic church lived sumptuously, lazily, licentiously—shirking their duties, forgetting the responsibilities of their sacred calling, neglecting the flock committed to their care, allowing ignorance and superstition to take full possession of the minds of the common people.

In the records of the human race there can be found no evidence more damning to *absolutism and the union of church and state* than is to be found in the degraded, besotted condition of the common people of France immediately preceding the French Revolution.

How the Peasant Fared.

All France was orthodox. The masses believed. With boundless credulity they knelt at the foot of the priest.

Yet, what had the priest done for them? Had he introduced books among them? No. Liberal ideas? No. Schools? No. Information upon such matters as concerned their material welfare? No. *Had the church ever pleaded the peasant's case at the bar of public opinion?* No. Ever besought the king to lighten the weight of his heavy hand? No. Ever protested against feudal wrongs? No. *Ever shown the least desire that the condition of the masses should be improved?* No.

Royalist writers dwell scornfully upon the ignorance, brutality and

prejudice of the lower orders in France at the time of the Revolution —let them write ever so scornfully, *the lower they degrade the peasant, the higher mounts the evidence and the indignation against those who had been his keepers!*

This government of France had been absolute. The state and the church, *the king and the priest, had had entire control.* The people had no voice, no vote, no power. *They had never been consulted.* The entire responsibility had been assumed by the monarch and his privileged few—*and here was the result.* Theirs was the tree, theirs the fruit. *"Whatsoever a man sow, that also shall he reap;"* and the crimes, the ignorance, the brutality, the poverty, the misery of the masses of the French people in 1789 stands *as a permanent judgment of condemnation against the ruling classes, who were responsible for the material, mental and spiritual condition of a people who had so long been under their absolute control.*

Revolt, and the Crisis.

These conditions cried aloud to heaven for reform. The reform came *in the thunder claps and the lightning flashes of revolution.* Why? Because *neither the church nor the state would listen to the voice of the reformers,* such as Turgot and Necker and Mirabeau, who had vainly endeavored to arouse the church and the state to a realization of the dangerous situation. *The nobility*—selfish, ignorant, bigoted, full of class pride and class prejudice, *utterly repudiated the idea that the common man had any rights which they were bound to respect:* and with a madness which was as blind as it was suicidal, they expelled from office one minister after another, the moment that minister pointed to the real source of all the trouble that was threatening to engulf the state, to-wit: *Privilege! Privilege! Privilege!*

Equally blind, equally selfish, equally mad, were the higher dignitaries of the Catholic church. Their minds seemed to be hermetically sealed to any new idea; their hearts were steeled against any appeal to patriotism or humanity.

Whence sprung the revolt against the higher orders? From Protestants? By no means. The Protestant was an insignificant portion of the population. The revolt against the aristocratic Catholic noble came from the Catholic common people.

Therefore, *the French Revolution was a revolt of the Catholic common people against the Catholic nobility of church and state.*

The revolt against the higher dignitaries of the Catholic church came from the poorer, humbler Catholic priests, who as Cures, were obliged to bear the burden of church-work, and had to exist upon crumbs which the lordly princes of the hierarchy disdainfully flung to them.

Did Not Establish Atheism.

Almost every historian has stated that the Revolution made war upon religion and set up atheism. This is not true. What the Revolution did was to divorce the church from the state. *Our forefathers did the same thing when they founded our republic.* In Virginia there was a union of church and state. Mr. Jefferson made war upon it, and succeeded in divorcing the church from the state. *During the French Revolution the leaders wanted to do for France precisely what Mr. Jefferson did for Virginia.* They wished the church to occupy its own sphere of action and usefulness; they wanted the state to occupy *its* own sphere of action and usefulness. *They had realized the danger of union between the two.* Now remember, those leaders who wanted the church separated from the state were not all atheists, freethinkers, infidels, deists. Many of

them were true Catholics. Talleyrand was born and reared in the bosom of the mother church, and he had worn the robes of office as a bishop of Rome. The Abbe Seieyes was as true a Catholic, perhaps, as the Cardinal De Rohan. Many others of the prominent leaders of the revolutionary movements were as true Catholics at heart and in mind as any of those cardinals who had the ear of the Pope in the Vatican. Therefore, *it was not a question of conscience;* it was not a question of religion; *it was a question of policy;* a question of whether the state should be sovereign in its own sphere of action.

No War on Catholic Religion.

It is frequently said and currently believed that the Catholic church in France was closed by the Revolution, and that it never revived until after the advent of Napoleon. This is ludicrously false. During the whole time of the Revolution the Catholic church stayed open, and the faithful flocked to its altars.

True, there was a tremendous row which threatened the life of the reform movement. But what was it? *Some Catholics were willing to obey the law* which separated the church from the state, *while others were not willing to do so.* Those who submitted went forward regularly with their devotions. Those who defied the law became incendiaries, rebels, and did their utmost to aid the foreign invaders in crushing the life out of the fatherland.

During the Reign of Terror, the Catholic worship went on without the slightest interruption, excepting as I have just said, that *some of the Catholics refused to obey the law, which separated the church from the state.*

Home Rule Catholic Church.

It is known to but few that those priests of the Catholic church who conceived it to be their duty to obey the voice of the state and accept the constitution, were proceeding with ever-increasing usefulness, power and success in building up a *Home rule church.* These noble-hearted priests stood at the post of duty, subordinating their priestly pride to their conscientious conception of duty, while the Chief Priests of the hierarchy stood moodily, selfishly, irreconcilably aside, or fled to foreign countries and instigated invasions of their own country. Those noble-souled priests of the Catholic church who bowed to the will of the nation as expressed through the

POPE PIUS X.

Gallican church, ruled by Frenchmen and supported, as all religious denominations should be, by the voluntary contributions of the faithful. This is one very important chapter in the history of the French Revolution which most historians have entirely slurred over, or misrepresented.

During the years when I was making a close study of French history, in order to write *"The Story of France," and the "Life of Napoleon,"* I came upon these facts and my surprise was very great at finding them.

The Concordat.

Thus matters stood when Napoleon began his imperial career. When Lafayette told him, *"You want to have a certain little bottle broken over your head,"* Napoleon smiled, but did not deny. The little bottle alluded to was, of course, the vial in which was held the sacred oil which was used in anointing the head of him who is crowned ruler of the French.

Napoleon realized that if he came to terms with the Pope, that he would at once draw to himself the support of the strongest faction of the Catholic church. Acting with the astute selfishness of the politician, he made his celebrated treaty with the Pope, which is known as the *Concordat.* (1801).

In this treaty between Napoleon and the Pope, France was to pay clerical salaries to the extent of $10,000,000 per year. *Of course, this money which was paid to the church, was first taxed out of the people by the state.*

In my *"Life of Napoleon,"* I took the position which I have never since seen any reason to change, that *this Concordat was the unpardonable sin of his career.* It cut the ground from under those clericals who were willing to subordinate their law-making body, *established a truly* priestly pride to the will of the nation as expressed by the legislature, and who in *abolishing fees for the administration of the sacrament* had given such convincing evidence that they wished to get closer to the standard of Christ than the Catholic church had been previous to the Revolution.

By the Concordat, Napoleon destroyed this independent Catholic church, restored the rule of Rome, put the French Catholics under the feet of the Italian priests, and laid those foundations upon which the Roman hierarchy built the power which afterwards antagonized the supremacy of the state.

It will be remembered that Napoleon celebrated the restoration of the union between church and state in France by a gorgeous ceremonial in Notre Dame. It required all the authority of the First Consul to compel his own generals to attend.

As the ceremonial was proceeding, Napoleon turned to General Delmas and asked him what he thought of it. With the bluntness of a soldier, General Delmas replied: "It is a fine harlequinade, needing only the presence of *the million men who died to do away with all that."*

Napoleon himself afterwards realized what an enormous mistake he had made. For when he himself began to totter under the repeated blows of foreign coalitions, it was *the Roman hierarchy which struck him the blow from which he could not recover.*

The Present Crisis.

The relations between the church and the state remained as Napoleon had left them, until the present French republic enacted the legislation which the Pope now defies. That legislation merely seeks to divorce the church from the state, just as was done by the leaders of the French Revolution.

The government of France is today seeking to do no more than that which our own forefathers did, and which the Catholics themselves do in our own country. The French government desires to *put the Catholic church on the same level as that occupied by all other denominations.* If the Catholics of France accepted the new laws of the republic, and put them into operation, *they would occupy substantially the same position as that occupied by Catholics in America.* Consequently, the reader will understand at once that *there is no question of conscience or religion involved. It is a wrestle for power.* Who shall be greater in France, *the Pope or the constituted authorities of the republic? The Pope is asking the individual Catholic to defy the laws of the state in which he lives.* Would we tolerate such a thing as that in America? *Would any American Catholic think for one moment of lifting his hand defiantly against the police power of the state?* Certainly not. The idea is preposterous. The state would not attempt to control the Catholic, the Baptist, the Methodist, the Episcopalian or the Presbyterian *in any matter of conscience; but the state has a perfect right to say in what manner religious corporations shall be formed.* It is a part of the police power of our government to regulate the manner in which corporations, religious or otherwise, shall constitute and conduct themselves. No sensible Catholic in all the broad scope of this American republic would think for one moment of denying to the constituted authorities of *the state* the right to use precisely the same legislative power which *the church* is now combatting in France.

The Catholic Rome rulers seek to establish in France the supremacy of the Italian priesthood by whom a Pope is always controlled. The Catholic Home rulers seek to put the Catholic church in France upon practically the same plane it occupies in the United States.

* * *

Praise for American Catholics.

Nowhere on earth is the Catholic church in so healthy a condition as in the United States. Nowhere on earth is it doing so much good, and conforming so closely to a truly Christian standard. Why is this so? Because our wise forefathers, thoroughly familiar with *the awful record of the crimes which had been committed against peoples by churches and kings,* determined that this republic should not make the mistake which had cost other nations so dear. Consequently the union of church and state was forbidden. Consequently the Catholic church is on the same level with other churches. Consequently the Italian priest has not had his foot on the Catholics of America. Consequently there has been in the Catholic church

MINISTER BRIAND.

CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.

of America a certain amount of home rule, a certain amount of independence; and this element of home rule and individuality has kept the church clear of those awful conditions *which have so often rotted the life out of it, and made it a scandal to the universe.*

If the Pope should undertake to do for the Catholic church of the United States what he is now proposing to do for the Catholic church of France, he would probably have a revolt on his hands which would grow into a revolution. Were he to send out his orders from the Vatican *directing the Catholics of America to defy the laws of this land,* there would be a roar of anger which would even bring the Vatican to its senses,

The politicans of the sacred conclave are supposed to be the finest on earth. But if those clerical politicians are not making a huge mistake *now,* I am utterly incapable of passing judgment on the situation.

Why are they making a mistake? Because they are combatting modern progress, modern ideas of government, modern ideas of church life and church work. Not only are those crafty Italian priests causing the Pope to do the church enormous damage *in France,* but if he persists in his present policy *he will do the Catholic church of America immense harm.* How? By planting in the mind of every student of affairs in America this fear: *If the Catholic church in America continues for twenty years to grow as rapidly as it has grown during the last decade, the republic of the United States will have to contemplate a death-grapple with the Pope, similar to that which now endangers the life of the republic of France.*

Some Random Talk on Literary Topics—And the Crowning of a Living Poet.

Nothing is more curious than the manner in which the Public allots credit to authors. It would seem that in many instances the fate of the literary worker is dependent upon caprice.

Milton was famous *as a prose writer* during his life time; he not only enjoyed the highest reputation in England, but on the Continent as well. Yet in a collection of authors made a generation after his death, his name was not included among *the poets.*

All the world knows how cruelly unjust the Reviewers were to Keats,

and how he died broken-hearted, in the belief that he had missed the mark of literary renown; yet perhaps the best of his poetry is not excelled by any. A more exquisite gem, both of thought and expression, than his "*Lines to a Grecian Urn,*" it would be impossible to find in the vast treasure house of literature.

Again, the author himself does not seem always to know what is his best work. The most laborious effort may be expended upon a task that the world condemns, while the author may throw off, in a casual moment, some minor poem which is immediately taken up and classed with the best.

It is doubtful if many people, nowadays, read Tennyson's "Queen Mary," or "Idyls of the King;" but the whole English speaking world has learned the beauty and depth of his "Crossing the Bar."

Southey toiled his life out upon epic after epic which even the literary student balks at reading now, but he threw off a few ballads which are declaimed in the school houses wherever the English language is spoken. Probably he himself attached little importance to "It was a Glorious Victory," and the "Inch Cape Rock," yet they are now all of Southey that the world cares much about, so far as his poesy is concerned.

Do you ever read Longfellow's "Evangeline?" Probably not. But you know his "Nightfall" and "Psalm of Life" by heart.

Nobody ever reads the most ambitious of Walter Savage Landor's poems, "Gebir," but almost every lover of literature carries in his memory those simple lines which perfectly express in poetic form his grief for the untimely death of Rose Aylmer.

Henry Grady claimed this poem of eight lines to be the best short poem in the English language. This may not be so, but it is not easy to find its superior.

Who cares for Campbell's "Theodoric" and "Gertrude of Wyoming?" Nobody. But all of us know "Hohenlinden," and his battle hymn, "Ye Mariners of England!"

Tom Moore was paid $15,000 for "Lalla Rookh," and rested his fame upon it; but the world of today neglects the epic and honors Tom Moore for the less pretentious "Irish Melodies."

Few people read Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," but "The Cry of the Children," goes ringing down the ages.

---

for me to
any
rig-
tive
The
the
em-
has
ches
lark
yet
iter-
rds'
own
iter-

ittle
ther
was
ook
s I
uch
so,
are
ich

his great poem commencing:

I am
squa
When the
leer,
And th
the a

and the world laughs with
and you weep alone."
t happy inspiration seems to
exceptional.

* * *

Does n
picture?
Consid
"When C
ing
Enwre
girls,
And the
have
Sweeps
curls.

gro poet, Paul Dunbar, who
year, published a great deal
bbish which the magazines
and paid for because he was
Had a white man offered
of stuff, he would have been
ut of countenance. Just as
hern people felt bound to
reat deal of Phyllis Wheat-
retended to believe that she
etry, they accepted also
g from Paul Dunbar as pure
om the Pierian Spring—
n from Helicon.

On pag
notice thi

ul Dunbar in at least one of
s *did* strike the harp of di-
y, and drew forth at least
w note that entitles him to
ng the Immortals. It is a
n called "Good Sport." So

"When S
And, d
You hold
Against

Who reads Shelley's longer poems, his "Revolt of Islam," for example?

Extremely few. But every one who reads at all loves the "Adonais," and the lines "To the Skylark."

Life is entirely too short to bother with Robert Browning's "Sordello" and his other heavy weights, but you will lose a rare treat, if you do not read "My Last Duchess," "Fra Lippo Lippi" and "Our Last Ride Together."

They are short, and they are superlatively good.

Who cares for Tom Hood's lengthy poems—his ambitious "Miss Kilmansegg?" True it served the purpose of John James Ingalls, when that human rapier was pinning Joseph E. Brown of Georgia to the wall. Ingalls described Brown as

"Washing his hands with invisible soap

CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.

of America a certain amount of home rule, a certain amount of independence; and this element of home rule and individuality has kept the church clear of those awful conditions *which have so often rotted the life out of it, and made it a scandal to the universe.*

If the Pope should undertake to do

So even the best lines of Tom Hood's most ambitious poem couldn't make a Georgia Senator bat his eye.

But all the world knows "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt," "The Lay of the Laborer" and "The Workhouse Clock"—short poems that are immortal.

* * * *

Then, again, we happen upon those strange cases where we have, in poetry, a "Single Speech Hamilton." The author in some sudden burst of creative inspiration throws off a few lines that never die, and he cannot do it again.

There is the "Old Oaken Bucket" by Woodworth. We cannot let this be forgotten, but what else did Woodworth write?

damage *in*
in his pres
Catholic ch
harm. Ho
mind of ev
America th
church in
twenty yea
has grown
republic of
have to co
with the P
now endang
of France.

TWAIN.

Some Random Talk on Literary Topi
ing of a Living Poe

Nothing is more curious than the manner in which the Public allots credit to authors. It would seem that in many instances the fate of the literary worker is dependent upon caprice.

Milton was famous *as a prose writer* during his life time; he not only en-

joyed the
land, but
Yet in a e
generation
was not in

All the
unjust the

Nothing worth mention, so far as I know.

Then there was the Scotchman who wrote the poem which was the favorite of Abraham Lincoln—"Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" Knox, the author, wrote nothing else that was extraordinary.

Does any one ever think of the late Bill Nye as a poet? No. Yet his heart-melting lines on his dead child are as truly the best poetry as any that Burns has written.

Most American readers are familiar with "The Bivouac of the Dead;" but, as far as any of us know, O'Hara wrote nothing else worth remembering.

The true poetic feeling breathes in those familiar verses, beginning, "I am dying, Egypt, dying." But if the author, Gen. Wm. Haines Lyttle, wrote anything else, we do not know it.

"An awkward time this for me to
"e sick!
w "*We are destitute*
of funds, almost of
food."

Shortly after this, the
the neglected genius
was dead.

Henry Timrod's
home was Charleston,
and my impression is
that his admirers have
erected a monument to
him at Columbia. I
presume that it is of
marble, and as cold as
usual.

Would to God that
we of the South would
cultivate the habit of
crowning the living.
Fame with us is a
mere mortuary-chapel
business,—a lighting
up of cemetery lamps.

* * * *

Will you think me
ut of my mind when

And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

* * * *

Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a fame,
That life might be all poetry
And weariness a name.

Very few men would consent to read Richard Henry Wilde's "Life and Madness of Torquato Tasso." Upon this work the author spent years of research and toil. The book appears to possess no value whatever. But the fugitive lines in which Wilde laments his fate,—"My Life is Like a Summer Rose," are as poetic in form and spirit as anything that has come from the pen of Alfred Austen, the Poet-Laureate of Great Britain.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox touched the heart of the world, when she poem commencing:

I am
and the world laughs with
nd you weep alone."

t happy inspiration seems to exceptional.

* * *

gro poet, Paul Dunbar, who year, published a great deal bbish which the magazines nd paid for because he was Had a white man offered ut of stuff, he would have been ut of countenance. Just as hern people felt bound to reat deal of Phyllis Wheatretended to believe that she etry, they accepted also g from Paul Dunbar as pure om the Pierian Spring—n from Helicon.

ul Dunbar in at least one of s *did* strike the harp of di-y, and drew forth at least w note that entitles him to ng the Immortals. It is a m called "Good Sport." So

far as I know, this negro poet is the only author who ever put into poetic form a day of successful hunting *from the standpoint of the victims.* Inasmuch as he had the heart to feel for *them,* and the mind to clothe that compassionate sentiment in verse, *his memory deserves to be honored.*

* * * *

Burns sang a few, a very few, immortal songs, and died in neglect, with his creditors badgering his life out, and his neighbors too respectable to invite such a disreputable person to their village festivals; yet the other day the newspapers reported that J. Pierpont Morgan prided himself upon having secured for $15,000 a few scraps of Burns' original writings.

Edgar Poe wrote a few, a very few, immortal lines, the world paying no attention to him while he lived. So poor was he that when his child-wife, Virginia Clemm, lay stretched out in her last illness, her husband had to keep the freezing cold away from her by spreading his overcoat upon the bed; yet we constantly see notice of the sales of copies of first editions of his most worthless poems, such as Tamerlane and Al Aaraaf, for the enormous sums of $2,200 and $3,000 each.

Perhaps the best poem that Poe ever wrote has been the least noticed; that is "Eldorado." In these few lines he gives evidence of greater reach of mental vision, and a greater depth of poetic feeling than can be found in his more celebrated "Raven." My own opinion is that "Annabel Lee" is vastly overrated and bears no comparison to his lines "For Annie."

Consider the case of Mark Twain and Bret Harte. In the eye of the world, Mark Twain towers above Bret Harte,—as Pike's Peak does over the red hills of Georgia—yet the clearer vision of posterity will probably reverse the earlier decision and place Bret Harte upon the Peak.

Not for a moment do I question the very great genius of Mark Twain: not only is he sound in mind, but his heart seems to be of the right sort too, —and that is the best of all.

But in Bret Harte there was an original creative genius that comes upon the earth but once in a hundred years. The power, the pathos and the beauty of some of his short stories are simply unrivalled in American literature.

Poe had the power and the beauty, but *not* the pathos. Poe could not

TWAIN.

.L.

t of home
independ-
ome rule
he church
conditions
the life
andal to

ake to do

damage *in*
in his pre
Catholic ch
harm. Ho
mind of e
America t
church in
twenty yea
has grown
republic o
have to co
with the P
now endang
of France.

---

on Literary Topi
of a Living Poe

than the
lic allots
seem that
the liter-
n caprice.
se writer
only en-

joyed the
land, but
Yet in a e
generation
was not in

All the
unjust the

bring tears to your eyes, nor had he genuine humor.

Bret Harte moves your very soul with sympathy for sorrow; and then, with a motion of his wand, the smile will dry the tear.

Study Bret Harte's short stories. They are wonders. Some of Henry Grady's best things were lifted bodily out of Bret Harte's books just as all the ideas of his New South speeches were coolly taken from Ben Hill's marvelous educational address at Athens.

Some time when you feel so inclined, turn to Bret Harte's Poems and read "At the Hacienda." Read it over slowly two or three times, and then deny if you can, that it is wonderfully beautiful and suggestive poetry. You will not find genius of *that* sort anywhere in Mark Twain.

For instance, the grateful Northern author has so written the history of this country, that even the people of the South and West believe that the whole dog-gone business is based on Plymouth Rock. Even the Pilgrim Fathers have been lined up along with the saints in such a manner that the saints look like a lot of slick dimes with holes in them.

Just between you and me, the Pilgrim Fathers were an awfully tough lot, in some respects—but I don't dare say anything, for I blanch at the thought of having two or three thousand Yankee authors all pitching into me at the same time.

Now, we people of the South don't know how to apprecite home talent. We never did and, perhaps, never will. It is a thing to be ashamed of—but we don't seem to care. Not only is it bad to neglect home talent, but policy. In very many ways y it. Home talent should me recognition, home ent, home reward; thus it kept at home, and would aid uilding of a glorious future me—the South.

lected our great scholar, Legare; we neglected Rich- y Wilde; we neglected John oke; we neglected William Simms. . . . .

neglect James R. Randall, lwards and Chas. J. Bayne.

* * *

a Southern man, proud of ? Yes. Well what do you ut Amelia Welby, Father rgaret J. Preston, Doctor cknor, Henry Timrod, or Hayne?

u know that possibly the llingly beautiful stanza in sh language was written by n girl? is:

lous hemorrhage! I am lying supine in bed. . .

"An awkward time this for me to be sick!

"We are destitute of funds, almost of food."

Shortly after this, the neglected genius was dead.

Henry Timrod's home was Charleston, and my impression is that his admirers have erected a monument to him at Columbia. I presume that it is of marble, and as cold as usual.

Would to God that we of the South would cultivate the habit of crowning the living. Fame with us is a mere mortuary-chapel business,—a lighting up of cemetery lamps.

* * * *

Will you think me out of my mind when

any rig- tive *The* the em- has ches Mark yet iter- rds' own iter- ittle *ther* was ook s I uch so, are ich

Southern his great I am squa *When the leer, And th the a*

Does n picture? Conside

"When C ing w *Enwred girls,* And the s have *Sweeps curls.*

On pag notice this

"When S *And, d* You hold *Against*

"The twilight hours, *like birds,* flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea:
For every wave, *with dimpled face,*
That leapt upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it, trembling, there."

Tennyson could well have exchanged that silly and worthless bauble,—his peerage,—to have penned such exquisite lines as those.

Nowhere, nowhere will you find a stanza more supremely *beautiful.*

* * * *

Some time when you are in the mood, compare Sir Walter Scott's lines on "Spring" with those of Henry Timrod upon the same subject,—and then remember with a sense of grief and shame, that we Southern people allowed the last days of the Author of *the finer poem of the two* to be haunted by actual want, while Great Britain poured into the lap of Walter Scott a million dollars.

A few lines will be quoted from Timrod's "Spring" to prove to you that in this South Carolina bard we had a genius who, with the right sort of encouragement and reward, might have rivalled Tennyson himself.

"Spring, with *that nameless pathos in the air*
Which dwells with all things fair. . . "

"Out in the lonely woods *the jasmine burns*
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into *a royal court with green festoons*
The banks of dark lagoons....."

"And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers."

"As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs *are groping through the gloom*
And soon will burst their tomb."

"But many gleams and shadows need must pass
. . . *before the enamored South*
Shall kiss the rose's mouth."

"Still there's *a sense of blossoms yet unborn*
In the sweet airs of morn."

f home
lepend-
ne rule
church
ditions
he life
dal to

e to do

damage *in*
in his pre
Catholic ch
harm. H
mind of e
America th
church in
twenty yea
has grown
republic o
have to co
with the P
now endan
of France.

TWAIN.

Literary Topi
of a Living Po

an the
allots
n that
e liter-
apriee.
writer
ly en-

joyed the
land, but
Yet in a c
generation
was not in
All the
unjust the

Mark how exceedingly fine is this:

"At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

"*Some wondrous pageant;* and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
'Behold me! I am May!' "

If this isn't poetry of the purest, sweetest, truest sort, then I know nothing about it.

Yet, this poet who most assuredly wrote some of the finest lines to be found in literature, wrote these words to Paul H. Hayne:

"Yesterday I had a still more copious hemorrhage! I am lying supine in bed. . .

"An awkward time this for me to be sick!

"We are destitute of funds, almost of food."

Shortly after this, the neglected genius was dead.

Henry Timrod's home was Charleston, and my impression is that his admirers have erected a monument to him at Columbia. I presume that it is of marble, and as cold as usual.

Would to God that we of the South would cultivate the habit of crowning the living. Fame with us is a mere mortuary-chapel business,—a lighting up of cemetery lamps.

* * * *

Will you think me out of my mind when I tell you that a Georgia Doctor, Frank Ticknor, dashed off half a dozen lyrics that deserve to rank with the best of Beranger, Heine and Campbell?

In fire, force, diamond-like brilliance of expression, soul-moving tenderness, "Little Giffen of Tennessee," "Unknown," "Loyal," "The Virginians of the Valley," are not surpassed by anything you ever read. As to the *"Sword in the Sea,"* my opinion is that no other lyric in the language *is more than its equal.*

If Paul H. Hayne had been born within the shadow of Harvard, New England would have placed him beside Longfellow.

But he lived in a little cabin which you may see from the car window of the Georgia Railroad, near the village of Grovetown and so, of course, we Southern people could not appreciate his greatness.

I am proud to remember the fact

square,—
When the gargoyles peer with a blea leer,
And the black bats float throug the air—"

Does not that make a very complet picture?

Consider these two lines also:

"When Caliban sprawls on the crawl ing walls,
Enwreathed with a garland o girls,
And the sea-weed, pied with eyes tha have died,
Sweeps by on the tide of thei curls."

On page twenty-nine is *"Artiste;"* notice this beautiful quatrain:

"When Summer drowses into dreams,
And, dreaming, laughs in flowers,
You hold the riches of her prime,
Against the brigand hours;"

that he knew what a few of us thought of him many years before he died.

* * * *

Geo. D. Prentice was born in Connecticut. He made the mistake of coming South. Had he remained in New England, his name today would have been second to but one or two of the New England poets. He devoted his life to the great newspaper which the brilliant Henry Watterson now conducts with such pre-eminent ability, *The Courier-Journal.*

The literati of America scarcely recognize Geo. D. Prentice as a poet at all, yet he wrote some verse which is as good as the very best of Longfellow and Lowell.

To me "The Closing Year," of Prentice, appeals as strongly as the "Thanatopsis" of Bryant. "At My Mother's Grave" is certainly a member of the same family as Burns' "Highland Mary" and Gray's "Elegy." In

"The Author of *the finer poem of the two* to be haunted by actual want, while Great Britain poured into the lap of Walter Scott a million dollars.

A few lines will be quoted from Timrod's "Spring" to prove to you that in this South Carolina bard we had a genius who, with the right sort of encouragement and reward, might have rivalled Tennyson himself.

"Spring, with *that nameless pathos in the air*
Which dwells with all things fair. . . "

"Out in the lonely woods
the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns

volume of Prentice's collected poems, are scattered here and there couplets that seem to me as good as anything to be found in our literature. Lamenting the death of a four year old daughter, he wishes to express the thought that she had died *before* the troubles and trials of life had afflicted her, and

"Ere Hope had faded in her heart, or *love*
Within her soul *had shut its wounded wings*—"

Then again,

"Upon the earth there is a *flower less,*
But O, there is an *added star* in heaven."

In sending a rose to a lady, after telling her in rhyme, of course, that the flower had been plucked in the

GEO. D. PRENTICE.

morning's earliest hour, he uses this beautiful simile:

"When a dew-drop lay at its heart, a pearl,
Like a dream in the breast of a sleeping girl."

These are the only two lines in that particular poem that have any merit whatever, but these would seem to possess true poetic beauty.

His poem, "A Sabbath Evening," is also of a superior class; here follows a striking quatrain:

"Round yonder rocks the forest trees,
In shadowy groups recline,
Like saints at evening, bowed, in prayer
Around their holy shrine."

In the lines suggested by revisiting the college in which he had received his education, this occurred:

" . . . . Those years
Come o'er me like the breath of fading flowers,
And tones I loved fall on my heart as dew
Upon the withered rose-leaf. They were years
When the rich sunlight blossomed on the air,
And fancy, like a blessed rainbow, spanned
The waves of Time, and joyous thoughts went off
Upon this beautiful, unpillared arch
To revel there in cloud, and sun, and sky."

In commemorating the anniversary of a friend's wedding and summing up the marital experience there is this stanza;

"And if, at times, the storm's dark shroud
Has rested in the air,
Love's beaming sun has kissed the cloud,
And left the rainbow there."

If there are four lines in Burns' famous "John Anderson, My Jo," more touchingly beautiful than those, pray name them.

In "Come to Me in Dreams," one is reminded instinctively, irresistibly, of Ben Jonson's "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes."

From such mere amatory dalliance as "Come to Me in Dreams," Prentice makes a bound upward when he sings "The Flight of Years." Unless I am utterly at sea, "The Flight of Years" would have done credit to Cowper or Wordsworth.

"When the shapes which pain [illegible]
dark on the brain
Scowl back from the casement square,—
When the gargoyles peer with a bleary leer,
And the black bats float through the air—"

Does not that make a very complete picture?

Consider these two lines also:

"When Caliban sprawls on the crawling walls,
Enwreathed with a garland of girls,
And the sea-weed, pied with eyes that have died,
Sweeps by on the tide of their curls."

On page twenty-nine is *"Artiste;"* notice this beautiful quatrain:

"When Summer drowses into dreams,
And, dreaming, laughs in flowers,
You hold the riches of her prime,
Against the brigand hours;"

[illegible], yet
[illegible]d at for
[illegible]k of *any*
[illegible]ruly orig-
[illegible] suggestive
[illegible]ds' *"The*
[illegible]' In the
[illegible]e remem-
[illegible]uthor has
[illegible]s sketches
[illegible]hat Mark
[illegible]rote; yet
[illegible] and liter-
[illegible] Edwards'
[illegible] unknown
[illegible] of liter-

*

[illegible] a little
[illegible]d *Other*
[illegible] It was
[illegible]e Book
[illegible]r as I
[illegible] much
[illegible] do so,
[illegible]re are
[illegible] which

As to the Poet-priest, Father Ryan, you no doubt remembered him as the author of "The Conquered Banner."

We men of the South spring to our feet and yell when the band strikes up Dixie. We can't help it. But as we hear or read "The Conquered Banner" our hearts are sore with grief. And we will never get over it, either.

But as poetry "The Conquered Banner" does not compare with Father Ryan's "Song of the Mystic."

This article is running away with me, wearying you perhaps, but you *must* let me quote a little of this matchless song:

And I said: In the world each Ideal.
That shines like a star on life's wave
Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave.

Of the same family as Burns' "Highland Mary" and Gray's "Elegy" in the Author of *the finer poem of the two* to be haunted by actual want, while Great Britain poured into the lap of Walter Scott a million dollars.

A few lines will be quoted from Timrod's "Spring" to prove to you that in this South Carolina bard we had a genius who, with the right sort of encouragement and reward, might have rivalled Tennyson himself.

"Spring, with *that nameless pathos in the air*
Which dwells with all things fair. . . "

"Out in the lonely woods *the jasmine burns*
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Ah me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,—
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard:
They pass through the Valley like Virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word!

* * * *

As already stated, there seems to be nothing so uncertain as fame. For fifty years, with the exception of a very few years of early childhood, I have been listening to great orators. It was my good fortune to hear Alex. H. Stephens, Robert Toombs, Bishop George F. Pierce, Bishop Haygood, Henry Grady, Dr. Wm. H. Felton, and Herschel V. Johnson.

During the twenty and odd years that I practiced Law, I was constantly hearing such orators as H. D. D.

FATHER RYAN.

Twiggs, Charles D. Hill and "young George" Pierce. When I heard Mr. Bryan's first speech in Congress, I was not conscious of the fact that I had listened to anything extraordinary. Next morning, however, Mr. Bryan awoke to find himself famous and he has been famous as an orator ever since; yet I feel sure that he is not the equal in oratory of those whose names I have mentioned. But by the caprice of Fame the crown has been placed upon his head, and he will wear it to the end.

In like manner, I have wondered why such poets as Whittier and Bryant should have any reputation at all, when I see others who have written better things altogether neglected. As an instance, take Harry Edwards: There are some of his minor poems which would add lustre to the best things that Tennyson ever wrote; yet I shall probably be laughed at for having said so.

There is not, in the work of *any* American author, a more truly original and more terribly suggestive poem than Harry Edwards' *"The Vulture and his Shadow."* In the same connection, it should be remembered that this Georgia author has written stories and humorous sketches which will match anything that Mark Twain or Bret Harte ever wrote; yet so capricious is public taste and literary reputation that Harry Edwards' name is probably almost an unknown quantity in the great world of literature.

* * * *

Your attention is called to a little volume entitled *"Perdita and Other Poems,"* by Chas. J. Bayne. It was published in 1905 by the Cole Book Co., Atlanta, Ga., and so far as I know has not yet attracted much attention. Perhaps it will never do so, yet if I am any judge at all, there are a few poems in this collection which should win fame for the author.

On pages sixteen and seventeen you will find "Unfulfilled." Consider this stanza, and tell me wherein it fails to measure up to poetry:

"Sea-trothed the rivers roll;
The ring-doves coo to mate;
Then can it be that *soul from soul*
Should part—and call it Fate?"

Consider this stanza, also:

"Be his the loveless tie;
Though tieless, love was mine.
The watered lees may liquefy,
But never can be wine."

On page twenty-five is *"Hygeia of the Wards."* Consider these four lines with which the poem opens:

"When the shapes which pain paints dark on the brain
Scowl back from the easement square,—
When the gargoyles peer with a bleary leer,
And the black bats float through the air—"

Does not that make a very complete picture?

Consider these two lines also:

"When Caliban sprawls on the crawling walls,
Enwreathed with a garland of girls,
And the sea-weed, pied with eyes that have died,
Sweeps by on the tide of their curls."

On page twenty-nine is *"Artiste;"* notice this beautiful quatrain:

"When Summer drowses into dreams,
And, dreaming, laughs in flowers,
You hold the riches of her prime,
Against the brigand hours;"

Also,

"When Autumn from her russet locks
Shakes dapples brown and bright,
You garner shadows into sheaves,
And bind them with the light."

Also,

"When through *old Winter's tattered* cowl,
His snowy tonsure peers,
The glory 'round his dying brow
You give to future years."

On page thirty-three is a very racy, original, musical poem, entitled "*Her Frown.*" The last stanza is:

"All the shifting lights and shadows which her April eyes assume
Wear a charm of which this aspect is the crown:
And if she could guess the ardor
Of my thoughts as I regard her,
How I wonder would her features coldly gather in a frown!"

On page fifty-one is as dainty a bit of verse-making as can be found in Swinburne or James Russell Lowell. It is called "THE NUN." The last stanza is,

"But if you needs *must take the veil,*
And henceforth dwell apart.
Come where the Credo and the Hail
Are loyal love's own tender tale,
And *cloister in my heart.*"

Many other beautiful lines, beautiful stanzas, beautiful poems might be cited, but the reader should get the book for himself, and lay it up among the treasures of his library. No purer, more elevating, more essentially poetic volume can be named. The word power of the author is simply marvelous; and the polish of his work is like the very best cameo-work of Walter Savage Landor. In saying this, I know that you will think me extravagant, but get the book and read for yourself, and then make the comparison.

"*Trovato*" is perhaps the most artistic piece of work in the volume. That poem, as you remember, was published in the January 1906 number of the New York Magazine which bears my name; therefore, it will not be repeated here. Next to "Trovato," if indeed it is secondary at all, comes "*Vivien*" which we are publishing in full, and illustrated with the drawings of Mr. Mitchell.

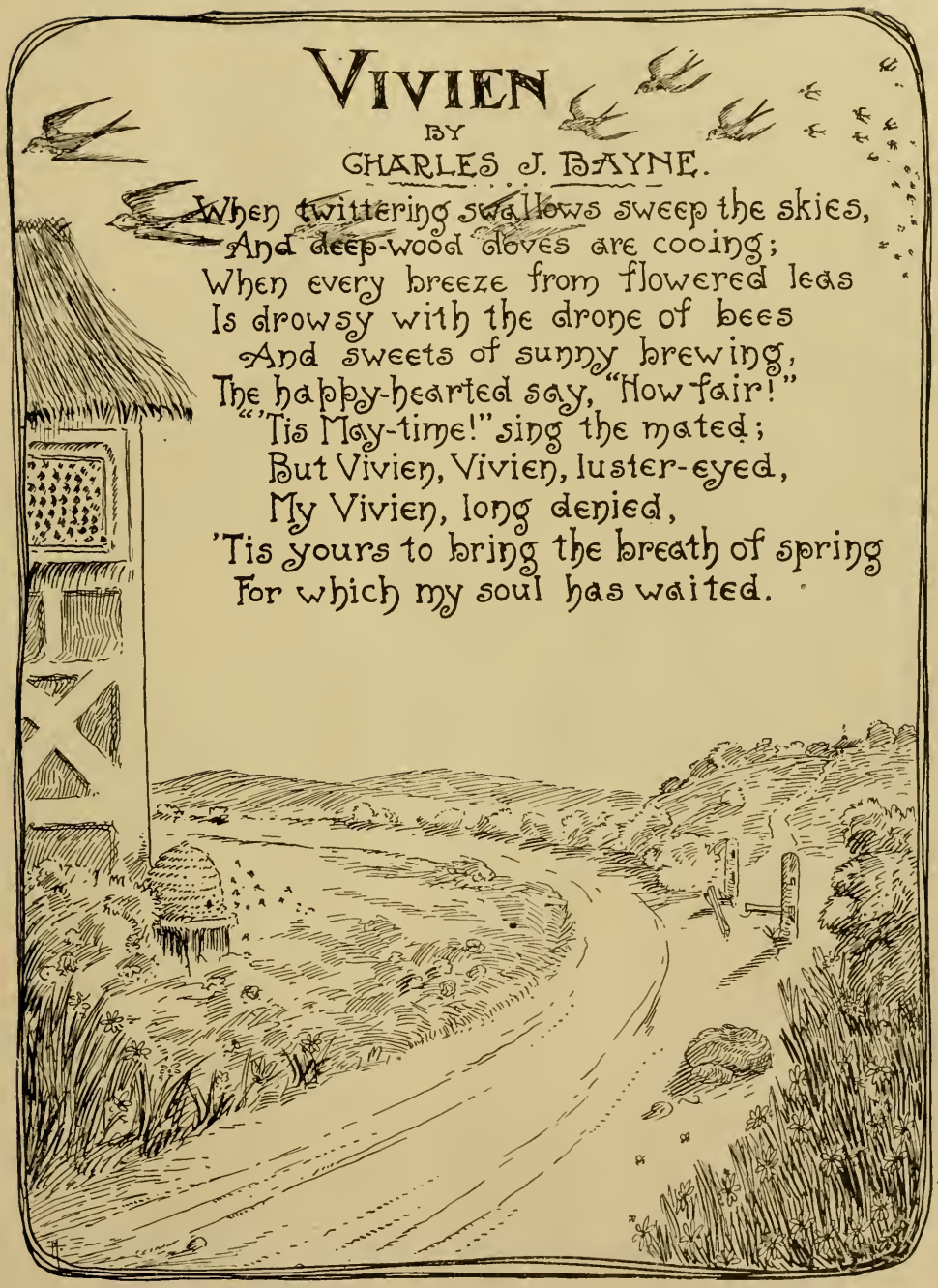
If you would really like to reach a fair estimate of the quality of the work in comparison with others, take down Swinburne's short poems, and turn to the best in the collection. That is "*Rococo,*" and a wonderfully sweet poem it is; but I find no stanza in this Swinburne master-piece which strikes either my ear or my intelligence as being more perfect in its way than "*Vivien.*"

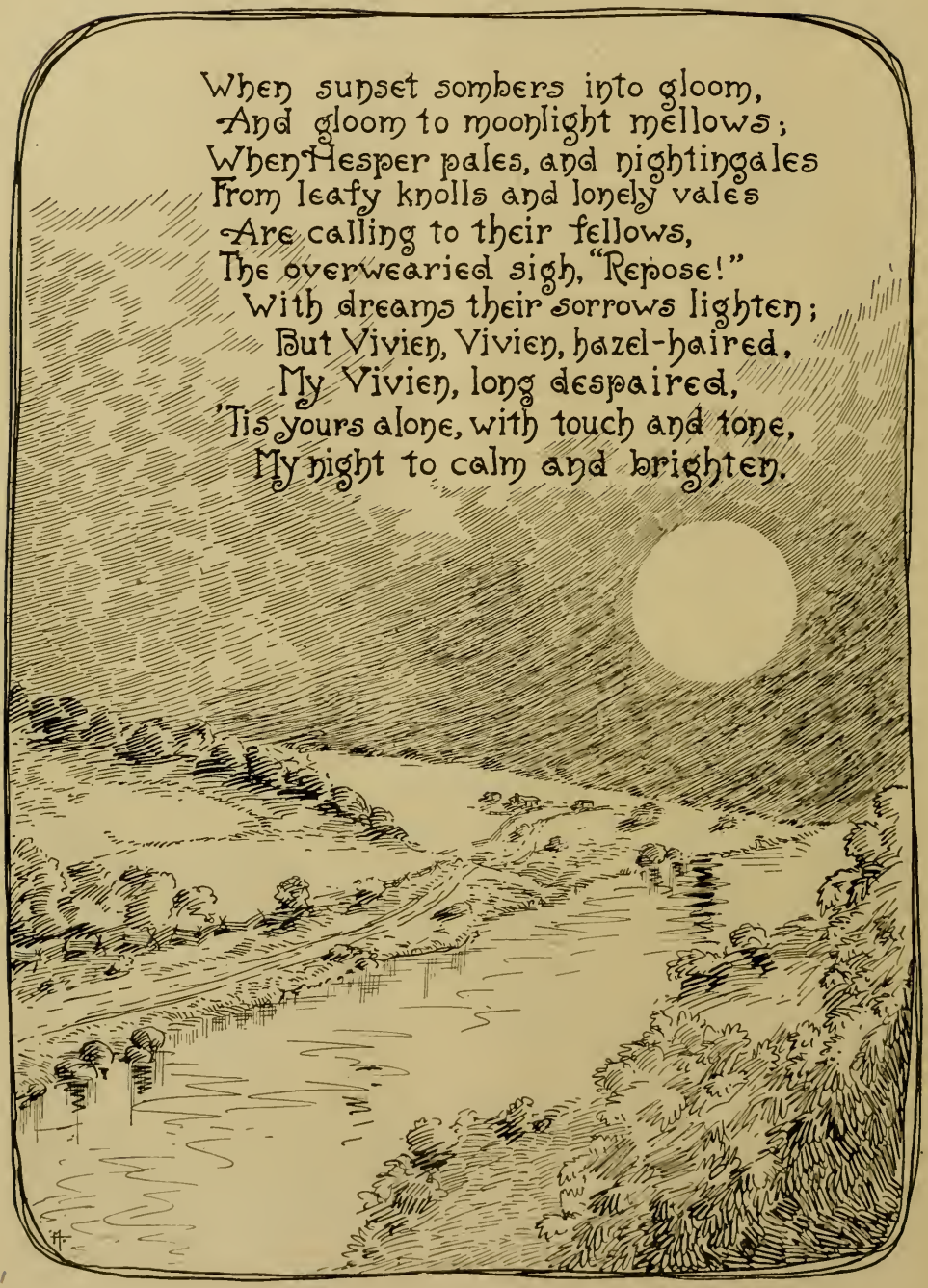
VIVIEN

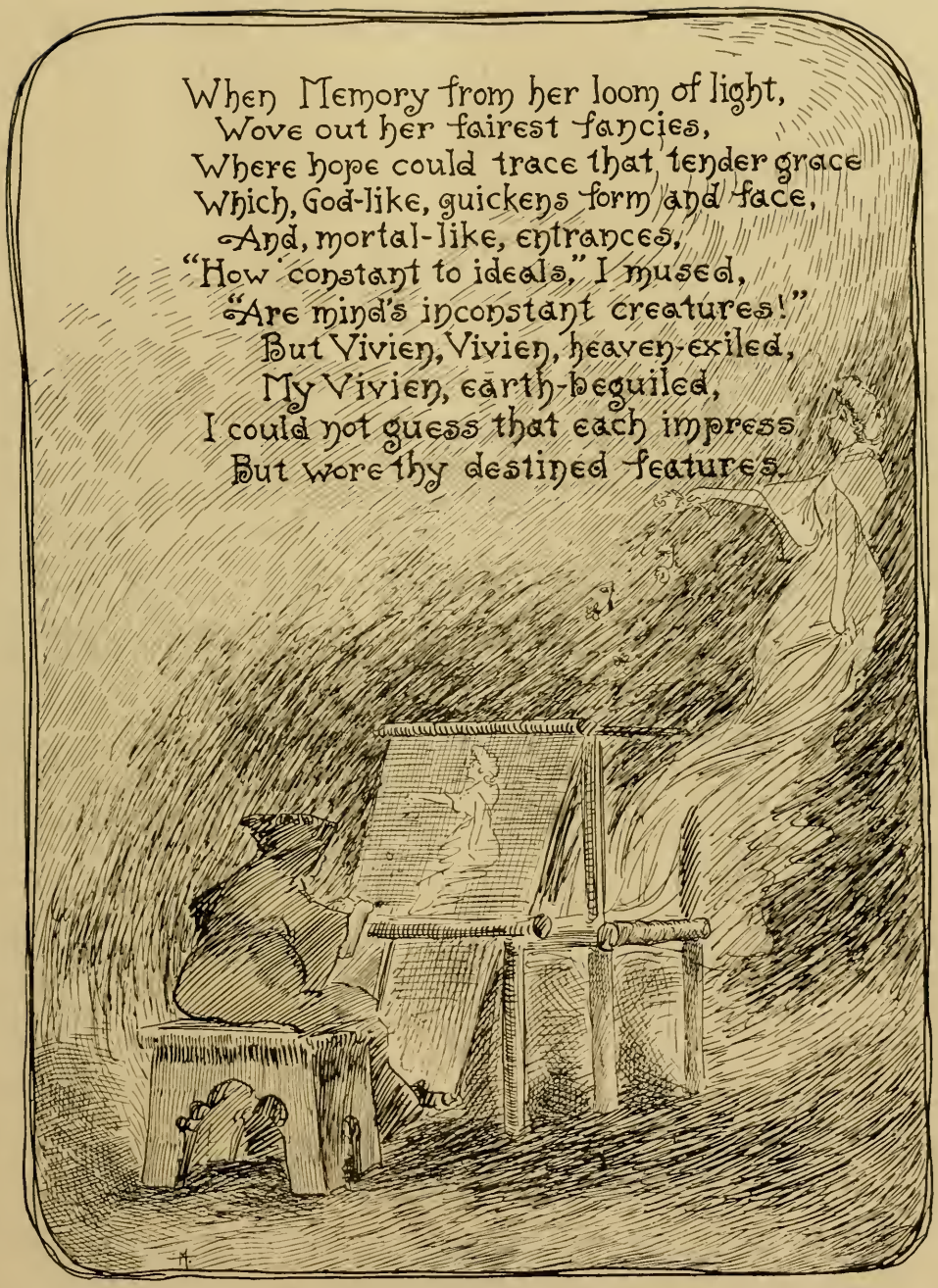
BY

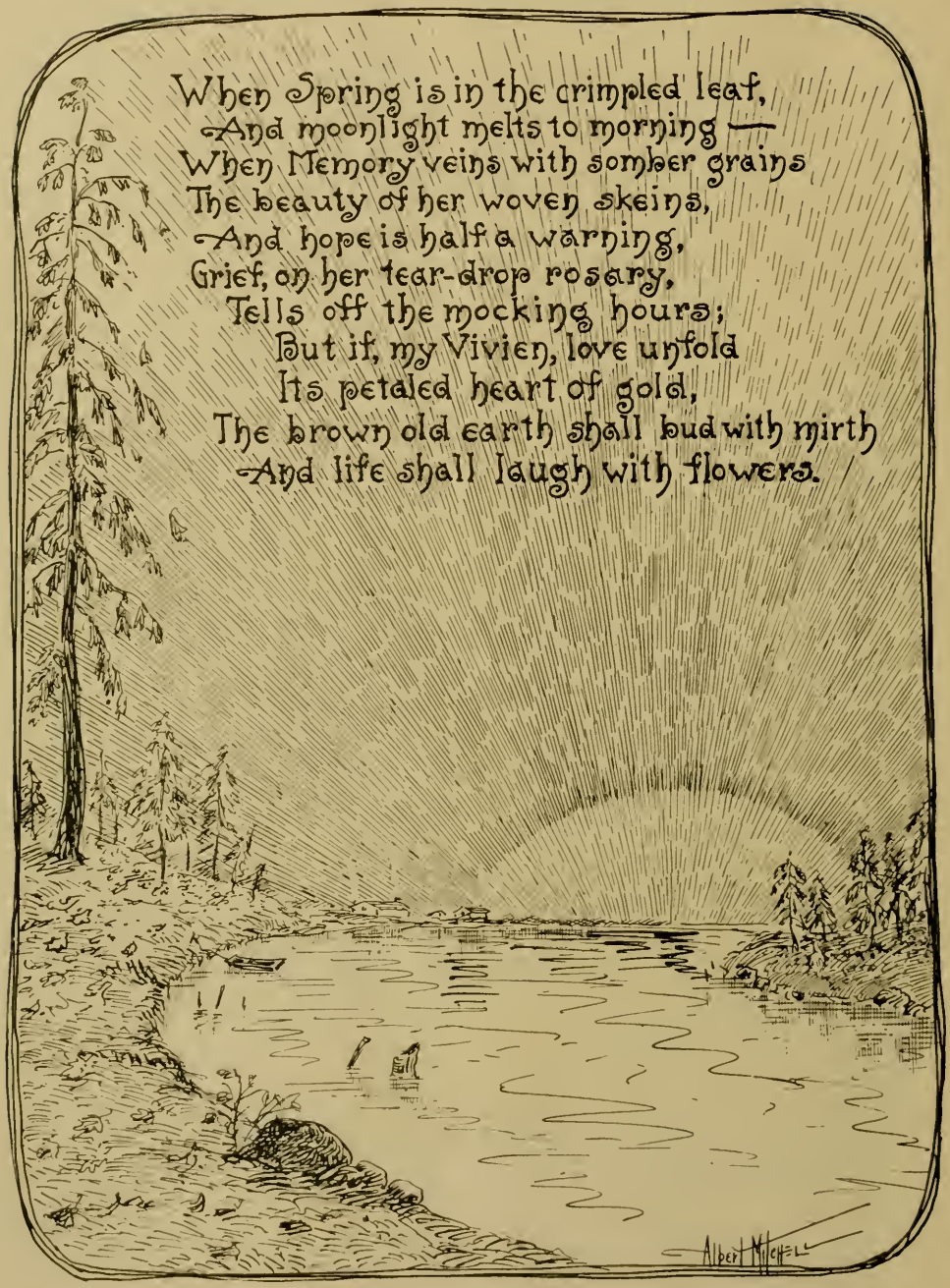
CHARLES J. BAYNE.

When twittering swallows sweep the skies,
And deep-wood doves are cooing;
When every breeze from flowered leas
Is drowsy with the drone of bees
And sweets of sunny brewing,
The happy-hearted say, "How fair!"
"'Tis May-time!" sing the mated;
But Vivien, Vivien, luster-eyed,
My Vivien, long denied,
'Tis yours to bring the breath of spring
For which my soul has waited.




When sunset sombers into gloom,
And gloom to moonlight mellows;
When Hesper pales, and nightingales
From leafy knolls and lonely vales
Are calling to their fellows,
The overwearied sigh, "Repose!"
With dreams their sorrows lighten;
But Vivien, Vivien, hazel-haired,
My Vivien, long despaired,
'Tis yours alone, with touch and tone,
My night to calm and brighten.


When Memory from her loom of light,
Wove out her fairest fancies,
Where hope could trace that tender grace
Which, God-like, quickens form and face,
And, mortal-like, entrances,
"How constant to ideals," I mused,
"Are mind's inconstant creatures!"
But Vivien, Vivien, heaven-exiled,
My Vivien, earth-beguiled,
I could not guess that each impress
But wore thy destined features.


When Spring is in the crimpled leaf,
And moonlight melts to morning —
When Memory veins with somber grains
The beauty of her woven skeins,
And hope is half a warning,
Grief, on her tear-drop rosary,
Tells off the mocking hours;
But if, my Vivien, love unfold
Its petaled heart of gold,
The brown old earth shall bud with mirth
And life shall laugh with flowers.
Albert Mitchell

Mr. Watson in His Home.

By Charles J. Bayne.

IT is a remarkable fact that a Frenchman has written the best "History of English Literature," a British subject has written the best history of the "American Commonwealth," and an American his written the best and most popular "Story of France," and "Life of Napoleon." No man who is familiar with the facts will hesitate for a moment to place Hon. Thos. E. Watson in the front rank of modern historians, for in doing so he would merely accept the general verdict.

There is nothing doubtful about the story, which I have on the best authority, that in 1904 an American traveller, visiting in Paris, went into a book-store and asked to be shown the best biography of Napoleon he had in his shop. Without a moment's hesitation he selected from the dozens of volumes dealing with the great Corsican the familiar red-bound book Watson's "Life of Napoleon," and handed it out to the purchaser. His name was L. W. Stephens, of Columbia, Mo.

The man who accomplished such a feat as the writing of that book—a book regarded in France as the best history of her Emperor—could be no ordinary man, from any point of view; but when we consider the fact that it was comparatively late in his career that Mr. Watson turned his attention to the writing of history, and had already won a high place in the *making* of history along entirely different lines, the achievement becomes all the more remarkable and our admiration all the greater.

"The style is the man," say the French, and there is a strong personality running, like a silver ribbon, through all of his work, whether on the stump, in the halls of Congress, before the bar, or in the quiet of his study, which leaves an unmistakable impress. In his graphic recital of the thrilling story of France, in presenting the rise, reign and fall of the most splendid figure in the history of modern Europe, in his portrayal of the life and times of the founder of Jeffersonian democracy or the rugged strength of "Old Hickory," now running in this magazine, there is the same vigor and refreshing charm. The humor, the subdued pathos, the tender sentiment, and, above all, the faithfulness to life with which he drew conditions as they existed in the old South and gave the world in his novel, "Bethany," the life-story of typical characters whose memory he loved, lent that work a compelling force and a native grace which could have come only from the heart.

In this connection, I recall an incident which I can never forget. I betray no confidence in saying that when the MS. of this novel was submitted to the publisher he suggested that what the public wanted was the kind of novel in which the hero and heroine get married and "live happily ever after." "Bethany" was not that sort of book. It was a leaf torn from the great epic of the South. Along with exquisite sentiment, it

"THINKING IT OVER."

RETURNING FROM A HORSE-BACK RIDE. (SNAPSHOT BY MRS. J. D. WATSON.)

was shot through with the red ruin of war and the remorseless workings of fate. The author painted the picture as it was in actual life—climax and all—and he declined absolutely to change the logical ending into something that would win applause from the groundlings. "Because," he said to me, with a tremor in the falling inflection, *"in real life it doesn't happen that way."*

I have not enquired of late as to the sale of "Bethany," but I do know that it presents a picture of the old South which the world should not willingly let die.

And yet Watson, the historian—Watson, the literary man—belongs, as I have said, to the later phase. That he had been "hiving wisdom with the studious years" long before he sat down to write history was very evident when he once settled himself to that task and turned out with marvelous facility the histories which gave him an international reputation. To have written the "Life of Napoleon," with its mass of incidents and its striking generalizations, in three months time—to have accomplished the same thing in practically the same length of time with his other historical works—would argue long years of intimate familiarity with the subject before he put pen to paper, just as Goethe carried "Faust" in his head for twenty years, until, as he said, "it became pure gold."

But it was as a lawyer, an orator, as the champion of the rights of the people against the encroachments of corporate wealth and power that he first won a place in the history of American politics and statesmanship. He had been the personal friend of Toombs and Stephens and Hill, and the men of light and leading of that time, and he had learned much from them. He preserved, none the less, a strong individuality which promptly impressed itself upon public life when he entered the Georgia legislature in the early eighties. Accepting and advocating the principles of the Farmers' Alliance, he was elected to Congress in 1890, from the Tenth district. His canvass of the district in 1892 was an epoch in Georgia politics. His power as a stump speaker was never shown to better advantage, and it is admitted that on the stump he is one of the most persuasive men ever produced in Georgia. The best traditions of this form of debate were revived, so far as ability was concerned, and there was an added vigor which had never been seen before.

A VIEW OF THE HOME.

MRS. THOS. E. WATSON, MRS. LEE, (THE MARRIED DAUGHTER), AND THE TWO GRANDCHILDREN.

of an income and inheritance tax.

His career in Congress, where he secured the first appropriation for rural free delivery and among graver matters gave a phrase to the vernacular in citing the remark of Mr. Cobb of Alabama, "Mr. Speaker, where am I at?"—this part of his career, together with his canvass of the country after his nomination for the vice-presidency on the ticket with Mr. Bryan and his nomination for the presidency by the Populist party in 1904, need not be enlarged upon here. It is a

Perhaps no higher tribute could be paid the man who fought his battles in splendid isolation in those days than to say that many who were his opponents, politically, remained his personal friends and admirers, and that many of the principles for which he contended then have since been enacted into law or have been adopted by the leading parties of the present time. What was regarded as a radical then is looked upon as essentially conservative in these piping times of rate bills and the agitation

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HOME.

MRS. J. D. WATSON AND HER BABE.

part of his life which is known of all men.

But this article concerns itself with the real Watson, whom few men know, for no man can really know him who has not seen him and enjoyed his delightful companionship in his home.

His fifty years sit lightly upon him. The "bright red poll" to which the funny men on certain newspapers make frequent allusions is in reality dark brown as yet unstreaked with gray. It is in the strong lines of his mobile and sensitive face that time and application have left their imprint. His slender figure is of whalebone, as evidenced by every elastic step. Walking and riding are his tonic. Mounted on his favorite horse, raised and trained by himself, he gallops over the hills and fields which surround his home, or else, with the crisp air of a winter day sending the blood tingling through his veins, he strikes a pace, on foot, along the highways and byways which keeps the amateur pedestrian a bad second in Indian file. In this way he preserves a constitution which enables him to undergo the severe mental and physical strain to which he subjects himself, and on these walks he finds something more than a casual interest, not in botany and ornithology, perhaps, but in birds and flowers.

It would be impossible to describe the animation which shines in his countenance, the light that kindles in his gray eyes, when the conversation drifts to some subject in which he is particularly interested at the time—and I say "at the time" advisedly, for he takes all knowledge for his province, and nothing which interests humanity can fail to be of interest to him. Whether it be in describing the present situation in France, clarifying it with epigrammatic phrase and abundant information, or assailing the Dartmouth College decision as being bad law and the parent of laws still worse, his indexed memory yields the needed facts with promptness and precision. During an acquaintance of eighteen years, I have never seen him use a note in making a public speech, and his great lecture on "The South" has never been reduced to writing.

The Watson family is of English descent. Coming from along the southern banks of the Tweed, they settled first in North Carolina and afterwards in Georgia. As far as the records extend they were landed proprietors, and this inherited love of

READY FOR A GALLOP IN THE COUNTRY.

the soil, coupled with a desire to possess the very land occupied by his pioneer ancestors, has led the subject of this sketch to acquire the broad acres over which he is lord and master. In his possession is a royal grant dated 1760, signed by Charles Watson as clerk of the royal council. The land thus conveyed is now in the possession of Thomas E. Watson, lineal descendant of Charles Watson, who countersigned the royal grant. So, also, is the city residence in which he spent the most active twenty years of his life, and many thousands of acres besides. His estate in Virginia, lying in the Blue Ridge Mountains, is one of the most beautiful in the state, and in the same class with it is his winter home on the East Coast of Florida.

But it is here in Georgia that Mr. Watson is most at home. On a summit which commands a view of the blue Piedmont foot-hills, with Graves' mountain silhouetted against the sky-line, and the prosperous little city of Thomson nestling, a mile away, beyond the grove, stands the imposing colonial home where the distinguished statesman and litterateur has set up his household gods.

Everything that ingenuity and competent means can contribute to the comfort of himself, his family and the guests who are constantly gathering at his hospitable board is to be found under this spacious roof. Every detail bespeaks the culture and refinement of the typical southern gentleman, and his family.

Thomson has outgrown its swaddling clothes and has established its own electric light plant, so the Watson residence is a blaze of light within and without. The fine arts are represented in all their phases. And then there are books until the brain grows weary. How many thousands of them there are Mr. Watson himself does not know. He is too busy reading them and writing them to merely stop and count them. They are not only scattered about the study, with that delightful abandon which betokens constant use, but they overflow into the hallway and into the guest rooms and into the more formal precincts of the drawing room. They are everywhere—big books and little books, old books and new books. Swinburne lies cheek by joal with Adam Smith and Don Quixote leans his sorrowful figure against the Beacon Biographies—the "Life of Thos. Jefferson" in this series being, incidentally, by Mr. Watson himself. The latest number of The Congressional Record lies on top of a stray volume of Hansard, while Sinbad and Ali Baba, in a sumptuous edition of Lane's "Arabian Nights," are sadly crowded by a recent importation from Canada.

They are all there, or thereabouts, except the yellow law-books, for Mr. Watson has given up the practice of law except as consulting counsel to the firm of Green and Watson, consisting of his son, Mr. J. Durham Watson, and Mr. J. W. Green.

This is his kingdom. Around him he has gathered an efficient and devoted staff to assist him in editing WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE and THE WEEKLY JEFFERSONIAN. From the New York magazine, recently abandoned by him, Mr. Watson has brought Mr. W. Gordon Nye, recognized as one of the most gifted of the younger artists of the metropolis, and here he suggests the subjects he wishes illustrated for the forthcoming number of the magazine or the weekly, frequently outlining the very form he wishes the illustration to assume. Mr. Nye's work is already attracting national attention, and a brilliant future is predicted for him.

Mr. Watson's office assistants are Mr. Robert H. Scruggs, of Warren county, who is his private secretary, and two expert stenographers, Misses Postwick and Jones. Few men write

EXAMINING THE WORK OF HIS PERSONAL STAFF.

MR. ROBERT SCRUGGS, PRIVATE SECRETARY TO MR. WATSON.

more legibly and yet with more character in their chirography than Mr. Watson, and practically all of his historical works went thus to the printer, for they were produced in the days when his fights for the people had greatly reduced his worldly possessions and he had to be his own amanuensis. But he finds no difficulty in dictating the most carefully wrought of his editorials, when occasion requires.

At his elbow sits the long distance telephone, by means of which he keeps in close touch with his two publications, directs the affairs of his various plantations, and keeps in communication with the world at large.

Behind him hangs a handsome oil painting of "Night," by one of the masters, its colors as fresh as if it were painted yesterday, and lending an appropriate atmosphere to the entire surroundings. The morning sun shines in at the wide east window and again comes in at the south, giving a cheerful aspect to this mental workshop of his.

The birds are his companions and they seem to know by a sort of subtle instinct that he is their friend. The wood-peckers may be heard drumming under the eaves, piercing their way to the interior of the roof, where they build and breed. These are depredations, of course, but he delights in their friendly association. When he was writing his "Life of Napoleon" there was what we call in Georgia a red bird—the Kentucky cardinal of more pretentious literature—which perched on his window sill daily, confident that he would be fed and treated kindly. He became a pet, free and unconfined. He was like a liveried herald from the Reign of Terror. Soon after the author had finished his work he found a dead red-bird, shot by some wanton boy, and the thought has haunted him ever since that in all probability it was his confiding feathered companion who had thus become the victim of a malicious shaft.

The house in which "Napoleon" and practically all of Mr. Watson's other books, except "Bethany" and "The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson" were written is still his property, though he has moved to larger quarters, but it is a striking illustration of the real nature of the man that he is using that house as a means of repaying, a hundred fold, the kindness shown him by an old friend in the days when he began making his way in the world. He had been compelled to leave college without completing his course, because he could not continue without drawing too heavily upon the resources of his father. He went to Screven county and taught school in a log cabin quite small enough and dilapidated enough to meet the traditions of greatness in an early environment that cramped the soul.

He wrote to his friend, one of his

THE NURSES BRING THE GRANDCHILDREN. TO THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE ARE J. D. WATSON, O. S. LEE THE SON-IN-LAW, AND MRS. LEE, THE DAUGHTER. IN THE CENTER OF THE PICTURE, ON THE SAME STEP WITH MR. WATSON AND HIS GRANDCHILD IS MRS. THOS. E. WATSON. IN THE REAR OF MR WATSON IS ONE OF THE NURSES; IN FRONT, THE OLD TIME "MAMMY"; IN THE FOREGROUND HER "PICKANINNIES."

former school teachers, Mr. R. H. Pearce, at Thomson, and asked if he would board him for a year "on trust" while he established himself in the law. His friend consulted his good wife and consented. This was the beginning of his career at the bar, during which his annual practice expanded from $214 the first year to as much as $18,000 per year at the period when he decided to abandon his profession. His gratitude for the assistance rendered him in that first year consisted of something more than a mere payment of his board bill, for the kind-hearted couple who extended the favor are now living, as his guests, in the home which was so long his own.

The room in which he did his literary work has been detached from the old home and added to the house next door, which is also his property. Here his daughter and her husband, Mr. O. S. Lee, make their home, with a dimpled toddler of the third generation growing up under the shade of the very trees planted by Grandpa Watson and his devoted wife.

And in this connection let it be said that no man ever had a help-meet more peculiarly fitted to "redouble his joys and cut his griefs in half." The Durhams of McDuffie belong, like the Watsons, to the pioneer stock which cleared the primeval forests in the days when George the Third was king, and they have been prominent in the life of the community ever since. The gracious charm with which she presides over her hospitable home, the woman of culture combined with the efficient housewife, constitute the keynote of that helpful comradeship which has comforted her husband through the storm and stress he has encountered and subdued.

His son, Mr. J. Durham Watson, with his wife, who is a native of Kingston, N. Y., make their home with Mr. Watson and here another grandchild, just rounding out its first year, suffuses the household with the sunshine which can only come with the prattle and coo of budding infancy. Mr. Durham Watson has represented his native county in the General Assembly of the state, and during his father's connection with the New York publication bearing his name was the associate editor. At present, in addition to the practice of his profession, he is the associate editor of THE WEEKLY JEFFERSONIAN, to the duties of which position he brings a mind well equipped by close study of public questions under his father's guidance.

Such is the real Watson in his ideal home. Such is the man whom friend and foe unite in regarding as one of the ablest of his time. The factionalism from which so much bitterness was engendered is rapidly passing away, and, without stopping to quibble about names and party lines, the people of the south and west, and many of those in the east, realize that the principles for which he stood, in the stirring days gone by, like one crying in the wilderness, are being embodied into statutes, state and federal, for which he, in a large measure, made straight the way. He has put aside all political ambition and only aspires to devote his time and talents, through his publications, to the common good. He is deeply interested in the present movement of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union, and as a disinterested friend and counsellor will devote some time to the furtherance of its interests. The members of this organization, composed of actual tillers of the soil, recognize in him an able and sincere friend and welcome his cooperation. So, on the platform, in the interest of this movement, and in his study, for the welfare of all mankind, he spends his time, serene in the enjoyment of domestic happiness and the companionship of his books. There are a thousand evidences that

ON THE FRONT PORCH WITH ONE OF THE GRANDCHILDREN, J. D. WATSON AND THOS. E. WATSON ON THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE; MRS. THOS. E. WATSON ON THE LEFT.

MR. WATSON'S OLD NURSE, AMANDA BUGG, WHOSE NAME IS ON THE COMPLIMENTARY LIST OF THE MAGAZINE ALONG WITH THAT OF THE PRESIDENT; MR. ARTHUR BRISBANE; GOVERNOR-ELECT HOKE SMITH; MR. BRYAN; MR. WATSON'S MOTHER, SISTERS, BROTHERS, ETC.

he is more powerful to-day in his peaceful retirement than when in office and his strength and influence are growing every day. The shifting shuttle has wought many changes in public sentiment. Those who pictured him, in other days, as a reckless Jack Cade, swearing that the three-hooped pot should have ten hoops and seven half penny loaves should sell for a penny, realize now that in a time of revolution he would have been, not the rude Kentishman, but a Danton or a Mirabeau and that even in the economic revolution for which he strove so mightily he was the fearless champion, of prophetic vision and high intelligence, contending against the hosts of oppression.

Ordinarily it is a doubtful compliment to say that a man is honest. It is one of the things which should go without saying. But it is a remarkable fact that a man who has been so bitterly assailed, in the heat of factional politics, for so many sins, should have been regarded, even by his foes, as upright in his integrity and sincere in his convictions. Rancor itself has not come near him there and his legion of friends are multiplying as the years go by. The leisure which Matthew Arnold called "the meat and drink" necessary to high development, is his, so far as the exigencies of life are concerned, but he keeps every moment filled with the work he has assigned himself. In this atmosphere of philosophic calm, removed from the turmoil of the world, and yet with his fingers ever on the pulse of events, he works and dreams—works as if he were a struggling young lawyer with the world yet to conquer, and dreaming with that fine effectiveness which comes of a logical mind winged with the faculty of imagination. His is the sane mind in the sound body, his daily

THE PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE LITTLE LOG SCHOOL HOUSE IN SCREVEN COUNTY, WHERE MR. WATSON TAUGHT SCHOOL IN 1875, NEAR THE RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM CAIL. THE PLACE IS NOW KNOWN AS COLOID.

MR. AND MRS. WATSON IN THE MUSIC ROOM.

regimen preserving the heritage of health. No man would judge, from his appearance, that he had passed middle life and it is to be hoped that, in point of fact, this is true. He has encountered and overcome many obstacles. Like Orlando, he has "wrastled well, and overthrown more than his enemies." Great as has been his life work, perhaps his achievements after all, are but an earnest of what he is yet to do.

Ann Boyd.

By Will N. Harben.

Chapter IV.

MRS. Jane Hemingway, Ann Boyd's long and persistent enemy, sat in the passage which connected the two parts of her house, a big, earthenware churn between her sharp knees, firmly raising and lowering the bespattered dasher with her bony hands. She was a woman past fifty; her neck was long and slender, and the cords under the parchment-like skin had a way of tightening, like ropes in the seams of a tent, when she swallowed or spoke. Her dark, smoothly brushed hair was done up in the tightest of balls behind her head, and her brown eyes were easily kindled to suspicion, fear, or anger.

Her brother-in-law, Sam Hemingway, called "Hem" by his intimates, slouched in from the broad glare of the mid-day sun and threw his coat on a chair. Then he went to the shelf behind the window, and, pouring some water into a tin pan from a pail, he noisily bathed his perspiring face and big, red hands. As he was drying himself on the towel which hung on a wooden roller on the weather-boarding of the wall, Virginia Hemingway, his niece, came in from the field bringing a pail of freshly gathered dewberries. In appearance she was all that George Wilson had claimed for her. Slightly past eighteen, she had a wonderful complexion, a fine, graceful figure, big, dreamy, hazel eyes, and golden-brown hair, and, which was rare in one of her station, she was tastily dressed. She smiled as she showed her uncle the berries and playfully "tickled" him under the chin.

"See there!" she chuckled.

"Pies?" he said, with an unctuous grin, as he peered down into her pail.

"I thought of you while I was gathering them," she nodded. "I'm going to try to make them just as you like them, with red, candied bars criss-crossing."

"Nothing in the pie-line can hold a candle to the dewberry unless it's the cherry," he chuckled. "The stones of the cherries sorter hold a fellow back, but I manage to make out. I et a pie once over at Darley without a stone in it, and you bet your life it was a daisy."

He went into his room for his tobacco, and Virginia sat down to stem her berries. He returned in a moment, leaning in the doorway, drawing lazily at his pipe. The widow glanced up at him, and rested her dasher on the bottom of the churn.

"I reckon folks are still talking about Ann Boyd and her flouncing out of meeting like she did," the widow remarked. "Well, that *was* funny, but what was the old thing to do? It would take a more brazen-faced woman than she is, if such a thing exists, to sit still and hear all he said."

"Yes, they are still hammering at the poor creature's back," said Sam, "and that's one thing I can't understand, nuther. She's got dead loads of money—in fact, she's independent of the whole capoodle of you women.

Now, why don't she kick the dust o' this spot off of her heels an' go away whar she can be respected, an', by gosh! be let alone *one* minute 'fore she dies. They say she's the smartest woman in the state, but that don't show it—living on here whar you women kin throw a rock at her every time she raises her head above low ground."

"I've wondered why she don't go off, too," the widow said, as she peered down at the floating lumps of yellow butter in the snowy depths of her vessel, and deftly twirled her dasher in her fingers to make them "gather"; "but, Sam, haven't you heard that persons always want to be on the spot where they went wrong? I think she's that way. And when the facts leaked out on her, and her husband repudiated her and took the child away, she determined to stay here and live it down. But instead of calling humility and submission to her aid, she turned in to stinting and starving to make money, and now she flaunts her prosperity in our faces, as if *that* is going to make folks believe any more in her. Money's too easily made in evil ways for Christian people to bow before it, and possessions ain't going to keep such men as Brother Bazemore from calling her down whenever she puts on her gaudy finery and struts out to meeting. It was a bold thing for her to do, anyway, after berating him as she did when he went to her to get the use of her grove for the picnic."

"They say she didn't know Bazemore was to preach that day," said Sam. "She'd heard that the presiding elder was due here, and I'm of the opinion that she took that opportunity to show you all she wasn't afraid to appear in public."

Virginia Hemingway threw a handful of berry-stems out into the sunshine in the yard. "She's a queer woman," she said innocently, "like a character in a novel, and, somehow, I don't believe she is as bad as people make her out. I never told either of you, but I met her yesterday down on the road."

"*You* met her!" cried Mrs. Hemingway, aghast.

"Yes, she was going home from her sugar-mill with her apron full of fresh eggs that she'd found down at her hay-stacks, and just as she got close to me her dress got caught on a snag and she couldn't get it loose. I stopped and unfastened it, and she actually thanked me, though, since I was born, I've never seen such a queer expression on a human face. She was white and red and dark as a thunder-cloud all at once. It looked like she hated me, but was trying to be polite for what I'd done."

"You had no business touching her dirty skirt," the widow flared up. "The next thing you know it will go out that you and her are thick. It would literally ruin a young girl to be associated with a woman of that stamp. What on earth could have possessed you to—"

"Oh, come off!" Sam laughed. "Why, you know you've always taught Virgie to be considerate of old folks, and she was just doing what she ought to have done for any old nigger mammy."

"I looked at it that way," said the girl, "and I'm not sorry, for I don't want her to think I hate her, for I don't. I think she has had a hard life, and I wish it were in my power to help her out of her trouble."

"Virginia, what are you talking about?" cried Mrs. Hemingway. "The idea of your standing up for that woman, when—"

"Well, Luke King used to defend her," Virginia broke in, impulsively, " and before he went away you used to admit that he was the finest young man in the county. I've seen him almost shed tears when he'd tell about what she'd done for him, and how tender-hearted and kind she was."

"Tender-hearted nothing!" snapped Mrs. Hemingway, under a deep frown. "Luke King was the only person that went about her, and she tried to work on his sympathies for some purpose or other. Besides, nobody knows what ever become of him; he may have gone to the dogs by this time; it looks like somebody would have heard of him if he had come to any good in the five years he's been away."

"Somehow, I think she knows where he is," Virginia said, thoughtfully, as she rose to put her berries away.

When she had gone, Sam laughed softly. "It's a wonder to me that Virgie don't know whar Luke is, *herself*," he said. "I 'lowed once that the fellow liked her powerful; but I reckon he thought she was too young, or didn't want to take the matter further when he was as poor as Job's turkey and had no sort of outlook ahead."

"I sort o' thought that, too," the widow admitted, "but I didn't want Virginia to encourage him when he was accepting so much from that woman."

Sam laughed again as he knocked the ashes from his pipe and cleaned the bowl with the tip of his finger. "Well, *'that woman,'* as you call her, is a power in the land that hates her," he said. "She knows how to hit back from her fortress in that old farmhouse. George Wilson knows what it means not to stand by her in public, so does Abe Longley, that has to drive his cattle to grass two miles over the mountains. Jim Johnston, who was dead sure of renting her northeast field again next year, has been served with a notice to vacate, and now, if the latest news can be depended on, she's hit a broad lick at half the farmers in the valley, and, while I'm a sufferer with the balance, I don't blame her one bit. I'd 'a' done the same pineblank thing years ago if I'd stood in her shoes."

"What's she done *now?*" asked the woman at the churn, leaning forward eagerly.

"Done? Why, she says she's tired o' footing almost the entire wheat-threshing bill for twenty measley little farmers. You know she's been standing her part of the expenses to get the Empire Company to send their steam thresher here, and her contribution amounted to more than half. She's decided, by hunky, to plant corn and cotton exclusively next year, and so notified the Empire Company. They can't afford to come unless she sows wheat, and they sent a man clean from Atlanta to argue the matter with her, but she says she's her own boss, an' us farmers who has land fittin' for nothing but wheat is going to get badly left in the lurch. Oh, Bazemore opened the battle agin her, and you-uns echoed the war-cry, an' the battle is good on. I'll go without flour biscuits and pie-crust, but the fight will be interesting. The Confed' soldiers made a purty good out along about '61, an' they done it barefooted an' on hard-tack an' water. If you folks are bent on devilling the hide off of the most influential woman in our midst, just because her foot got caught in the hem of her skirt an' tripped her up when she was a thoughtless young girl, I reckon us men will have to look on an' say nothing."

"She *did* slip up, as you say," remarked the widow, "and she's been a raging devil ever since."

"Ay! an' who made her one? Tell me that." Sam laughed. "You may not want to hear it, Jane, but some folks hint that you was at the bottom of it—some think lazy Joe Boyd would have stayed on in that comfortable boat, with a firm hand like hern at the rudder, if you hadn't ding-donged at him and told tales to him till he had to pull out."

"Huh! They say that do they?" The widow frowned as she turned and looked straight at him. "Well, let 'em. I didn't want to see as good-hearted a man as he was hoodwinked."

"I reckon not," Sam said significantly, and he walked out of the passage towards the barn. "Huh!" he mused, as he strode along crumbling leaf tobacco of his own growing and filling his pipe. "I come as nigh as peas tellin' the old woman some'n' else folks say, an' that is that she was purty nigh daft about Joe Boyd, once upon a time, and that dashing Ann cut her out as clean as a whistle. I'll bet that 'ud make my sister-in-law so dern hot she'd blister from head to foot."

VIRGINIA.

Chapter V.

That afternoon Jane Hemingway went out to the barn yard. For years she had cultivated a habit of going thither, obviously to look after certain hens that nested there, but in reality, though she would not have admitted it even to herself, she went because from that coign of vantage she could look across her enemy's fertile acres right into the lone woman's doorway and sometimes catch a glimpse of Ann at work. There was one unpleasant

contingency that she sometimes allowed her mind to dwell upon, and that was that Joe Boyd and his now grown daughter might, inasmuch as Ann's wealth and power were increasing in direct ratio to the diminution of their own, eventually sue for pardon and return. That had become Jane's nightmare, riding her night and day, and she was not going to let any living soul know the malicious things she had done and said to thwart it. Vaguely she regarded the possible coming-back of the father and daughter as her own undoing. She knew the pulse of the community well enough to understand that nothing could happen which would so soon end the war against Ann Boyd as such a reconciliation. Yes, it would amount to her own undoing, for people were like sheep, and the moment one ran to Ann Boyd's side in approval, all would flock around her, and it would only be natural for them to turn against the one woman who had been the primal cause of the separation.

Jane was at the bars looking out on a little, seldom-used road which ran between her land and Ann's, when her attention was caught by a man with a leather hand-bag strapped on his shoulder trudging towards her. He was a stranger, and his dusty boots and trousers showed that he had walked a long distance. As he drew near he took off his straw hat and bowed very humbly, allowing his burden to swing round in front of him till he had eased it down on the turf at his feet.

"Good-evening, madam," he said. "I'd like to show you something if you've got the time to spare. I've made so many mountain folks happy, and at such a small outlay, that I tell you they are glad to have me come around again. This is a new beat to me, but I felt it my duty to widen out some in the cause of human suffering."

"What is it you've got?" Jane asked, smiling at his manner of speaking, as he deftly unlocked his valise and opened it out before her.

"It's a godsend, and that's no joke," said the peddler. "I've got a household liniment here at a quarter for a four-ounce flask that no family can afford to be without. You may think I'm just talking because it's my business, but, madam, do you know that the regular druggists all about over this country are in a combine not to sell stuff that will keep people in good trim? And why? you may ask me. Why? Because, I say, that it would kill their business. Go to one, I dare you, or to a doctor in regular practice, and they will mix up chalk and sweetened water and tell you you've got a serious internal complaint, and to keep coming day after day till your pile is exhausted, and then they may tell you the truth and ask you to let 'em alone. I couldn't begin, madam—I don't know our name—I say I couldn't begin to tell you the wonderful cures this liniment has worked all over this part of the state."

"What is it good for?" Jane Hemingway's face had grown suddenly serious. The conversation had caused her thoughts to revert to a certain secret fear she had entertained for several months.

"Huh—good for?—excuse me, but you make me laugh," the peddler said, as he held a bottle of the dark fluid up before her; "it's good for so many things that I could hardly get through telling you between now and sundown. It's good for anything that harms the blood, skin, or muscles. It's even good for the stomach, although I don't advise it taken internally, for when it's rubbed on the outside of folks they have perfect digestions; but what it is best for is sprains, lameness, or any skin or blood eruption. Do you know, madam, that you'd never hear of so

many cancers and tumors, that are dragging weary folks to early graves hereabouts, if this medicine had been used in time?"

"Cancer?" The widow's voice had fallen, and she looked towards Ann Boyd's house, and then more furtively over her shoulder towards her own, as if to be sure of not being observed. "That's what I've always wondered at, how is anybody to know whether a—a thing is a cancer or not without going to a doctor, and, as you say, even *then* they may not tell you the truth? Mrs. Twiggs, over the mountain, was never let know she had her cancer till a few months before it carried her off. The family and the doctor never told her the truth. The doctor said it couldn't be cured, and to know would only make the poor thing brood over it and be miserable."

"That's it, now," said the medicine-vender; "but if it had been taken at the start and rubbed vigorously night and morning, it would have melted away under this fluid like dirt under lye-soap and warm water. Madam, a cancer is nothing more nor less than bad circulation at a certain point where blood stands till it becomes foul and putrefies. I can see—excuse me if I seem bold, but long experience in handling men and women has learnt me to understand human nature. Most people who are afraid they've got cancers generally show it on their faces, an' I'll bet my hat and walk bareheaded to the nighest store to get another that you are troubled on that line—a little bit, anyway."

Jane made no denial, though her thin face worked as she strove adequately to meet his blunt assertion. "As I said just now"—she swallowed and avoided his covetous glance—"how is a person really to *know?*"

"It's a mighty easy matter for *me* to tell," said the peddler, and he spoke most reassuringly. "Just you let me take a look at the spot, if it's no trouble to you, and I may save you a good many sleepless nights. You are a nervous, broody sort of a woman yourself, and I can see by your face that you've let this matter bother you a lots."

"You think you could tell if you—you looked at it?" Jane asked, tremulously.

"Well, if I didn't it would be the first case I ever diagnosed improperly. Couldn't we go in the house?"

Jane hesitated. "I think I'd rather my folks didn't know—that is, of course, if it *is* one. My brother-in-law is a great hand to talk, and I'd rather it wasn't noised about. If there's one thing in the world I don't like it's the pity and the curiosity of other folks as to just about how long I'm going to hold out."

"I've seed a lots o' folks like you." The peddler smiled, "But, if you don't mind tellin', where's the thing located?"

"It's on my breast," Jane gulped, undecidedly, and then, the first bridge having been crossed, she unbuttoned her dress at the neck with fumbling fingers and pulled it down. "Maybe you can see as well here as anywhere."

"Oh, yes, never was a better light for the business," said the vender, and he leaned forward, his eyes fixed sharply on the spot exposed between the widow's bony fingers. For a moment he said nothing. The woman's yellow breast lay flat and motionless. She scarcely breathed; her features were fixed by grim, fearful expectancy. He looked away from her, and then stooped to his pack to get a larger bottle. "I'm glad I happened to strike you just when I did, madam," he said. "Thar ain't no mistaking the characteristics of a cancer when it's in its first stages. That's certainly what you've got, but I'm telling you God's holy truth when I say that by regular application and rubbing this stuff in for a month, night and morning, that thing

will melt away like the mist before a hot sun."

"So it really *is* one!" Jane breathed, despondently.

"Yes, but it's a baby one, madam, but this will nip it in the bud and save your life. It will take the dollar size, but you know it's worth it."

"Oh yes, I'll take it," Jane panted. "Put it there in the fence-corner among the weeds, and I'll come out to-night and get it."

"All right," and the flask tinkled against a stone as it slid into its snug hiding-place among the Jamestown weeds nestling close to the rotting rails.

"Here's your money. I reckon we'd better not stand here." And Jane gave it to him with quivering fingers. He folded the bill carefully, thrust it into a greasy wallet, and stooped to close his bag and throw the strap over his shoulder.

"Now I'm going on to the next house," he said. "They tell me a curious sort of human specimen lives over thar—old Ann Boyd. Do you know, madam, I heard of that woman's tantrums at Springtown night before last, and at Darley yesterday. Looks like you folks hain't got much else to do but poke at her like a turtle on its back. Well, she must be a character! I made up my mind I'd take a peep at 'er. You know a travelling physician like I am can get at folks that sort o' hide from the general run."

Jane Hemingway's heart sank. Why had it not occurred to her that he might go on to Ann Boyd's and actually reveal her affliction? Such men had no honor or professional reputation to defend. Suddenly she was chilled from head to foot by the thought that the peddler might even boast of her patronage to secure that of her neighbor—that was quite the method of all such persons. It was on her tongue actually to ask him not to go to Ann Boyd's house at all, but her better judgment told her that such a request would unduly rouse the man's curiosity, so she offered a feeble compromise.

"Look here," she said, "I want it understood between us that—that you are to tell nobody about me—about my trouble. That woman over there is at outs with all her neighbors, and —and she'd only be glad to—

Jane saw her error too late. It appeared to her now in the bland twinkle of amused curiosity in the stranger's face.

"I understand—I understand; you needn't be afraid of me," the man said, entirely too lightly, Jane thought for such a grave matter, and he pushed back the brim of his hat and turned. "Remember the directions, madam, a good brisk rubbing with a flannel rag—red if you've got it—soaked in the medicine, twice a day. Good-evening; I'll be off. I've got to strike some house whar they will let me stay all night. I know that old hag won't keep me, from all I hear."

The widow leaned despondently against the fence and watched him as he ploughed his way through the tall grass and weeds of the intervening marsh towards Ann Boyd's house. The assurance that the spot on her breast was an incipient cancer was bad enough without the added fear that her old enemy would possibly gloat over her misfortune. She remained there till she saw the vender approach Ann's door. For a moment she entertained the mild hope that he would be repulsed, but he was not.

She saw Ann's portly form framed in the doorway for an instant, and then the peddler opened the gate and went into the house. Heavy of heart, the grim watcher remained at the fence for half an hour, and then the medicine-vender came out and wended his way along the dusty road towards Wilson's store.

Jane went into the house and sat down wearily. Virginia was sewing

at a western window, and glanced at her in surprise.

"What's the matter, mother?" she inquired, solicitously.

"I don't know as there is anything wrong," answered Jane, "but I am sort o' weak. My knees shake and I feel kind o' chilly. Sometimes, Virginia, I think maybe I won't last long."

"That's perfectly absurd," said the girl. "Don't you remember what Dr. Evans said last winter when he was talking about the constitutions of people? He said you belonged to the thin, wiry, raw-boned kind that never die, but simply stay on and dry up till they are finally blown away."

"He's not a graduated doctor," said Jane, gloomily. "He doesn't know everything."

Chapter VI.

A week from that day, one sultry afternoon near sunset, a tall mountaineer, very poorly clad, and his wife came past Wilson's store. They paused to purchase a five-cent plug of tobacco, and then walked slowly along the road in a dust that rose as lightly as down at the slightest footfall, till they reached Ann Boyd's house.

"I'll stay out here at the gate," the man said. "You'll have to do all the talking. As Willard said, she will do more for Luke King's mother than she would for anybody else, and you remember how she backed the boy up in his objections to me as a step-daddy."

"Well, I'll do what I can," the woman said, plaintively. "You stay here behind the bushes. I don't blame you for not wanting to ask a favor of her, after all she said when we were married. She may spit in my face—they say she's so cantankerous."

Seating himself on a flat stone, the man cut the corner off of his tobacco-plug and began to chew it, while his wife, a woman about sixty-five years of age, and somewhat enfeebled, opened the gate and went in. Mrs. Boyd answered the gentle rap and appeared at the door.

"Howdy do, Mrs. Boyd," the caller began. "I reckon old age hasn't changed me so you won't know me, although it's been ten years since me 'n' you met. I'm Mrs. Mark Bruce, that used to be Mrs. King. I'm Luke's mother, Mrs. Boyd."

"I knew you when you and Mark Bruce turned the bend in the road a quarter of a mile away," said Ann, sharply, "but, the Lord knows, I didn't think you'd have the cheek to open my front gate and stalk right into my yard after all you've said and done against me."

The eyes of the visitor fell to her worn shoe, through which her bare toes were protruding. "I had no idea I'd ever do such a thing myself until about two hours ago," she said, firmly, "but folks will do a lots, in a pinch, that they won't ordinarily. You may think I've come to beg you to tell me if you know where Luke is, but I hain't. Of course, I'd like to know—any mother would—but he said he'd never darken a door that his step-father went through, and I told 'im, I did, that he could go, and I'd never ask about 'im. Some say you get letters from him. I don't know—that, I reckon, is your business."

"You didn't come to inquire about your boy, then?" Ann said, curiously, "and yet here you are."

"It's about your law-suit with Gus Willard that I've come, Ann. He told you, it seems, that he was going to fight it to the bitter end, and he *did* call in a lawyer, but the lawyer told him thar was no two ways about it. If his mill-pond backed water on your land to the extent of covering five acres, why, you could make him shet the mill up, even if he lost all his custom. Gus sees different now, like most of us when our substance is about to take wings and fly off. He

"MRS. BOYD STOOD MOTIONLESS IN THE DOOR, HER EYES ON THE BACKS OF THE PATHETIC PAIR."

sees now that you've been powerful indulgent all them years in letting him back water on your property to its heavy damagement, and he says, moreover, that, to save his neck from the halter, he cayn't blame you fer the action. He says he *did* uphold brother Bazemore in what he said about burning the bench that was consecrated till you besmirched it, and he admits he talked it here an' yan considerably. He said, an' Gus was mighty nigh shedding tears, in the sad plight he's in, that you had the whip in hand now, an' that his back was bare, an' ef you chose to lay on the lash, why, he was powerless, for, said he, he struck the fust lick at you, but he was doin' it, he thought, for the benefit of the community."

"But," and the eyes of Ann Boyd flashed ominously, "what have *you* come for? Not, surely, to stand in my door and preach to me."

"Oh no, Ann, that hain't it," said the caller, calmly. "You see, Gus is at the end of his tether; he's in an awful fix with his wife and gals in tears, and he's plumb desperate. He says you hain't the kind of woman to be bent one way or another by begging—that is, when you are a-dealing with folks that have been out open agin you; but now, as it stands, this thing is agoing to damage me and Mark awfully, for Mark gets five dollars a month for helping about the mill on grinding days, and when the mill shets down he'll be plumb out of a job."

"Oh, I see!" and Ann Boyd smiled impulsively.

"Yes, that's the way of it," went on Mrs. Bruce, "and so Gus, about two hours ago, come over to our cabin with what he called his only hope, and that was for me to come and tell you about Mark's job, and how helpless we'll be when it's gone, and that—well, Ann, to put it in Gus's own words, he said you wouldn't see Luke King's mother suffer as I will have to suffer, for, Ann, we are having the hardest time to get along in the world. I was at meeting that day, and I thought what Bazemore said was purty hard on any woman, but I was mad at you, and so I set and listened. I'm no coward. If you do this thing you'll do it of our own accord. I cayn't get down on my knees to you, and I won't."

"I see." Ann's face was serious. She looked past the woman down the dust-clouded road along which a man was driving a herd of sheep. "I don't want you on your knees to me, Cynthia Bruce. I want simple justice. I was doing the best I could when Bazemore and the community began to drive me to the wall, then I determined to have my rights—that's all; I'll have my legal rights for a while and see what impression it will make on you all. You can tell Gus Willard that I will give him till the first of July to drain the water from my land, and if he doesn't do it he will regret it."

"That's all you'll say, then?" said the woman at the step.

"That's all I'll say."

"Well, I reckon you are right, Ann Boyd. I sorter begin to see what you've been put to all on account of that one false step away back when, I reckon, like all gals, you was jest l'arnin' what life was. Well, as that's over and done with, I wonder if you would mind telling me if you know anything about Luke. Me 'n' him split purty wide before he left, and I try to be unconcerned about him, but I cayn't. I lie awake at night thinking about him. You see, all the rest of my children are around me."

"I'll say this much," said Ann, in a softened tone, "and that is that he is well and doing well, but I don't feel at liberty to say more."

"Well, it's a comfort to know *that* much," said Mrs. Bruce, softly. "And it's nothing but just to you for

me to say that it's due to you. The education you paid fer is what gave him his start in life, and I'll always be grateful to you fer it. It was something I never could have given him, and something none of the rest of my children got."

Mrs. Boyd stood motionless in the door, her eyes on the backs of the pathetic pair as they trudged slowly homeward, the red sunset like a world in conflagration beyond them.

"Yes, she's the boy's mother," she mused, "and the day will come when Luke will be glad I helped her, as he would if he could see the poor thing now. Gus Willard is no mean judge of human nature. I'll let him stew awhile, but the mill may run on. I can't fight *everybody*. Gus Willard is my enemy, but he's open and aboveboard.

Chapter VII.

One morning about the first of May Virginia Hemingway went to Wilson's store to purchase some sewing-thread she needed. The long, narrow room was crowded with farmers and mountaineers, and Wilson had called in several neighbors to help him show and sell his wares. Langdon Chester was there, a fine double-barrelled shot-gun and fishing-rod under his arm, wearing a slouch hat and hunter's suit, his handsome face well tanned by exposure to the sun in the field and on the banks of the mountain streams. He was buying a reel and a metallic fly that worked with a spring and was set like a trap. Fred Masters was there, lounging about behind the counters, and now and then "making a sale" of some small article from the shelves or show-cases. He had opened his big sample trunks at the hotel in Springtown, half a mile distant, and a buggy and pair of horses were at the door, with which he intended to transport the store-keeper to his sample-room as soon as business became quieter. Seeing the store so crowded, Virginia only looked in at the door and walked across the street and sat down in Mrs. Wilson's sitting-room to rest and wait for a better opportunity to get what she had come for.

Langdon Chester had recognized an old school-mate in the drummer, but he seemed not to care to show marked cordiality. However, the travelling man was no stickler for formality. He came from behind the counter and cordially slapped Langdon on the shoulder. "How are you, old chap?" he asked; "still rusticating on the old man's bounty, eh? When you left college you were going into the law, and soar like an eagle with the worm of Liberty in its beak skyward through the balmy air of politics, by the aid of all the 'pulls' of influential kin and money, but here you are as easy-going as of old."

"It was the only thing open to me," Chester said, with a flush of vexation. "You see, my father's getting old, Masters, and the management of our big place here was rather too much for him, and so—"

"Oh, I see!" And the drummer gave his old friend a playful thumb-thrust in the ribs. "And so you are helping him out with that gun and rod? Well, that's *one* way of doing business, but it is far from my method—the method that is forced on me, my boy. When you get to a town on the four o'clock afternoon train and have to get five sample trunks from the train to a hotel, scrap like the devil over who gets to use the best sample-room, finally buy your way in through porters as rascally as you are, then unpack, see the best man in town, sell him, or lose your job, pack again, trunks to excess-baggage scales—more cash and tips, and lies as to weight—and you roll away at midnight and try to nap sitting bolt-upright in the smoker—well, I say, you won't find that sort of thing in the gun-and-fishing-pole line. It's

the sort of work, Chester, that will make you wish you were dead. Good Lord, I don't blame you one bit. In England they would call you one of the gentry, and, being an only son, you could tie up with an heiress and so on to a green old age of high respectability; but as for me, well, I had to dig, and I went in for it."

"I had no idea you would ever become a drummer," Langdon said, as he admired his friend's attire. Such tasty ties, shirts, and bits of jewelry that Masters wore, and such well brushed and pressed clothes were rarely seen in the country, and Langdon still had the good ideas of dress he had brought from college, and this was one extravagance his father cheerfully allowed him.

"It seemed the best thing for me," smiled the drummer. "I have a cousin who is a big stockholder in my house, and he got the job for me. I've been told several times by other members of the firm that I'd have been fired long ago but for that family pull. I've made several mistakes, sold men who were rotten to the core, and caused the house to lose money in several instances, and, well—poker, old man. Do you still play?"

"Not often, out here," said Langdon, "this is about the narrowest, church-going community you ever struck. I suppose you have a good deal of fun travelling about."

"Oh yes, fun enough, of its kind." Masters laughed. "Like a sailor in every port, a drummer tries to have a sweetheart in every town. It makes life endurable; sometimes the dear little things meet you at the train with sweet-smelling flowers and embroidered neckties so long that you have to cut off the ends or double them. Have a cigar—they don't cost me a red cent; expense account stretches like elastic, you know. My house kicked once against my drinking and cigar entries, and I said, all right, I'd sign the pledge and they could tie a blue ribbon on me, if they said the word, but that half my trade I'd discovered, never could see prices right except through smoke and over a bottle. Then, what do you think? Old man Creighton, head of the firm, deacon in a swell joss-house in Atlanta, winked, drew a long face, and said: 'You'll have to give the boy *some* freedom, I reckon. We are in this thing to pull it through, boys, and sometimes we may have to fight fire with fire or be left stranded.'"

"He's an up-to-date old fellow," Chester laughed. "I've seen him. He owns some fine horses. When a man does that he's apt to be progressive, no matter how many times he says his prayers a day."

"Yes, for an old duck, Creighton keeps at the head of the procession. I can generally get him to help me out when I get in a tight. He thinks I'm a good salesman. Once, by the skin of my teeth, I sold the champion bill in the history of the house. A new firm was setting up in business in Augusta, and I stocked three floors for them. It tickled old man Creighton nearly to death, for they say he walked the floor all night when the thing was hanging fire. There was a pile of profit in it, and it meant more, even, than the mere sale, for Nashville, Memphis, New Orleans, and Louisville men were as thick as flies on the spot. When I wired the news in the firm did a clog-dance in the office, and they were all at the train to meet me, with plug-hats on, and raised sand generally. Old Creighton drew me off to one side and wanted to know how I did it. I told him it was just a trick of mine, and tried to let it go at that, but he pushed me close, and I finally told him the truth. It came about over a game of poker I was playing with the head of the new firm. If I lost I was to pay him a hundred dollars. If he lost I was to get the order. He lost. I think I

learned that 'palming' trick from you."

Langdon laughed impulsively as he lighted the drummer's cigar. "And what did the old man say to that?" he inquired.

"It almost floored him." Masters smiled. "He laid his hand on my shoulder. His face was as serious as I've seen it when he was praying in the amen corner at church, but the old duck's eyes were blazing. 'Fred,' he said, 'I want you to promise me to let that one thing alone—but, good gracious, if Memphis had sold that bill it would have hurt us awfully!' "

"You were always fond of the girls," Chester remarked as he smoked. "Well, out here in the country is no place for them."

"No place for them! Huh, that's *your* idea, is it? Well, let me tell you, Chester, I saw on the road as I came on just now simply the prettiest, daintiest, and most graceful creature I ever laid my eyes on. I've seen them all, too, and, by George, she simply took the rag off the bush. Slender, beautifully formed, willowy, small feet and hands, high instep, big, dreamy eyes, and light-brown hair touched with gold. She came out of a farm-house, walking like a young queen, about half a mile back. I made Ike drive slowly and tried to get her to look at me, but she only raised her eyes once."

"Virginia Hemingway," Chester said, coldly. "Yes, she's pretty. There's no doubt about that."

"You know her, then?" said the drummer, eagerly. "Say, old man, introduce a fellow."

Chester's face hardened. The light of cordiality died out of his eyes. There was a significant twitching of his lips round his cigar. "I really don't see how I could," he said, after an awkward pause, during which his eyes were averted. "You see, Masters, she's quite young, and it happens that her mother—a lonely old widow—is rather suspicious of men in general, and I seem to have displeased her in some way. You see, all these folks, as a rule, go regularly to meeting, and as I don't go often, why—"

"Oh, I see," the drummer said. "But let me tell you, old chap, suspicious mother or what not, I'd see something of that little beauty if I lived here. Gee whiz! she'd make a Fifth Avenue dress and Easter hat ashamed of themselves anywhere but on her. Look here, Chester, I've always had a sneaking idea that sooner or later I'd be hit deep at first sight by some woman, and I'll be hanged if I know but what that's the matter with me right now. I've seen so many women, first and last, here and there, always in the giddy set, that I reckon if I ever marry I'd rather risk some pure-minded little country girl. Do you know, town girls simply know too much to be interesting. By George, I simply feel like I'd be perfectly happy with a little wife like the girl I saw this morning. I wish you could fix it so I could meet her this trip, or my next."

"I—I simply can't do it, Masters." There was a rising flush of vexation in the young planter's face as he knocked the ashes from his cigar into a nail-keg on the floor. I don't know her well enough, in the first place, and then, in the next, as I said, her mother is awfully narrow and particular. She scarcely allows the girl out of sight; if you once saw old Jane Hemingway you'd not fancy making love before her eyes."

"Well, I reckon Wilson knows the girl, doesn't he?" the drummer said.

Chester hesitated, a cold, steady gleam of the displeasure he was trying to hide flashed in his eyes.

"I don't know that he knows her well enough for *that*," he replied. "The people round here think I'm tough enough, but you drummers—huh! some of them look on you as

the very advance agents of destruction."

"That's a fact," Masters sighed, "the profession is getting a black eye in the rural districts. They think we are as bad as show people. By George, there she is now!"

"Yes, that's her," and the young planter glanced towards the front doorway through which Virginia Hemingway was entering. So fixed was the drummer's admiring gaze upon the pretty creature, that he failed to notice that his companion had quietly slipped towards the rear of the store. Chester stood for a moment in the back doorway, and then stepped down outside and made his way into the wood near by. The drummer sauntered behind the counter towards the front, till he was near the show-case at which the girl was making her purchase, and there he stood, allowing the fire of his cigar to die out as he watched her, while Wilson was exhibiting to her a drawer full of thread for her to select from.

"By all that's good and holy, she simply caps the stack!" Masters said to himself; "and to think that these galoots out here in the woods are not onto it. She'd set Peachtree Street on fire. I'm going to meet that girl if I have to put on old clothes and work for day wages in her mother's cornfield. Great goodness! here I am, a hardened ladies' man, feeling cold from head to foot on a hot day like this. I'm hit, by George, I'm hit. Freddy, old boy, this is the thing you read about in books. I wonder if—"

But she was gone. She had tripped out into the sunshine. He saw the yellow light fall on her abundant hair and turn it into a blaze of gold. As if dreaming, he went to the door and stood looking after her as she moved away on the dusty road.

"I see you are killing time." It was George Wilson at his elbow. "I'll be through here and with you in a minute. My crowd is thinning out now. That's the way it comes—all in a rush; like a milldam broke loose."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry, Wilson," said Masters, his gaze bent upon the bushes behind which Virginia had just disappeared. "Say now, old man, don't say you won't do it; the fact is, I want to be introduced to that girl—the little daisy you sold the thread to. By glory, she is the prettiest little thing I ever saw."

"Virginia Hemingway!" said the store-keeper. "Yes, she's a regular beauty, and the gentlest, sweetest little trick in seven states. Well, Masters, I'll be straight with you. It's this way. You see, she really *is* full grown, and old enough to receive company, I reckon, but her mother, the old woman I told you about who hates Ann Boyd so thoroughly—well, she doesn't seem to realize that Virginia is coming on, and so she won't consent to any of the boys going near her. But old Jane can't make nature over. Girls will be girls, and if you put too tight a rein on them they will learn to slip the halter, or some chap will teach them to take the bit in their teeth."

A man came to Wilson holding a sample of syrup on a piece of wrapping-paper, to which he had applied his tongue. "What's this here brand worth?" he asked.

"Sixty-five—best golden drip," was Wilson's reply. "Fill your jug yourself; I'll take your word for it."

"All right, you make a ticket of it —jug holds two gallons," said the customer, and he turned away.

"Say, Wilson, just a minute," cried the drummer; "do you mean that she—"

"Oh, look here now," said the store-keeper. "I don't mean any reflection against that sweet girl, but it has become a sort of established habit among girls here in the mountains, when their folks hold them down too much, for them to meet fellows on the

sly, out walking and the like. Virginia, as I started to say, is full of natural life. She knows she's pretty, and she wouldn't be a woman if she didn't want to be told so—though, to be so good-looking, she is really the most sensible girl I know."

"You mean she has her fancies, then," said Masters, in a tone of disappointment.

"I don't say she has." Wilson had an uneasy glance on a group of women bending over some bolts of calico, one of whom was chewing a sample clipped from a piece to see if it would fade. "But—between me and you now—Langdon Chester has for the last three months been laying for her. I see he's slipped away; I'd bet my hat he saw her just now, and has made a break for some point on the road where he can speak to her."

"Chester? Why, the rascal pretended to me just now that he hardly knew her."

Wilson smiled knowingly. "That's his way. He is as sly as they make 'em. His daddy was before him. When it comes to dealing with women who strike their fancy they know exactly what they are doing. But Langdon has struck flint-rock in that little girl. He, no doubt, is flirting with all his might, but she'll have him on his knees before he's through with it. A pair of eyes like hers would burn up every mean thought in a man."

The drummer sighed, a deep frown on his brow. "You don't know him as well as I do," he said. "I knew him at college. George, that little trick ought not to be under such a fellow's influence. I'm just a travelling man, but—well—"

"Well, what are you going to do about it—even if there *is* any danger?" said Wilson. "Get a drink in him, and Langdon, like his father, will fight at the drop of a hat. Conscience? He hasn't any. I sometimes wonder why the Almighty made them like they are, and other men so different, for it is only the men who are not bothered by conscience that have any fun in this life. One of the Chesters could drive a light-hearted woman to suicide and sleep like a log the night she was buried. Haven't I heard the old man laugh about Ann Boyd, and all she's been through? Huh! But I'm not afraid of that little girl's fate. She will take care of herself, and don't you forget it."

"Well, I'm sorry for her," said Masters, "and I'm going to try to meet her. I'm tough, George—I'll play a game of cards and bet on a horse, and say light things to a pretty girl when she throws down the bars—but I draw the line at downright rascality. Once in a while I think of home and my own folks."

"Now you are a-talking." And Wilson hurried away to a woman who sat in a chair holding a bolt of calico in her arms, as if it were her first-born child and the other women were open kidnappers.

Masters stood motionless in the doorway, his eyes on the dusty road that stretched on towards Jane Hemingway's house.

"Yes, she's in bad, *bad* hands," he said; "and she is the first—I really believe she's the first that ever hit me this hard."

(To be Continued.)

A Ride to the Altar.

By A. U. Mayfield.

Courtship on the hurricane deck of a runaway horse is not the regular thing in staid old Pennsylvania. Out in the Westland, where the prairie dog chatters and the bunch grass waves in the mellow sun, love rides upon the winds, and knows no obstacle.

The story of how a true-hearted young plainsman came from out the land of the Dakotas, years ago, and captured a fair bride from the hills of Darlington, Pennsylvania, is so full of thrilling romance and adventure, interwoven with love and supplemented with lasting devotion, that fiction fades in comparison.

On the broad plains of the West, in the land of the Pine Ridge and Rose Bud reservations, where the Sioux lives in his native haunts, there was born and reared a youth of wonderful character. He loved the red men and fought their battles for many years; nor has he, in his declining days, laid down the weapon, for his combat is one of peace and equality.

A few days ago this gray-haired man of the frontier, was strolling along a street in New York City. His attention was attracted to a team of high school boys making merry in Central Park. Being a child of nature, the old man walked to where the boys were and watched them in their straining efforts to make a record in a running jump. When one young man had made the splendid leap of fourteen feet, the strange westerner said to him:

"Is that your best jump?"

"Yes; and no one here can beat it," was the answer.

"I can," was the blunt response of the plainsman.

"Let us see you try it," said the young man, laughingly.

A carriage, in which two young ladies rode, stopped, and the occupants watched the sport.

One of the young ladies, who afterwards related the incident, pictured him as a "lion, with an eye as soft as a babe's and features as gentle as a woman." He was straight as an Indian, his walk sprightly and alert; his shoulders broad and thrown back with the carriage of an athlete of thirty. He walked back about half as far as the boys did when they made their running jumps, dropped his hat, took a critical look at the distance between the starting point and the mark from which he was to jump, and like a flash he sprang toward the line and leaped into the air with the bound of a deer. When it was found the old man had jumped clear of the fourteen foot record, fully four inches, a shout of excitement went up from the mouths of the boys. The strange visitor picked up his hat and walked away.

Thus it was the young ladies in the carriage became interested in the man of the west; and thus it was that they afterwards found a way to induce him to tell to them his strange, sweet story of love, and how he won the heart and hand of the fair young bride of Darlington.

A trap was set for this "lion" of the plains, and he walked into it. The

young ladies' brother, Graham, was sent to seek an introduction and bring the stranger to their home, where a lawn party had been prepared in his honor. Graham returned and said he had found the "lion," and that he would attend. He also said that the white haired veteran was the gentlest man he ever saw, although he had fought with John Brown in Kansas, had touched elbows with the James boys in Missouri, and had lived with and fought among the Indians on the plains for many years. This excited the young ladies, for he knew of mysteries greater than they had anticipated.

To what, at first was a disappointment to them, he did not seem to want to talk about himself, nor of his experiences in the wild life in the far West. At last some direct questions were put to him, and he decided it was useless to rebel. But he did just the opposite to what the young ladies had expected of him. They were looking for Indian stories. The old man was perfectly self-possessed. All his movements were slow, but graceful and certain. Every listener looked upon him with reverence as he began:

"I fancy you young ladies would be more interested in courtship and marriage, than in bloody fights on the frontier with Indians or border ruffians," he said.

"I will tell you how a plainsman, who had no knowledge of polite society, won a wife.

"When, in my younger days, I first came East, I was much embarrassed by people asking me where I was brought up. I never had any "bringing up," and knew not what to reply. I was born on the frontier, and all the education I had up to the time I was eighteen years old was obtained at three terms, of three months each, in a frontier log school house, sitting on a split log for a seat. At nineteen, after being with John Brown in Kansas; on the warpath and hunting trails over a year with the Indians, and riding the unbroken ranges along the western shores of the Missouri river, I came east to finish my education. The East was an entirely new world to me.

"In the neighborhood of Darlington, Pennsylvania, at that time, I had a relative who was a Methodist preacher—a circuit rider, they called him. He was very fond of good horses, and owned one of the wildest, most unmanageable and fastest horses in Western Pennsylvania. On the same circuit with him was a junior preacher who owned the celebrated racing mare, Lilly Dale; but Lilly was as gentle as a lamb.

"Within the bounds of his circuit there had recently settled an English family. The beauty of the daughters was the subject of conversation for miles around. The family was exclusive. It was known that the mother was a member of British nobility, and had married beneath her rank and had come to this country where she could live in love and peace with the man of her choice.

"At that early day, the fact that the eldest daughter could play the piano and harp; could speak French, and sing Italian and French songs, was thought to be wonderful. But what seemed to be strangest to these plain country people, was the fact that this distinguished young lady was very retiring, went into society very little, and had been known to actually refuse several offers of marriage. As for myself I hardly knew what they meant by 'society.' I was as rough and uncouth as a western barbarian could be. But I had heard so much of this English young lady that I had a great curiosity to see her.

"I was working my way through college, and one night during a vacation I lectured on the war in Kansas, in which I had taken some part. I was told the young lady was in the audience.

"A few days after that she came to visit a family in the village near where I was stopping. It was at this same house where the young circuit rider who owned Lilly Dale, was boarding. The young preacher invited me to visit him, without telling me the house held an honored guest.

"I mounted the vicious and unmanageable horse owned by my relative, while the junior man of the cloth rode his racing mare. When we arrived at the little village that nestled between the mountains, my arms were lame and my hands swollen as a result of trying to hold the headstrong and spirited beast.

"We walked into the house unannounced, and entered the parlor. I saw, standing beside the piano, the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She had an English complexion, with rosy cheeks, which is seldom seen among American women; a faultless form, round arms, white as snow, and dimpled hands. I had never beheld so beautiful a creature in all my life. I was astonished and overwhelmed. I stood like one petrified.

"The young circuit rider evidently was not well versed in the forms of good society, for he did not introduce me, and he was somewhat abashed himself as he did not know she was in the room before we entered. The young lady, however, with that grace and ease of culture, relieved the embarrassing situation by addressing me in a manner so kind and so self-possessed, that my own timidity passed away and I thought of nothing but the fair one before me. She talked of my lecture, and of the hardships I had endured in the far west.

"After awhile we went out on the lawn. (What became of the young preacher, I did not know. I had lost all interest in him.) I told her I had read a book that gave descriptions of how English ladies rode horseback after hounds. She said she was very timid and afraid of most animals, but that horses were her friends. I pointed to the one I had ridden, and told her there was one that was an exception—that he was a regular villain, and would take especial delight in biting her off the saddle.

"'Oh, no; you misrepresent the poor animal,' she said, as she went up to him and patted him on the neck. That villainous horse actually put down his head and rubbed his nose against her shoulder. I was surprised, and half ashamed of myself for calling him a villain. I had never seen him act that way before. She continued patting the horse and he became more and more docile, and finally she said she would like to ride him. I told her it would be madness: that the horse was so hard-mouthed the strongest man could not hold him.

"'That is because you are not kind to him,' she replied. 'He is such a fine, strong fellow, he could gallop over these mountains without effort. Indeed, I would like to ride him.'

"I looked at her in amazement. She smiled, and put on such a pretty, pleading look that I did not know what to do. I finally said: 'But there is no saddle. You cannot ride without a lady's saddle.'

"That rebel of a horse was standing there as quietly as a pet lamb. She stroked his head with her white, dimpled hand, and looked at me for an answer. Young ladies, a man in such circumstances is helpless—he is an idiot, he has no sense left in him. Of course I said she might ride the horse.

"A servant brought a saddle and the young lady went into the house and put on a riding habit. The saddles were exchanged, and I inspected the girths to see that they were tight and strong. I had enough sense left to do that. She came down the pathway and I began to wonder how she would mount that great horse. I knew how the cowboys did it on the western

plains, where saddle blocks are unknown. I said to her:

"'How will you get on the horse?'

"'The servant will be kind enough to assist me,' she replied.

The servant extended his hand; she put one dainty little foot into it, gave a light spring and landed in the saddle. As she gathered up the reins the wind blew her long riding habit under the horse. He gave one plunge forward and reared on his hind legs. I saw the old gleam come into his eye. The next second he dashed away like an arrow shot from a bow.

"For a moment I was motionless. The next second I was on the back of Lilly Dale, the fleetest racer in Pennsylvania. I had on a pair of Mexican spurs which I had brought from the west with me. I pressed them into the flanks of the mare and she dashed away in pursuit, with that long, steady bound peculiar to her breed. But the mad, unmanageable blooded bay, with the helpless lady on his back was fully a thousand yards ahead of me. Down through the village we went, across the bridge and up the rocky road along the mountain side. I urged the mare to her utmost speed but the horse had a lighter load. I pressed the spurs into her sides until the blood ran, and, with nostrils extended and head stretched, the noble little steed plunged on and on. My heart sank within me, for the horse was gaining. As he turned a point on the mountain side, I saw the rider sawing on his mouth, but sitting firmly in the saddle with the reins wound around her hands.

"Nearly at the top of the mountain I passed an old farmer who was carrying a sack of grain on a horse. As I went by, he cried out: 'Hurry up or that is a dead young woman sure!'

"The mare was doing all she could. She was breathing hard and fast. Sweat was streaming from her neck and shoulders. I knew the greatest danger to the fair rider was in going down the mountain on the other side. I thought not of my own danger, but pressed on with the desperation of a wild man. Should the horse miss his footing I would find the young lady a mangled corpse by the road side.

"When I reached the summit I saw the horse far ahead of me, going down the declivity in long, steady leaps, but the one object of my pursuit was still sitting in the saddle. Then I saw no more of them until I reached the foot of the mountain, for the trees and turns in the road hid them from my view. Then, still farther ahead, up a long, level lane, the horse was dashing forward, but the young rider still sat firm in the saddle, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Presently the maddened horse turned into a lane to the right and ran straight against the wind. I could see them across the field, and the plucky rider still held a firm hold on the reins. The wind blew her riding cap off, but she did not turn her head.

"Just as I rounded into the lane, I looked forward and saw the horse coming back. He had either turned of himself, or she had turned him. Now was my opportunity. I checked the mare and as the foaming beast came near me I turned close to him. I dropped my reins and caught him by the bits. He pulled me out of the saddle, but I held on with a grip like death. He reared into the air, and the blood was streaming from his mouth where the bits had cut him, and I soon had him under control.

"As the horse came to a stand-still the little lady bounded from the saddle to the ground. I looked into her face. There was a red stream trickling down over one cheek, where a branch of a tree had struck her as she went dashing by. I threw the bridle reins over a fence post and came up to her. She was looking at her hands from which she had taken her gloves. Around the center of each, where she had wound the reins, there was a

bloodless white girdle. I took the bruised little hands into mine, and looked into her eyes. The first words I spoke were:

" 'You are brave enough to be the wife of a frontiersman.'

" 'Do you think so?' she replied.

"I gazed into her radiant face, and speaking with the profoundest conviction of truth, I said: 'Yes, indeed, I do.'

"She looked down at the grass on which she stood; then raising her eyes to mine she replied:

" 'That would be an honor for any true woman.'

"The earnest dignity with which she said those words went through me like an electric shock. I raised her hand and kissed it. That was all the engagement that we ever had. Three years after, we were married.

"The little white scar, where the branch struck her on the cheek, she carried to her grave."

As the white haired plainsman ceased his narrative, he picked up his broad-rimmed hat and walked out into the night. The young ladies who had gathered to listen to his story, sat bewildered in silence for at least a whole minute. Then they bade each other good-night, and the party was at an end.

George Washington.

Where may the wearied eye repose
    When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows
    Nor despicable state?
Yes, one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
    Whom Envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington:
To make man blush there was but one.

—*Byron.*

A Survey of the World.

By Charles J. Bayne.

A little Jap by the name of Aoki—little Keikichi Aoki—promises to become the Dred Scott of his time. It is he who has been chosen as the basis of a test case to determine the right of the State of California to pass a law discriminating against children of "Mongolian descent," and around him will revolve the old and ever new question of States' Rights.

In spite of all the sound and fury incident to the "shooting up of Brownsville," and the dismissal by the President of the three companies of the negro regiment charged with committing the crime or shielding the criminals, States' rights has been the keynote of the month, and a dozen questions, ramifying in a dozen different directions, have found their common base and center there.

By the subtle nervous system which seems to connect the entire civilized world, and to communicate the mood of the moment to peoples far removed from each other, this familiar issue of State sovereignty is engaging the attention, not only of Alaska and the Yukon territory on this continent, but of India, the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, and the several States of the Australian Commonwealth.

Details of the latter may be reserved for another page, but the question which presents itself in this country has all the characteristics with which we have been familiar since the Hartford convention.

The Japanese trouble in San Francisco has gone on expanding, like a circle in the water, until it has given rise to rumors of war implicating nearly every nation in the world. The very latest telegrams bring the intimation that Japan, angered by the State law of California, is about to acquire from France the island of St. Pierre-Miquelon, aided and abetted therein by Italy, who seeks revenge for the cold comfort she got when a number of Italian subjects were murdered in New Orleans, and was then told, in so many words, that the Federal Government was prevented by the prerogative of State sovereignty from giving adequate satisfaction.

The story goes that should Japan acquire this island, she would put the Monroe doctrine to the test and gladly make it a pretext for war.

Washington *Herald*
SAFE!

So great a matter has a little fire kindled.

Nobody, except a few excitable people, believes that there is really any probability of war between this country and Japan. The close alliance between that country and England would alone prevent such a contingency. But the issue between centralization and State sovereignty is assuming grave proportions in this country. The extension of Federal authority, which received a notable impetus by the adoption of Federal quarantine laws and later by the passage of the railroad rate bill, which was invoked to take over the question of divorce, and is now being demanded by Senator Beveridge to abolish child labor, had already begun to work mightily upon the minds of the people at large, when Secretary Root made his memorable speech before the Pennsylvania society in New York, in which he hinted very strongly that if the Federal Government were balked otherwise in its struggle for power, "constructions of the Constitution would be found" which conferred that power upon the central Government.

Whatever may have been the real meaning of Secretary Root, who is regarded as the official mouthpiece of the President, his phrase was censured as having been unfortunately chosen. It brought down a storm about his ears.

Phoenix, Ariz. *Republican*

G. A. R. VETERAN: "GEE! I THOUGHT I FIXED YOU FORTY-ONE YEARS AGO!"

And the discussion has been going on ever since.

Nor has it all been discussion. It has assumed a very practical form in the suit of Kansas to compel the State of Colorado to consent to a division of the waters of the Arkansas river for irrigation purposes, in which the Federal Government has intervened.

The broad question has brought forth some strong views from Justice Harlan, whose fine Americanism has been displayed on a number of occasions, in the course of which he expressed the opinion that the country had not outgrown the Constitution, and virtually sounded a note of warning against the present tendency towards centralization of power.

In the face of all this the Brownsville incident may be classed as noisy, but relatively unimportant.

And yet even this question has taken on a broad range. Senator Foraker was scarcely warm in his seat, after the Fifty-Ninth Congress convened in its second session, when he introduced a resolution demanding all the facts in connection with the President's dismissal without honor of the negro troops, and almost instantly Senator Lodge presented an amendment asking an inquiry as to the power of the chief executive to take such steps. The effect of his resolution is to separate the issue of fact from the issue of law, and to determine the latter. It is on this point that the grave and reverend Senators have been debating ever since Congress resumed its sitting after the holidays.

New York *World*
ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE.

And the question is still open.

Takes His Pen in Hand.

One of the most remarkable features of the present Congress was the number of special messages sent in by the President. In addition to his regular annual message, reviewed at length in these columns last month, he sent in a number of others. The most important of these, perhaps, was that which accompanied the report of Secretary Metcalf, who had been sent in person to investigate the situation in San Francisco. Others were on the subject of the Brownsville trouble, an illustrated report on his own visit to Panama, recommendation that the land laws be revised, that the navy personnel laws be so amended as to permit the advancement of junior officers to commanding rank before they are too old to be of service, advocating United States citizenship for the people of Porto Rico, etc.

All this gave the paragraphers and cartoonists an opportunity to get in their work, criticising the President for the "special message habit" which he seemed to have developed.

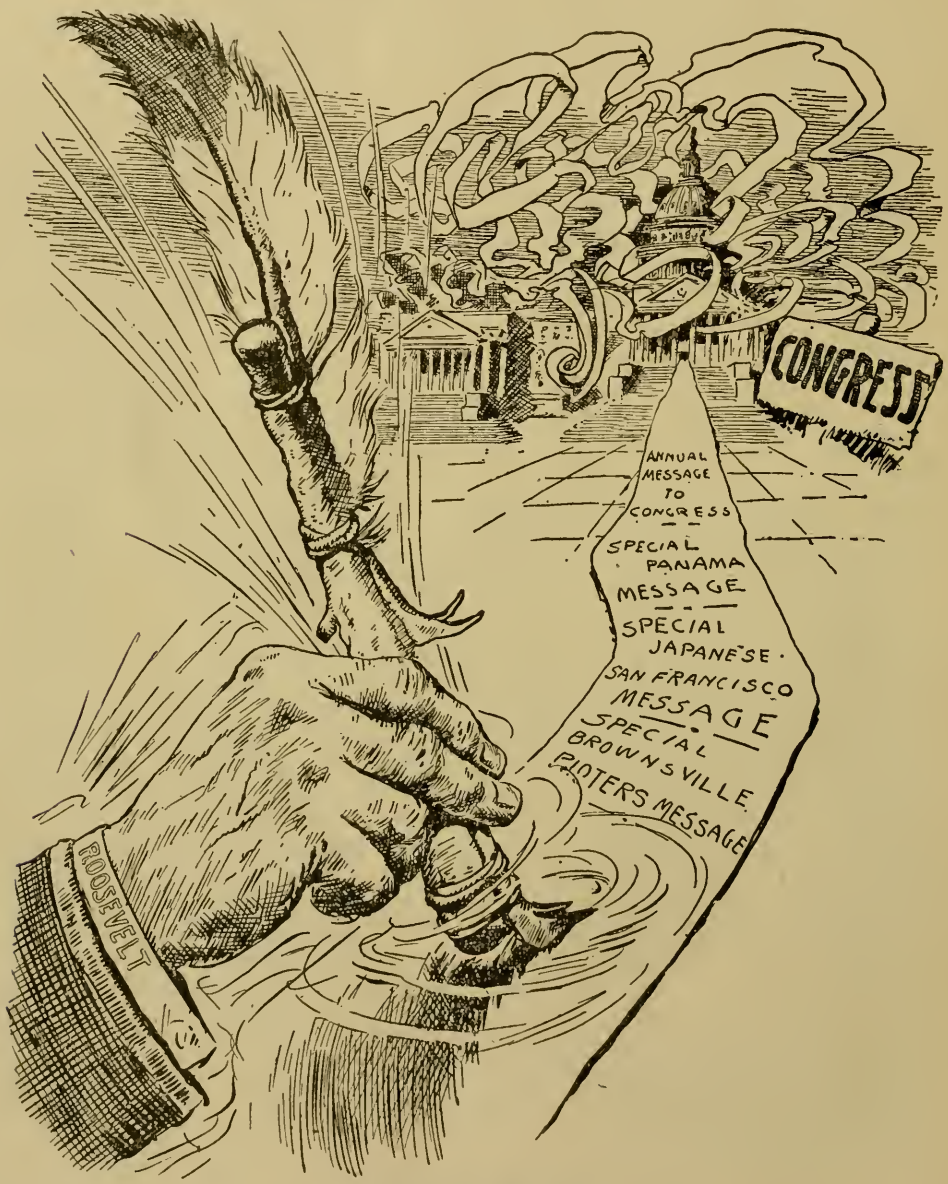
And then came out the rumor that this was what he wanted, after all. He was tired of being importuned by every member who had a pet measure to send in a special message to Congress on the subject, and this popular criticism would give him a good excuse for declining such requests in the future.

All of which was very foxy, if true.

The Storer Incident.

His "official" letters to the people, by way of Congress, were supplemented by an extensive correspond-

ence which was more distinctly personal. Angered by his recall from the post of minister to Austria-Hungary, Mr. Bellamy Storer gave out certain letters exchanged between his wife and the President, tending to establish the fact that Mr. Roosevelt had authorized him to urge upon the Vatican the wisdom of creating Archbishop Ireland a cardinal. The President bitterly denied these assertions, and dwelt upon the activity of Mrs. Storer, to accomplish this end, which had earned for her the soubriquet of



Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.
"AT LAST! PERPETUAL MOTION!"

"American Ambassadress to the Vatican."

This little ripple was almost coincident with the award, by the Norwegian Storthing, of the Nobel peace prize of $40,000 to the President as the man who had contributed most during the previous year to the peace of the world, by bringing the war in the Far East to a close. In accepting the money he announced his intention of devoting it to the establishment of a permanent arbitration commission to investigate and harmonize differences between labor and capital.

Department Reports.

Along with the special messages of the President came the annual reports of the various members of the Cabinet. From these and other sources we glean the fact that the wealth of this country is growing at the rate of $12,000,000 a day, which would be still more gratifying were it not that less than one per cent of the population owns more than 99 per cent of the existing wealth.

For the first time in the country's history our total commerce exceeded $3,000,000,000, with a balance of trade in our favor of $600,000,000. Dividends on industrial stocks were more than $300,000,000; the treasury figures showed a surplus of $25,000,000 compared with a deficit of $8,000,000 a year ago, and Postmaster General Cortelyou calls attention to the fact that the postal deficit for the fiscal year, while amounting to $10,000,000, on a total volume of business of $178,000,000, was, in fact a reduction of $3,000,000 as compared with the previous year, and would have been wiped out thrice over if the franked business of Congressmen and of the Departments had been paid for at regular rates. The amount devoted to rural free delivery, to which Mr. Watson gave the first impetus, was $25,000,000.

New York *World*

DEAR BELLAMY—AND THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE.

Our Wealth in Billions.

People who like to think in billions, as well as those who have an affectionate regard for their country, will find some pleasure, perhaps, in knowing that, according to a bulletin recently made public by the acting director of the census, the wealth of the United States increased, in round numbers, by $18,353,000,000, or more than twenty per cent, during the first four years of the present century, reaching the stupendous total of $106,881,000,000. During the last decade of the Nineteenth century the increase was more than thirty-six per cent. To state the whole case in big figures again—for the benefit of the billion-dollar-minded — our national wealth was estimated in 1890, at $65,037,000,000. The increase registered in 1900, compared with the estimate of 1890, was $23,491,000,000—using round figures for these good, round sums—or 36 per cent; and in the fourteen years from 1890 to 1904 the increase was $41,844,000,000 or 64 per cent.

All of which is some evidence that we apples do swim.

Nor should it be forgotten, in passig, that the United States government

still holds almost exactly a billion acres of land, in spite of its prodigality in the past, which will sooner or later be thrown open for settlement.

The Amusing Mr. Shaw.

The proposition set forth by Secretary Shaw in his annual report that treasury balances be deposited with national banks, as a protection against financial panic, impresses the London *Times* as very amusing. This conception of the United States government as a "benevolent despot at home and a suppressor of financial disturbances abroad" strikes *The Times* as "novel and humorous." Continuing *The Times* says: "It is indeed surprising that a man of Mr. Shaw's shrewdness and experience should have been misled into thinking that the world, or even the United States, can be protected against financial panics by official guidance. Such views of the duties and possibilities of the post of Secretary of the United States Treasury confirm us more than ever in the belief that the sooner the United States Treasury is taken out of the banking business the better."

Congress had accomplished but little before adjourning for the holidays, and has not done much better since. Senator Foraker introduced a resolution demanding all the facts in connection with the discharge of the negro troops, and this was followed by an amendment by Senator Lodge, the effect of which is to separate the issue of fact from the issue of law, and, if adopted, will practically recognize the right of the President, as commander-in-chief of the army, to take summary action in such matters whenever he sees fit. This negro question and the Japanese question were the storm centres before Congress adjourned for the holidays and they have been so ever since. Among the President's defenders were Senators Lodge, Culberson and Daniel. This assault upon the President by Senator Foraker is generally recognized as having a political bearing, the purpose of the Ohio senator being to discredit the administration and to check the Presidential boom for Secretary Taft, who is generally regarded as the administration candidate.

Taft as a Candidate.

Although the next Republican convention is eighteen months in the future, the candidates are already beginning to bestir themselves. Many of them have taken to the tall timbers in order not to commit themselves to anything which might compromise their prospects between now and the time for the nomination.

An Ohio newspaper which is supposed to be none too friendly to Mr Taft, made the definite announcement that he was a candidate. It is thought that this was done with the purpose of securing an expression from him. If so the plan has been entirely successful. He has given out a statement in which he says that for the purpose of relieving the burden imposed by recent publications upon the Washington correspondents of asking further questions, he wishes to declare that his ambition is not political; that he is not seeking the Presidential nomination; that he does not expect to be the Republican candidate if for no other reason, because of what seemed to him to be objections to his availability. Those objections, he declares, do not lessen with the continued discharge of his own official duty; "but," he concludes, "I am not foolish enough to say that in the improbable event that the opportunity to run for the great office of President were to come to me I should decline it, for this would not be true." This declaration is really accepted among the Republican powers that be as placing him squarely in the race.

How successful he may be is variously interpreted. Objections to his availability are based on the fact that

he has been the author of injunctions against labor organizations and that he regards it as so essentially his duty to advocate and work for freer trade with the Philippines, that he is likely to incur the opposition of the extreme protectionists in his own party. It is further held that the danger of being represented as an administration candidate is something of a handicap to Mr. Taft. The President himself still indicates no choice.

What Congress Has Done.

Thus far only two of the fourteen supply bills have been passed. Perhaps the most important feature of any of the entire number is an amendment to the Military appropriation bill providing that when Lieutenant-General McArthur, of the United States army, retires under the age limit, two years hence, this office shall henceforth cease to exist. One supply measure carried with it a resolution to the effect that the good old time spelling be used in printing public documents and simplified spelling received a a knock out blow. The French spoliation claims came in for their inevitable part of discussion and inaction, and Senator Overman made a strong States' Rights speech, in opposing the Federal Child Labor law. One of the most important measures introduced in the house was the bill of Congressman Hardwick, of Georgia, requiring all railroads to instal the block system, and requiring that all railway telegraph operators shall be licensed. It recently developed that the operator responsible for the wreck on the Santa Fe railroad, in which 49 lives were lost, was only eighteen years of age, while the operators charged with being responsible for the wreck on the Southern and Baltimore & Ohio, were also mere youngsters.

The Senate pays tribute to the late Senator Gorman on Jan. 26 and the House on Feb. 2.

New Federal Law Effective.

In Federal affairs, the opening of the New Year was notable because of the number of important laws which then became effective. One of these consisted of certain features of the insurance act, which will put an end to the abuse of deferred payments. As the law stands now, all new business must be on the basis of an annual opportunity for policyholders to get the benefit of any profits which may have accrued, and to decide for themselves in what form they will accept the benefit of these profits. The anti-pass feature of the railroad rate law went into effect, although efforts may be made by the present Congress to modify its provisions. The Pure Food Law, designed to make labels tell the truth, has put the grocers and druggists, particularly, in a state of mind. There are some commodities of which they do not know the constituent parts, and they do not know just what labels to adopt. Denatured alcohol went on the free list, and light and power, thanks to this reform, should henceforth be considerably cheaper.

New Governors in Office.

Twenty-five new governors were inaugurated in as many different States

R. I. P.

New York *Globe*

THE NU SPELING IZ DED.

on or about the first of the year, and the general assemblies of such States settled down to business. In Alabama the Governor's term is for four years and the legislature meets but once in that length of time, while in Massachusetts both events are an annual affair. Both States are tired of these extremes and proposals to fix upon biennial elections of a governor and sessions of the legislatures are among the leading issues to be discussed. The legislatures just convening or already in session will elect thirty Senators to succeed those whose term expires with the present Congress. The election of Simon Guggenheim of Colorado, to succeed Senator Patterson, editor of *The Rocky Mountain News*, is already certain, but the re-election of Senator Bailey, who has acknowledged receiving "personal loans" from a member of one of the Standard Oil subsidiary corporations, at times seems very much in doubt. "Bob" Taylor's nomination, by primary, to succeed Senator Carmack, has been confirmed by the vote of the Tennessee legislature, but up Jersey-way, Dryden, the corporation Senator from the corporation State, is in the balance, with a bare margin of one vote, or three at most, as a lee-way for the personal equation. Perhaps the most note-worthy incident of the inauguration of Governor Hughes, of New York, was the recommendation, in his first annual message that the ballots cast for or against his recent opponent, Mr. Hearst, when the latter ran against McClellan for mayor in 1905 be recounted so that the present controversy may be definitely settled. The new attorney general of the State, who was a Hearst partizan in the gubernatorial election, has taken the matter into the courts under quo warranto proceedings.

Kentucky's Boy Senator.

In the Kentucky primary held on the same day of the general elections, Governor John Creeps Wickliffe Beckham was nominated as the Democratic candidate to succeed Senator James B. McCreary. Within twelve months he has administered defeat to two United States Senators—Blackburn and McCreary—both of whom had been in politics for thirty years and had been regarded as past masters before Beckham was born. The junior Senator from the Blue Grass State will be decidedly the youngest member of the Upper House. In fact, he has had a very remarkable career. He was a page in the Kentucky legislature when he was nine years old; Speaker of the House at 26, Governor at 28, and will be but 34 when he takes his seat in the United States Senate. It is recalled, however, that he is not the youngest man Kentucky has ever sent to the Senate, as Henry Clay was but 29 when he first took his seat as a member of that body. Gov. Beckham is now serving his third term as Governor of Kentucky. In 1899 he was nominated for lieutenant-governor on the ticket with William Goebel, and on the assassination of Mr. Goebel became Governor. In 1900 he defeated John W. Yerkes for Governor and in 1903 he defeated Col. M. B. Belknap of Louisville. It is something of a shock to the traditions that Gov. Beckham owes his recent nomination largely to the temperance vote. Before the election he announced that the saloons must be closed on Sunday, and the temperance people, particularly in the country districts, are said to have voted for him to a man.

The junior member of the House in the Sixtieth Congress will be Harry B. Wolf, elected to represent the Third District of Baltimore. He will also be the youngest member who ever sat in the House, it is said, as he is now but eight months over twenty-six years of age. He rose from newsboy to a successful place at the bar, and in the recent election carried a district which had not gone Democratic in ten

years against a man who was Postmaster of Baltimore when Wolf was a gamin, selling extras on the streets.

Prodding the Railroads.

No record of the month could be complete in which the railroads did not play a conspicuous part. Capitalized at twenty billions of dollars—of which fourteen billions are reliably estimated to be water—they are a gigantic element in our national life, and they are proportionately in the forefront. The Interstate Commerce Commission has been hard at work investigating the Harriman and the Gould combinations. It was clearly established that Mr. Harriman was the master spirit in the Union Pacific, Southern Pacific and the Oregon Short Line—all of which was not new, but was interesting as becoming a matter of record. Incidentally William Rockefeller was placed in a somewhat embarrassing position by evidence that when investigation was threatened some time since, he accomodatingly "bought" from Mr. Harriman a large block of Southern Pacific stock through the Oregon Short Line—confessedly a part of the Union Pacific—and then sold it back at the same price, less a nominal commission, as soon as the storm blew over. He has therefore been summoned as a witness, and will be made to tell some interesting facts as to the inside workings of large corporations. Another interesting development, in the course of the inquiry, was that $110,000,000 of the present Harriman holdings, have been acquired since July of last year.

We have already alluded to the searching investigation being made by the Commission into the causes of recent disastrous wrecks on the Southern, the Baltimore & Ohio, and the Santa Fe.

Death of President Cassatt.

Just a month after the death of Samuel Spencer, of the Southern railroad, President Alexander J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania railroad, died suddenly at his home in Philadelphia, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. Mr. Cassatt was not a self made man, for he had a competency when he began active life and did not need to work at all, but he was a self made railroad man. He was elected to the position he held at the time of his death in 1899, to succeed the late Frank Thompson. He, too, in a measure, was a victim of the misdeeds of his own road. While conceded to be personally honest, the developments of graft among his subordinates during the progress of the investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission was said to have come as a heavy blow to him. He was travelling in Europe when it was discovered that many employes of the road, some of them rather high in authority, had received gifts of stock from the coal companies located along the line of the Pennsylvania. He came home immediately and was said to have been greatly chagrined by what he learned. It is maintained in some quarters that he has never been the same man since that time and that the disclosures were in reality the cause of his death. He was succeeded by Mr. James McCrea, formerly first vice-president.

Insurance Affairs.

Scarcely second in importance to the railroads in any monthly summary are the great insurance companies. Both the administration and the Policyholders' Committee are claiming the victory in the election for trustees held on Dec. 18, and the final count has not yet been officially announced. In the meantime some of the former officials are coming in for a severe jolt at the hands of justice. Several weeks ago George Burnham Jr., Counsel and Vice-President of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Insurance Company, was found guilty of grand larceny and sentenced to serve two years in State's Prison. On Dec.

28, an application for a certificate of reasonable doubt was denied, and evidently he will have to take his punishment. During the last week of the year, Geo. W. Perkins, former Vice-President, of the New York Life Insurance Company, and a partner in the firm of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., and Charles S. Fairchild, Secretary of the Treasury under Cleveland, and later President of the New York Security & Trust Company, a subsidiary company of the New York Life, were indicted by the grand jury in New York for forgery in the third degree. It was developed during the Armstrong investigation that, in order to evade the insurance laws of Prussia, which was about to bar the company from that country on the grounds that many of its securities were in the nature of industrial stocks, a transfer of these stocks was made from the insurance company to the Security & Trust Company. This transaction was entered in one instance as a sale, in the other instance as a loan. Fairchild and Perkins are charged with having been a party to the misleading entries. The grand jury took occasion to state that these men had not profited personally by the transaction, and that, in reality, it had been of benefit to the stockholders. This supplementary presentment was in the nature of an extenuation, but it will remain with the trial jury to settle that point, and there are demands that no mercy shall be shown them.

"AND THE SMALLEST SHALL NOT ESCAPE."

New York *American*

The Presidents Organize.

The policyholders and insurance presidents are getting together among themselves. Ten of the fourteen presidents who attended the first meeting voted in favor of the adoption of a constitution and by-laws, the others being excused from voting until they could consult with their boards of directors. They had until January 15 to vote by mail, and the meeting adjourned until January 17, when an executive committee was chosen. The objects of the association are set forth as being the improvement of the insurance business by the inauguration of better practices, with the aim, so they say, of finally increasing dividends, and, thereby, reducing the cost of life insurance to the policy holders. It was announced that one policy of the new association would be to present publicly the merits of life insurance wherever the interests of policyholders are assailed.

Committee Made Permanent.

Announcement is made that the International Policyholders' Committee will be continued as a permanent organization. A quarter of a million policyholders of the Mutual Life and New York Life Insurance Companies cast their ballots in support of the Committee's tickets, so the leaders regard this as a mandate to continue. The plan of the Committee will be to recognize the policyholders of the Mutual Life and New York Life, in cities and towns all over the country, forming sub-committees of leading citizens, and thus preparing the way for a better showing at the next elections. The Committee will see to it that prosecutions for claims against existing officers and directors for their acts under past administrations, will be pushed to

WHY NOT GIVE HIM THE TITLE,—HE HAS THE CAPTAINS' METHODS FOR GETTING THE MONEY.

judgment. It will seek to secure a rigid investigation of the affairs of the company, which was not possible for the Armstrong committee to undertake, and finally it will attempt to secure remedial legislation, correcting defects in the election machinery of the Armstrong law, that may have developed from the recent contest.

Employers' Liability.

Within two days two United States Court judges declared that the Federal statute of June 11, 1906, known as the Employers' Liability Law, was unconstitutional. The first decision was handed down at Louisville, Ky. by Judge Walter Evans. The administratrix of N. C. Brooks brought suit against the Southern Pacific Railroad for $25,000 damages for the death of her husband, who was killed in a railroad accident. The court held that the litigation was strictly inter partes, with which the United States had no concern. He held that the act of June 11th, 1906, only creates and imposes upon certain common carriers liabilities to their employes, and in no way prescribes rules for carrying on traffic among the States. Consequently, it in no way regulates such commerce. Immediate steps were taken to carry the case to the Supreme Court.

New York's Costly Negligence.

It was discovered some time since that claims for taxes, etc., by the city of New York against the various street railways, including the payment of a certain per cent on their gross earnings, had been allowed to accumulate, through the neglect of officials, to such an extent that the amount now reached the astonishing total of $25,000,000. The documents bearing on these claims were dumped in the corner of a room where they lay in hopeless confusion. Continual prodding by the newspapers, and finally by an enlightened public, aroused the authorities to a certain degree of activity, and it is probable that this sum will soon be covered into the treasury. On top of this comes the decision of the Apellate Division of the Supreme Court to the effect that an electric lighting company has no right to discriminate against one consumer and in favor of another, notwithstanding the fact that a contract may exist. The test case was brought by the appeal of the Armour company. New York, for the past six years, has been paying between forty and fifty per cent more than the individual customer, and as this has aggregated $9,000,000 the amount of overcharge is at least $3,600,000. This total sum of practically $30,000,000 will, in all probability, be covered into the treasury within a short time, if the officials carry on the activity of the present.

A $100,000,000 Bond Issue.

One of the largest mortgages recorded in recent years was that negotiated by the Hudson & Manhattan Railroad Co., by which the entire McAdoo tunnel property is pledged to the Standard Oil Company as trustee for $100,000,000, with 4½ per cent interest. The mortgage is given to secure a bond issue.

Gotham's Utilities.

Steps have been taken to modify existing laws so that the City of New York, in providing for future subways and other transportation facilities, may entertain bids for construction and operation, or for either, reserving the right, in other words, to operate her own street care lines if she sees fit, and thus we see another step taken towards popular ownership and control of public utilities. A great impetus has been given this general movement by the agreement finally reached between the street car companies and the city government in Chicago by which the property of the two street car companies is to be valued at not more than $50,000,000;

MONEY
POWER
SPECIAL PRIVILEGE
GOVERNMENT
GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE
A.K. Taylor

SEA FOOD.

the net receipts are to be divided in the proportion of fifty-five per cent for the city and forty-five for the companies, by which arrangement the city would receive an income of between $2,000,000 and $4,000,000. The roads are to be entirely rehabilitated in every respect, five cent fares are to prevail all over the city, the present car capacity is to be doubled, and, finally, the city is to have the right to buy the system, at the agreed valuation, on six months notice. Should the city fail to take over the roads the companies are to continue to operate them for twenty years, but it is confidently expected that municipal ownership will come very soon.

Canadian Affairs.

Up in Canada Parliament has been marking time, and fitfully debating the tariff bill, while the cities have been holding a general election for mayor and other municipal officers with prohibition as a strong element in the campaigns. The Ontario legislature has also recently convened The Yukon territory, embracing 400,000 square miles, thinks it is old enough to have home rule, and is asking that she be governed by a council wholly elective instead of half appointive, as at present; while near-by Alaska, as previously indicated, is demanding full territorial government.

South and Central America.

Mexico has arranged to purchase outright the two leading railroads in the country, and will probably acquire others. This step has been taken, she says, because American capitalists were preparing to absorb them into the enormous system by which a few men control all the great railway arteries of this country.

An incipient insurrection in Ecuador has been temporarily crushed without any great loss of life, and the thriftier States of South America are looking anxiously forward to the proposed ship subsidy or any other measure which will bring them in closer touch with American markets.

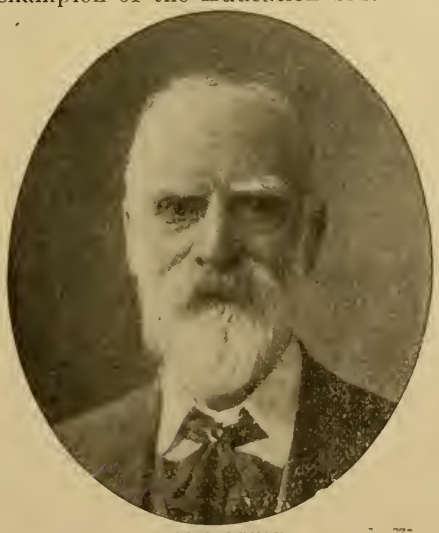
Revising Cuba's Laws.

Provisional Governor Magoon, of Cuba, has at last appointed a commission to revise the laws of that country. It is a mixed body consisting of Americans and Cubans, and held its first session on Jan. 3. This commission will submit to the provisional governor the draft of an electoral law, new provincial and municipal laws, a law defining the organization and functions of the judiciary, a civil service law, and also laws on such other subjects of great interest as may be referred to it by the provisional governor. The real grounds against the government, in the recent insurrection, were three: That it had removed Liberal judges and filled their places with Moderates; that it had appointed Moderate municipal officers in Liberal communities instead of leaving the choice of them to the people; and that it had interfered with and controlled the conduct of elections. All this would not have been true if the Constitution had been obeyed and laws for which it provided had been enacted. This will be done as soon as the present commission has reported, and it is felt that a long step has been taken towards the restoration of peace and good order in the Island.

Ambassador James Bryce.

The appointment of Hon. James Bryce as British ambassador to the United States to succeed Sir Mortimer Durand, has met with favorable comment all over the country. There were various rumors as to the cause of the recall of Sir Mortimer, and those who are alert for the human interest in every event, lost no time in discovering that the pernicious activity of a certain lady, high in diplomatic circles, had been making mischief. It

seemed to be agreed, however, that while an able man in every respect, the retiring ambassador lacked that adaptability—perhaps it might be called good fellowship—which would appeal most effectively to the President. Mr. Bryce, who has been Chief Secretary of State for Ireland in the Campbell-Bannerman cabinet, was offered a peerage on his retirement, but this he declined, preferring to come to America with the Democratic name which he has made illustrious as the author of "The American Commonwealth." The retirement of Mr. Bryce from the Liberal cabinet is a decided loss to the Government, and there is much speculation as to who will be his successor, particularly in view of the part he was destined to take in making a fight for home rule in Ireland. Young Winston Churchill has had his eye on the place, and strong pressure has been brought to bear to secure for him the appointment, which would give him a seat in the Cabinet. This he does not have as a mere under-Secretary of State for the colonies. But the present indications are that the place will go to Augustine Birrell, who, as President of the Board of Education, has been the leading champion of the Education bill.



JAMES BRYCE.

Parliament in Recess.

The British Parliament was prorogued shortly before the holidays, and will not re-assemble until Feb. 12. The Education bill was so emasculated when it was sent back to the House of Commons that the Government decided to reject it in block. The Upper House intensified the resentment of the non-conformists by reversing the West Riding decision, which had held that the county councils need not pay for religious teaching in the public schools. It aroused still greater popular resentment, perhaps, by rejecting the bill to abolish plural voting. On the other hand it accepted the Trades Disputes bill, exempting the funds of labor unions from suits for damages in cases where organized labor had committed a tort of any kind, and passed the Land Tenure bill, which places the tenant farmer in a more advantageous position with relation to the landlord. While the hereditary legislators were no more in sympathy with these measures than with those rejected, they took the ground that the elections which placed the Liberals in power gave the Government a direct mandate for these laws, while plural voting and the Education bill were not issues—at least in the estimation of the lords.

English Rebates Abolished.

When the octupus first put forth its strength in England in the form of a Soap Trust it was so promptly and completely squelched that it has not lifted a tentacle since. Repressive laws were unnecessary, and now, without waiting to be pommelled into good behaviour with the Big Stick, the railroads of the United Kingdom have entered into an agreement, which became effective on January 1, to abolish all private rebates to shippers. The agreement has been signed by all the chairmen, and under its

provisions any company giving rebates to get traffic is liable to a heavy fine, payable to the railway clearing-house.

French Separation Laws.

The determination of the Vatican not to accept the terms of compromise offered by the French government, permitting the clergy to make declarations under the common law regulating all public meetings and thereby retaining control of church property, limited pensions, etc., was met on the part of the Government with supplementary separation laws which clearly indicated that the State was not to be trifled with. These laws provided for the suppression, in certain conditions, of the pensions, the immediate liquidation of church property in cases where the law had not been complied with, and abolishing the immunity of young ecclesiastics from military duty. More than 5,500 young priests and theological students were ordered to report for military duty. At the same time the Government determined not to place itself in the attitude of persecuting the church, and none of the church buildings have been closed, whether declarations have been made or not. Under the law such steps cannot be taken by the local authorities and churches can only be closed after having been alienated by an order of the Government or by a special law.

How Great Frenchmen Rank.

An enterprising newspaper of Paris has just announced the result of a plebiscite to determine who, in the opinion of Frenchmen, was the greatest Frenchman of the Nineteenth century. Fifteen million ballots were cast, and it will come as a surprise to most people to know that the man whose preeminence was thus established by his fellow countrymen was not a soldier, nor yet a statesman. The winner in the contest was Pasteur, who received 1,338,425 votes, as against something like 100,000 less for his nearest competitor. And this competitor was a man of the pen and not the sword, for it was Victor Hugo, at whose funeral, in 1885 the largest crowd was assembled since the removal of the body of the great Corsican, a generation earlier, to "rest upon the banks of the Siene, among the French people he loved so well." And the wonder grows when we learn that the Great Napoleon was not even third in this newspaper ballot, in which nearly a third of the French people expressed their choice, for the honor fell to Gambetta, while Napoleon ranked fourth, 220,000 votes behind the pre-eminent Pasteur.

Liberalism in France.

The present Government in France will not confine its attention to questions growing out of the separation of Church and State. Premier Clemenceau will advocate most extensive democratic doctrines. The Weekly Rest Day law and the Employers' Liability act, passed in June 1906, will be supplemented by an Eight Hour Labor law, old age pensions, the gradual purchase of the railroads by the State and an income and inheritance tax. The only cloud upon the French horizon is the possibility of an unpleasant situation in Morocco.

Race Suicide in France.

When Napoleon answered a question of the childless Mme. de Stael by saying that "the greatest woman in France" was "she who bore the most children" the progress of race suicide had not advanced so far as it has now, so his cynical retort comes with even greater force today than it did when he uttered it. The announcement has recently been made that the decrease in the number of births in France during the past year was eleven thousand as compared with the previous year, and the old discussion has been started all over again. The ineffectiveness of

legislation and decrees is increasingly evident; honors and rewards for those who rear large families have all proven fruitless, and explanations and prophecies are rife. We are told by certain sociologists that the foundation of the trouble is the French institution of marriage, which is a "cumbersome, intricate and trying affair." The old world idea of the "dot," or marriage portion, still survives in all its vigor. Neither men nor women may marry until long after middle age without the consent of parent or guardian, and the prohibited degrees of relationship, as affecting marriage, are more extensive than in this country. All these facts make it difficult for love to find the way to the altar—and so you find a deficiency of eleven thousand children in a single year.

The Transvaal Constitution.

Letters patent have been issued by King Edward in council granting a Constitution to the Transvaal, and responsible government will soon be accorded the Orange River Colony. The new Constitution bases the representation in the proposed Parliament on the proportionate number of voters in the Transvaal, instead of the number of inhabitants, and in this way will prevent the Government from falling necessarily in the hands of the Boers, whose large families would otherwise give them preponderance over the British, who are for the most part bachelors or men of small families.

New Orleans *Picayune*
"IT'S UP TO U. S."

Persia's New Ruler.

After a lingering illness, the Shah of Persia died early in January, and his son, Mohammed Ali Mirza, has ascended the throne. The new ruler is said to be in entire sympathy with the constitutional government which has just been established. It was at his suggestion that an Upper House was added to the legislative assembly, a part of the membership to be elective and a part appointive.

The Triple Alliance.

The Italian premier has recently made a speech in which he protested that there had been no weakening of the Triple Alliance. He insisted that the friendship of his country for France and England should not be considered as an anchor to windward, contemplating a severance of the tie which binds her to Germany and Austria. War among any of the great powers, he says, would mean the bankrupting of Europe, and he sees no occasion for such sinister prophecies. There are those, however, who think the premier "doth protest too much," and that the Triple Alliance is not worth the paper it is written on.

Protestants in Politics.

The dissolution of the German Reichstag, because it failed to vote the supplementary colonial budget demanded by the Government, created some surprise, but not more than the open letter which the Imperial Chancellor has since issued, in which he throws down the gauntlet to the Clerical party. This is the largest and

most stable of the political subdivisions in the German parliament. The number of its representatives has not varied more than half a dozen since the Franco-Prussian war. As a rule it has supported the government. It was something rare to find it in opposition, as it was on this question of maintaining an expensive colonial system. It now develops that the Government has grown tired of being dependent so largely upon the Clericals, and has taken heroic steps to set itself free, as the Chancellor frankly confesses. Surprises multiply when this breach widens to the extent that the protestants are preparing to organize into a political party, so as to counterbalance the Catholic clerical influence. In order to assist this movement, there is a plan to disestablish the Lutheran state church, which the Emporer, as Bishop of the Prussian church, rules through his Minister of Public Worship. The world is not accustomed to think of the War Lord as a bishop, but such he is. By severing this tie, and at the same time continuing the subsidies which are allowed the Lutheran and the Catholic churches alike, the way will be clear for this organization of Protestantism to enter into a definite political party. The German elections occur January 25th.

Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*

THE DOUMA TO THE REICHSTAG: "WHAT! YOU, TOO?"

Austria's Franchise.

In Austria-Hungary a far reaching reform of the franchise has just gone into effect. It is nothing less than universal suffrage, by which every male inhabitant, who has attained the age of twenty-five, is entitled to vote, provided he has lived six months in the place where he votes. The upper house of the Reichrath accepted the measure after receiving definite assurances that that body would never be "packed," so to speak, in the interest of one faction or another. While suffrage is universal, representation is so distributed that each of the numerous races shall be proportionately represented in the law-making body.

"Tempered by Assassination."

If assassination tempers despotism, Russia is coming in for her full share of chastening. Five Generals and one Colonel, all of them in high station, have been killed since last fall. Gen. Alexis Ignatieff, one of the most powerful of the Czar's supporters, was shot at Tver, a few days before Christmas; Von der Launitz, the St. Petersburg prefect of police, was shot on Jan. 3; Pavloff, the chief military public prosecutor, was assassinated on Jan. 10, and on the next day Col. Andrieff met the same fate. This persistent and bloody crusade on the part of the terrorists has put the approaching election to the Duma in the background, and in the meantime the results of that alleged "balloting" cannot be foretold.

States' Rights in Australia.

The recent elections in Australia leave the protectionist Deakinites still in power, but the growing sentiment for autonomy among the several states of the commonwealth is the real question of the hour. Let it be understood, say several of these states, that when Premier Deakin speaks at the

Colonial Conference in April, he speaks for himself, and not for the individual states.

The Destruction of Kingston.

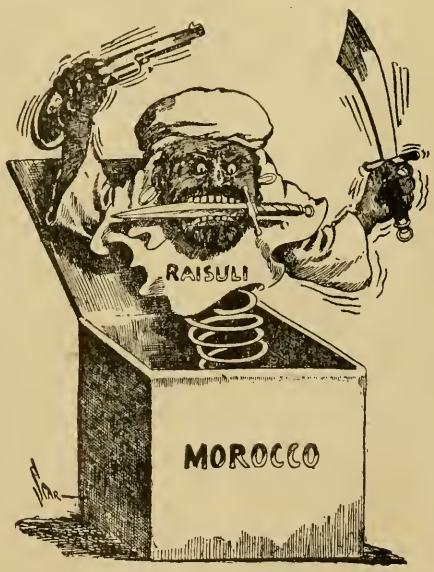
As we go to press information reaches the outside world of the practical destruction of Kingston, Jamaica, by an earthquake, followed by fire. The loss of life is variously estimated at between five hundred and a thousand, while property valued at $10,000,000 has been destroyed. Sir James Fergusson, former postmaster general and a distinguished statesman and soldier, was among the number of those killed, as also were the commander of the Royal Mail Packet Arena, and the local representative of the line. The British delegation to the West Indian Agricultural Conference, headed by Sir Alfred Jones, made a narrow escape, having just quitted a building which was destroyed when the shock came. Forty-six inmates of the military hospital were killed and a number injured. Looting and rioting, with all forms of hysteria and crime, prevailed. The first great shock was followed by a number of lesser importance. Seismographs record disturbances in various parts of the world, the center appearing to be in the Pacific ocean, just off the Galapagos islands.

Among the 90,000 people made homeless and thrown upon the streets, are a number of maniacs from asylums which were destroyed and these are terrorizing the inhabitants. The superstitious negroes believe that the end of the world has come, and many of them are endeavoring to reach Panama.

It is reported that the beach along great sections of the shoreline, has entirely disappeared, while the land on which Kingston stood is gradually settling.

Raisuli Captured.

Raisuli, the bandit chief, who oscillates between his trade as a brigand and official functions as the representative of the Sultan, has recently been in "opposition," and the Sultan's soldiers have been pursuing him. His stronghold has been burned, and it is reported that his brother is holding him for a reward.



New York *Globe*
HOOP LA! HERE WE ARE AGAIN.

"WAND'RING NEAR HER SECRET BOW'R, MOLEST HER ANCIENT SOLITARY REIGN."

Philadelphia *Public Ledger*

Life and Times of Andrew Jackson.

By Thos. E. Watson.

Copyright, 1906, by Thos. E. Watson.

THE Horse-Shoe Knights of Virginia, who rode gallantly in the train of royalist Governor Spottswood to the summits of the Blue Ridge, and gazed from those heights upon the unexplored wilderness beyond, were thought to have done a notable deed. It was boasted of, as the mariner of ancient times boasted of having carried his ship beyond the Pillars of Hercules.

The passes over the Blue Ridge are as prosaic, nowadays, as are the Straits of Gibraltar, but for many a year after the golden spurs of the Virginia Cavaliers had grown cold a veil of mystery and the spell of danger hung over the mountain ranges which separated the seaboard colonies from the Western wilds.

Traders, trappers and hunters came and went. Individual daring, the spirit of adventure, the craving for excitement and the greed for gain forced the secret of the wilderness; and gradually there spread among the people of the older communities a knowledge of the wonderful country beyond the Alleghanies.

Land-grabbing corporations brought on the war between England and France which led to the downfall of French dominion in America, and *thus* paved the way for the war of Independence.

Land-grabbing corporations multiplied their activities after the Revolutionary conflict was ended. A drag-net of land-grants was thrown over vast regions where bears and Indians still roamed the woods which they had occupied from time immemorial. Just as young George Washington had acted as advance courier for a land-grabbing corporation in the forests of the Ohio, so Daniel Boone served a land-grabber in penetrating to the dark and bloody ground which became Kentucky, David Henderson, James Robertson, John Sevier, John Donelson, William Blount, Isaac Shelby, George Rogers Clarke, George Washington, Andrew Jackson—they were land speculators, land-grabbers, —the last one of them. And in their hunger for land they drove back barbarism, planted the standards of civilization, fought the hard fight against savage nature and savage man—winning the battle at as great a sacrifice of toil and blood as any struggle for the progress of the race has ever cost.

In what is now Tennessee the first permanent colonists were James Robertson and John Donelson, to whom soon came John Sevier and those unconquered men of North Carolina who, having been routed by Tryon's royalists at Alamance, were "not

cowed down, but, like the mammoth, shook the bolt from their brow and crossed the mountains."*

These men of the frontier held the lists for civilization, defiant of all the terrors, hardships and losses that savage men and savage conditions could send against them—and never a helping hand did they ask or receive from the Federal Government.

They adopted for themselves a form of government, based upon the Virginia model, and supported by the suffrage of every member of the community. It was free, it was independent, it was democratic; and it was the *first* government of that kind among the white people of America. For five or six years this robust and self-reliant democracy maintained law, order and independence, under written "association and articles for their conduct." Five Commissioners selected by the community, "by consent of every individual," administered the public affairs, acted as judges in disputed claims of debt and property, took probate of wills and acknowledgment of deeds, issued marriage licenses and hanged horse thieves.

In short, the little settlement beyond the Alleghanies, finding itself alone in the wilderness, instinctively did what their ancestors had done in the woods of Germany—assembled under a tree and agreed upon a government.

Thomas Carlyle tells us that the King was once *the able man*, he toward whom the eyes of his neighbors turned in times of doubt and danger, he who was fit to be first in *doing*. By this simple, just and natural rule *Kings of men* were once *the ablest of men*, and even the democrat might not deny that a right thus founded in God-given qualities, freely recognized by the tribe, was *divine*.

In the olden time when our skin-clad ancestors had met in primitive council, had passed upon the comparative merits of rival leaders, had chosen the one *able man* from out of all the others, had seated him upon the broad shield and lifted him on high amid the clashings of spears upon bucklers, and the boisterous shouts of warriors well pleased with their chief, you may be sure that *the able man*, thus freely chosen, was ever the best of the tribe—the craftiest in council, the strongest in war.

And so it happened in the settlement on the Watauga when, in May, 1772, the pioneers drew together to form a government and select their *able men*.

John Carter, Zachariah Isbell, Charles Robertson were chosen members of the committee, and this fact itself proves their worth.

A name which stands out in history more clearly is that of sturdy, steadfast, level-headed, lion-hearted James Robertson, who was the second man of the committee. But the *first* man was John Sevier, one of the most gallant and fascinating characters that ever held the frontier for Christian civilization. Gay, frank and bold, generous as the sunlight, simple as a child, brave as Richard the Lion-hearted, a man whom all men could honor,

*Note.—Capt. William Bean was the first actual settler in what is now Tennessee.

all women trust, all children love—John Sevier crosses one's line of vision, as we look back upon our historical landscape, like a French warrior of the very best type—truly a knight from Frankland, clad not in burnished steel, but in buckskin; carrying not a spear, but a rifle; winning not the garlands of fair ladies at the tournament, but the heartfelt, tear-dimmed "God bless you!" of pioneer wives and mothers whose homes he had made safe, whose children he had rescued from tomahawk and scalping-knife. Glorious John Sevier! The heart swells as one thinks of him. No better soldier ever rode to battle. A soul of nobler impulse never lifted a hero to lofty deeds. Ready at all times to mount and ride, to march and fight, to lead or follow, to command or obey, his far-reaching prowess gave safety to Upper Georgia, to the Western settlements of the Carolinas and to struggling Tennessee.

And at the darkest hour of the Revolutionary War, when the pall of unbroken defeat and failure was spread from the dismal neighborhood of Valley Forge to the stricken field of Camden, it was John Sevier—glorious John Sevier!—who, more than any other man, led the dash of the horsemen of the Southern valleys upon Ferguson and King's Mountain—the headlong ride which made the turning-point of the Revolutionary War!

And when the gallant soldier had come back home after the victory, and found at his house terrified settlers who clamored to know when he could be ready to mount again and lead them against the warring Indians, the tireless patriot answered, "As soon as Kate can get us some dinner."

* * * * * *

In November, 1777, North Carolina absorbed the independent Watauga commonwealth into a new county, called Washington; and thereafter the government of Sevier and his fellow-commissioners was superceded by that of the North Carolina authorities.

In 1874 the State of North Carolina ceded to Congress her territory west of the Alleghanies, with the proviso that the cession be accepted within two years.

The state closed her land-office in the ceded territory, nullified all entries made after the act of cession, stopped the delivery of goods which were due to the Cherokee Indians, and thus created a state of confusion which was aggravated by the outbreaks of the wronged and infuriated Cherokees.

Actuated by the belief that their self-preservation demanded it, the settlers came together in convention at Jonesboro, August 23, 1784, deliberated upon the situation, and issued an address to the people.

In October, 1784, North Carolina repealed her act of cession, and John Sevier advised the people to return to their allegiance to the parent state. But hotter heads carried the day and the upshot of the matter was that a convention was held in Greenville, November 14, 1785, and it was resolved that Washington county should henceforth be the State of Franklin. John Sevier was elected Governor, a full set of government functions created, and officers chosen to put them into operation.

"JOHN SEVIER, TRULY A KNIGHT FROM FRANKLAND, CLAD, NOT IN BURNISHED STEEL, BUT IN BUCKSKIN."

Congress had declined to accept North Carolina's act of cession, and the state insisted upon her right to rule the territory.

A period of trouble, contending factions and clashing jurisdictions ensued.

The stars in their courses fought against the new Republic. The Federal Government frowned upon it; neighboring states had no love for it; Benjamin Franklin—shrewd, sly, worldly-wise Benjamin!—fought shy of it; internal factions rent it.

Sevier realized that civil war would be the price which he must pay for the separate existence of the State of Franklin; and Sevier had no heart for civil war. Stopping just short of that, the new state collapsed. North Carolina resumed her own, but almost immediately passed a second act of cession (February, 1790) under which the territory was deeded to the United States.

President Washington appointed William Blount governor of the territory (August, 1790), and in the following October the new government was organized.

The population of the territory in July, 1791, was 36,043, of whom 3,417 were slaves.

* * * * * *

The young lawyer who had halted at a dead town in one of the older North Carolina settlements must have found it a dull business. There was no other lawyer in Martinsville, and, inasmuch as it takes two to make a quarrel, *one* lawyer would starve in almost any town.

Clearly, it would never do to stay longer at Martinsville; and, if he considered the Atlantic Seaboard at all, he must have decided that no promise of success was held out to him in *that* direction.

That he should be one of those who made up their minds to go West was, under all the circumstances, quite natural. He had no family ties to bind him to the older settlements. Of his immediate kindred, none but he was left. The Crawfords were connections by marriage only; the records fail to show that he was especially fond of his Carolina relatives, or they of him.

He seems to have gone his way and they theirs, with considerable mutual indifference.

If ever he went back to the old neighborhoods on a visit to those with whom he lived when a boy, the fact is not stated.

Unless I am greatly mistaken, a general impression prevails that the youth of Andrew Jackson was one of hardship, privation and heroic struggle with the drawbacks of poverty and neglect. I am sure that such an impression was on my own mind when I began the studies for this biography.

Such an impression, if it prevails, is erroneous.

Andrew Jackson's *father* died under the toil and strain of making a home and farm in the wilderness; Andrew Jackson's *mother* died under the toil and strain of the Revolutionary War; but Andrew Jackson *himself* saw no more of the horrors, felt no more of the rigors of that time which tried men's souls than a majority of the lads of the day saw and felt.

He was his mother's idol, favored beyond her other boys She

kept him at her apron-strings while she was housekeeping for her brother-in-law, Crawford. At her knee, she taught him to read. Motherly counsels of the best kind molded his tender mind.

For several years she kept him at school. He was so far in advance of the people around him that he was chosen to act as public reader when the newspapers of the North and East came drifting into the backwoods.

The devoted mother, ambitious for her favorite son, sent him to the Academy, while his brothers, Hugh and Robert, followed the plow. Andrew was to be a preacher of the family, therefore Andrew must get book learning. The other sons were to be farmers; no High School for *them*.

The clap of thunder which fell upon the Waxhaw settlement when Tarleton struck Buford and cut down his panic-stricken men, ran Andrew away from the High School and his brothers out of the cornfield; and all three were roughly knocked about for a while, as the armies tramped and fought in the Carolinas. But little Andrew was soon put in a place of safety by his mother while she departed upon that mission of mercy from which she never returned.

In a short while came the legacy from the grandfather's estate in Ireland, and young Andrew Jackson found himself in possession of a greater capital than the vast majority of American boys have started life on—somewhere between fifteen hundred and two thousand dollars.

Biographers agree in stating that the young man squandered his inheritance in riotous living. This is probably true. But it is a significant fact that henceforth in Jackson's career he never seems to have suffered for the lack of money. After the payment to him of the legacy, in the eighteenth year of his age, we shall never see him again when he does not present the appearance of a well-to-do citizen. According to all accounts, he is found well-dressed, well-lodged, well-mounted—gay in spirits and prosperous in outward seeming. He boards at the best tavern in Salisbury while he gives two years to the study of law. Patrick Henry was able to give but six weeks, and Alexander H. Stephens three months to the same study; *they* were poor young men, and they were in a *hurry* to get to work. Andrew Jackson "carried himself like a rich man's son," boarded at the "Rowan House," and leisurely "read law" for *two years*, apparently *not* being in a hurry to get to work! When admitted to the bar he is garbed in broadcloth and ruffled shirt; he owns a splendid saddle-horse, keeps a pack of hounds, has extra fine pistols and a new rifle, made to order "by Yeomans, of Charlotte;" is able to put up stakes at horse-races, chicken-fights, dice-throwing and card-playing, and is a leader among the respectable young people in such society functions as are common to Salisbury and Charlotte!

When the young lawyer comes to the conclusion that he can better his fortunes by following the tide of emigration westward he does not tie his belongings into a bundle and tote the bundle at the end of a stick—as so many an emigrant has done.

No! Andrew Jackson rides over the mountains upon a spirited stallion, leading a first-rate pack-horse which is loaded with a goodly supply of bachelor furnishings, and followed by his string of hounds. In his pocket is one hundred and eighty dollars in hard cash, and one of the first things that he does after his coming into Tennessee is to buy a negro woman "named Nancy, about eighteen or twenty years of age." (November, 1788.)

Verily, we must abandon the belief that Andrew Jackson belongs to the class of American youths who rode to fame and fortune by their own efforts, unaided by the help of family and friends.

Never did he taste the bitter cup of physical want, of hunger and cold, of helpless, spirit-breaking poverty. Never was he without home and loyal friends and a sufficiency of the comforts of life. Never was it his lot to suffer that humiliation, that mortification, that inward-bleeding wound which the proud nature writhes under when there is no money in the pocket, no change of clothing for the body, no welcoming light in any window in all the world as the harassed day draws to its end and the wretched night comes on.

Poverty! Why, Andrew Jackson never in his whole life had a genuine taste of what the cruel word really means.

Few men have been more greatly indebted to the intelligent affection of a self-sacrificing mother. Few sons of poor parents have had such advantages as were his lot; and few lads of poor parents ever did such a scanty amount of manual labor. Compared to the rugged, self-taught youth of Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Sam Houston, Francis Marion and Nathaniel Greene, the boyhood of Andrew Jackson almost assumes the appearance of having been cast upon "flowery beds of ease."

Unless the harness-making uncle managed to get some hard work out of him, I cannot find that Andrew Jackson was ever made to do any real, steady manual labor at all.* You can find Franklin setting type, Sherman making shoes, Greene hammering hot iron on the anvil, Lincoln splitting rails, Andy Johnson making a suit of clothes, Davy Crockett clearing a new ground and raising crop, James Garfield trudging the towpath and U. S. Grant looking after the tanyard and hauling wood into St. Louis; but if Andrew Jackson *ever did* do a hard day's work, at manual

---

*Note.—There is a tradition that Jackson's leave-taking of the saddler's trade was of a sudden and volcanic character. He happened to make a mis-lick with his awl and drove it into his leg. In a burst of anger and pain, he swore that he would make his living some other way, and he quit the shop. I am indebted for this note to Mr. John M. Thompson, of Concord, N. C., whose grandfather, Faulkner, was cousin to Andrew Jackson. Mr. Thompson relates that the Waxhaw schoolhouse, which Jackson attended, was afterward bought by his (Thompson's) grandmother, and was moved to her place. It was first used as a shuck house, and when the roof had decayed and gone the logs were used by Mr. Thompson's father to make the floor of a hogpen.

labor, for anybody, at any time, you can find something in the record that escaped *my* attention.

The boy was full of life, fun and frolic; was restless and adventurous; could not be put down or reined in; was off on the creek fishing, or in the woods hunting; was gone to the races where the wild excitement was irresistibly fascinating to his soul, or was heading a band of noisy youngsters who were out for a good time, and who were pretty sure to make the night more or less hideous to the Elders in Israel. *Such* was young Andrew Jackson.

Another most important fact must be borne in mind in considering the extent to which he was indebted for early advantages. When he rode over the mountains astride his mettlesome race-horse he carried in his pocket a guaranty of power and profit. He had been appointed "state's attorney" to a court whose jurisdiction stretched far and wide over the inhabitants of those remote regions.

How did Andrew Jackson happen to draw that high prize in the lottery of youth—a solicitorship to a court of general jurisdiction? Curiously, the biographers are silent. And yet the wonderful career of their hero *pivots* upon that appointment. Without it he could never have gained the foothold which enabled him to snatch the major-generalship of militia from the most popular man in Tennessee, John Sevier; and without *that* office he would never have gone to New Orleans as commander-in-chief.

Whose influence secured for the briefless barrister of North Carolina the appointment of "state's attorney"?

Beyond a doubt, young Jackson owed this first step in his career to the generous and influential attorneys under whom he had read law. Judge Spruce McCay and Col. Montfort Stokes were men of great local weight. They naturally felt an interest in the youngsters whom they had trained for the bar. When the new circuit was created for the country beyond the mountains, and a superior court set up therein, the judgeship was secured for John McNairy, who was studying under McCay at the time that Andrew Jackson entered his office: the clerkship was given to Thomas Searcy, a fellow-student in Stokes's office, and the solicitorship came to Andrew Jackson.

In fact, a pamphlet published by Montfort Stokes, son of Col. John Stokes, in 1824, makes this statement:

"He (Jackson) became convinced after a year's residence in Guilford County, of the advisability of seeking a newer field, and *sought the aid of his friends* in securing the appointment as public solicitor for the Western Districts, *to give him a start* in the new country with whose fortunes he had decided to cast his own."

This impersonal reference doubtless covers the facts which his modesty would not permit Mr. Stokes to state more plainly, to wit, that he and his father had been instrumental in obtaining for Andrew Jackson the official position which gave him "a start in the new country."

The conclusion is almost inevitable that McCay and Stokes

exerted their great influence in behalf of their law-students, and secured for them those appointments which set them upon their feet.

* * * * * *

Success in life often hangs upon an "If"; and failure is the doom of the man who goes wrong at the forks of the road. *If* Napoleon had not stopped his victorious armies in 1813 and consented to that fatal truce, *if* he had led the turning movement at Bautzen instead of sending Ney to do it, there might have been no Waterloo. *If* Beauregard and Johnston had advanced upon Washington, after the first battle of Manassas, there might have been no Appomattox. *If* the French king, in his flight to Varennes, had not stopped on the wrong side of the town, he would not have lost his own head and that of his queen to the Revolution, and Europe might not have been able to put armies in the field to crush democracy in France. *If* a certain American general had sent a certain letter by special courier, instead of by mail, there might have been no "War of 1812," no "Battle of New Orleans," no clash between a President Jackson and a Secretary Calhoun, and none of those dire results to the country which flowed from that collision.

And *if* Andrew Jackson, in starting out in life, had gone East instead of West, his own history and that of the United States would have been materially different.

By temperament and equipment he was unfitted for a settled, quiet, humdrum community. High-strung and domineering, he was also irregular in his habits, defective in education, and lacking in mental discipline. He had chosen the law as his profession, yet it is certain that he had never buckled down to a thorough study of it, and that he knew very little about it.

He was familiar with the Book of Forms and with the Rules of Practice. He could doubtless draw a correct indictment according to the blank form, and could carry a suit upon a note to judgment or steer a disputed land-title by the John Doe-Richard Roe route laid down on the chart. On the frontier, therefore, he could hope to be able to practice law.

To the illiterate hunters and trappers of the West; to jurors who came to court with their guns and dogs, and who went into the box clad in hunting-shirts, with hunting-knives in their belts; to justices and judges who paid less attention to statute, precedent and decisions than to sympathy, passion, prejudice and popular favors; to the brother lawyers who were even more deficient in legal lore than himself, young Andrew Jackson might very well hope to appear to advantage.

Much of human grandeur being relative, environment has a great deal to do with it.

To us boys of the old field school the schoolmaster seemed a prodigy of learning. We could never fully understand how one small head could carry all that he appeared to know. Every deserted village, left behind in the evolution of the human race, has probably afforded the same half-sad, half comic spectacle of

the Wise Man who was great, not so much by reason of his own attainments as by his superiority to those who knew less.

Whether Cæsar did, or did not, say that he would rather be the *first* man in the mountain town than *second* man in Rome, the fact remains that the *first* man of the town occupied, in many respects, the more enviable position of the two.

In sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain, the schoolmaster was a proud and happy man, for everybody looked up to him, everybody honored him, nobody maliciously envied him, and not a hand would have been lifted to do him harm.

And during the young manhood of Andrew Jackson, when he rode the circuit in Tennessee, knowing more law than most of his brethren at the bar, afraid of nothing on earth, ready to challenge to a duel some trained lawyer from the older settlements when that lawyer trespassed upon his own preserves and made fun of his ignorance—as Waightstill Avery did—thus holding his ground against all comers, partly by brute force and partly by mental superiority, he was probably nearer to happiness than he ever was afterward.

From court to court he rode his race-horse, pistols in holsters, carrying his gun and his pack of hounds, ready for the court-house, ready for the deer chase, ready for the shooting-match, ready for the horse-race, ready for the house-raising and log-rolling, ready to go out himself and drag into the court-house the desperado whom the sheriff feared to arrest.

Rough-and-tumble times these were in backwoods Tennessee, with rude and lawless elements boiling and bubbling in that inevitable period of unrest and struggle which prevails in border settlements before the community takes form, and everybody smugly congratulates everybody else on the "reign of law and order."

In just such a state of society young Jackson was peculiarly fitted to lead, dominate and prosper.

Had he gone eastward instead of westward, had he cast in his lot with the lawyers that were striving for advancement in the cities of the original thirteen seaboard states, nothing is more certain than that the world would never have heard of him.

His lack of knowledge of the law would have made him easy prey to those who were masters of this profession; his fiery temper would have kept him constantly in battle array, and in fighting those lawyers who got the better of him in the citation of legal authorities he would, in the nature of things, have met the wrong man, sooner or later.

Abraham Lincoln was a great advocate before the courts of Western Illinois, where wit and humor, anecdote and invective, the play of popular passion and prejudice and a keen knowledge of human nature swayed the men in the jury-box; before such a tribunal Edwin L. Stanton would have been a pigmy in the hands of Lincoln, the giant; but when Stanton saw that his clients in a case before the Supreme Court of the United States had sent Lincoln to Washington as associate counsel, he glared for a

moment at the Western attorney, and then snorted: "If that giraffe appears in the case, I'll throw up my brief."

In Great Britain Gen. Oglethorpe was nothing more than a commonplace, most worthy gentleman, differing but slightly from thousands of other commonplace, most worthy gentlemen; in the colony of Georgia he was a magnificent combination of philanthropist, diplomatist, military chieftain, law-giver and empire builder; and few men that ever lived deserve more highly of the human race than James Oglethorpe.

If Warren Hastings, and the English boy who is known to history as Lord Clive, had stayed in Great Britain they would never have achieved greatness—never would have become the illustrious criminals, the ruthless conquerors who won India for the English Crown. In Hindustan *their genius expanded to the opportunity,* and they were great; in England they were nothing more than *two respectables* amid ten thousand other respectables.

To land upon one's feet, on the right side of the If—that's the secret of success, and Jackson was one of the men who took the right road at the right time.

Chapter IV.

In the biography of Jackson recently published by Col. A. S. Colyer, there appears a letter, written by Judge John McNairy, in which this statement is made: "We (Andrew Jackson and McNairy himself) moved together from North Carolina to this state (Tennessee) and *arrived at Nashville in October,* 1788."

Colonel Colyar regards this letter as sufficiently convincing to overthrow all the evidence which supports the conclusion that Andrew Jackson lived for a year or more at Jonesboro before going to Nashville.

In Parton's voluminous "Life of Jackson," a book which Colonel Colyar says "ought not to have been written," the industrious author produces what purports to be a copy of an original advertisement in the *State Gazette,* of North Carolina, of November 28, 1788, and which reads as follows:

"Notice is hereby given that the new road from Campbell's Station to Nashville was opened on the 25th of September, and the guard attended at that time to escort such persons as were ready to proceed to Nashville; that about sixty families went on, amongst whom were the widow and family of the late General Davidson and John McNairy, judge of the Superior Court; and that on the 1st day of October next the guard will attend at the same place for the same purpose."

This advertisement convinced Parton that Andrew Jackson stopped no longer than "several weeks" in Jonesboro, "waiting for the assembling of a sufficient number of emigrants, and for the arrival of a guard from Nashville to escort them." The evidence at least corroborates Judge McNairy's statement as to the date of his arrival in Nashville. It by no means excludes the

possibility that Jackson himself lived in Jonesboro a year or more previous to October, 1788.

So many of the episodes in the long career of Andrew Jackson depend upon mere heresay, the recollections of old people, neighborhood traditions and other testimony of that most untrustworthy character, that we find ourselves groping amid uncertainties at every turn.

Assured of the fact that Jackson moved from Morganton directly to Nashville, Mr. Parton, a painstaking biographer, did not visit East Tennessee while making the local researches upon which he based his elaborate work.

If, as Mr. Parton states, Andrew Jackson and John McNairy stopped in Jonesboro for no other purpose than to await the assembling of emigrants and the coming of the guard from Nashville, why did they go into court at Jonesboro during the May term, 1788, produce their licenses, and take the oaths necessary to qualify them to practice law in that court?

The technical name of the tribunal referred to was the "Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions."

Furthermore, the minutes of the "Superior Court of Law and Equity," kept at Jonesboro, disclose the fact that at the August term, 1788, John McNairy produced his license and took the necessary oath to qualify him to practice "in the several courts of this state."

These old court-house records, copied into Judge Allison's "Dropped Stitches in Tennessee History," upset Parton's assertion that Jackson and McNairy "rendezvoused at Morganton in the spring or summer of 1788," and then went on to Nashville, after a halt of but a few weeks at Jonesboro.

In the little log cabin, twenty-four feet square, which served as a court-house at Jonesboro, Andrew Jackson presented his license and was duly enrolled upon the minutes as an attorney entitled to practice "in this County Court," on the 12th day of May, 1788.

It was at the November term, 1788, of "this County Court," at Jonesboro, that Jackson produced a "Bill of Sale from Micajah Crews to Andrew Jackson, Esquire, for a negro woman named Nancy, about eighteen or twenty years of age," and proved the same by the oath of David Allison, a subscribing witness—whereupon the paper was "ordered to be recorded."

"Ordered to be Recorded" was indicated upon legal documents in those days by the clerk's memorandum "O. R."; and with that proneness to error which is one of the most interesting and attractive features in human nature, the letters of the clerk's memorandum were taken to be "O. K.," and the stubborn pertinacity and success with which the senseless "O. K." has held its ground against the lucid and righteous "O. R." demonstrates how ridiculous a figure the truth can sometimes cut in contest with a falsehood which got the running start.

What use Andrew Jackson had for the young negro woman, named Nancy, is not apparent. Being a boarder at the house of

Christopher Taylor, he did not need her as a house-servant; he was not running a farm anywhere, and, consequently, he did not need her as a field-hand. Reasoning by the process of exclusion, we land firmly upon the conviction that Nancy was bought on speculation. In political campaigns it was natural that, in the North, the partisans of Old Hickory should vehemently deny that he had ever been a negro trader; but in the days of Andrew Jackson the business men of the South thought no more of buying and selling negroes than they did of buying and selling any other merchantable commodity. The business instanct was strong in Andrew Jackson, as it was in George Washington, and Nancy was the first of the many negroes that he bought to re-sell at a profit.

In that interesting little volume, "Dropped Stitches in Tennessee History," the author, Judge John Allison, presents a picture of the house in which Jackson boarded while he lived at Jonesboro. The photograph from which the illustration was made was taken in 1897, and the house, which was built of hewn logs, presents the sturdy appearance of a building which might survive many other years. There are portholes at convenient distances for the riflemen who might be compelled to defend the home from Indian attack, and these portholes grimly remind one on the stern, bloody days in which the encroaching settler made his clearing and built his house.

When Andrew Jackson came to Jonesboro (then spelt Jonesborough) to live it was a thriving town, equal, at least, to Nashville. It was surrounded and supported by one of the finest farming sections of the South. Public officials, merchants and others, traveling from the lower Southern States to Washington and points farther east made Jonesboro a stopping-place on the route. Droves of horses, mules and cattle from the regions round about were collected at Jonesboro, and from there driven to Georgia and the Carolinas for sale. From Baltimore and Philadephia came all sorts of merchandise by wagon, and these goods were distributed by the merchants of Jonesboro to the smaller dealers in Tennessee and Western North Carolina.

Yes, indeed, Jonesboro was quite a large and flourishing town in those days, but it is one of those which has had to witness the growth of younger, stronger rivals as the invincible railroad came along and gave its advantages to Johnson City and Bristol. The population of Jonesboro is not greater now than it was in the days of Andrew Jackson.

"In going from Jonesboro to the courts in Greene, Hawkins and Sullivan counties, Jackson always took with him his shotgun, hostlers and saddle-bags, and very often his hounds, so that he was always ready to join in a deer-chase or a fox-hunt. He was an unerring marksman, and was always the centre of attraction at the shooting matches at which the prizes were quarters of beef, turkeys and deer." So says Judge Allison in "Dropped Stitches."

We can well believe it. Jackson loved life, action, contact and contest with his fellow-man. Neither at that time, nor at any

other time, did he have any fondness for books. While at Jonesboro he burned no midnight oil poring over Coke or Blackstone or Chitty—nor did he do so anywhere else. Just enough law to get his case to the jury was about as much as he ever knew; and he relied upon his energy in hunting up evidence and his strong common sense in talking to the jury to carry him through.

To speak of Andrew Jackson as having lived a year or more at Jonesboro without having had a fight with somebody would bring the story under suspicion; therefore we must chronicle the fact that he *did* have "a personal difficulty" while at Jonesboro.

One of the residents of Jonesboro was Samuel Jackson, a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, who had come from Philadelphia and established himself in a successful business. A most worthy gen-

ANDREW JACKSON STABBING SAMUEL JACKSON IN THE THIGH WITH A SWORD CANE.

tleman he was, by all accounts; and his descendants, to this day, are worthy people in East Tennessee.

It seems that Andrew Jackson, being a fighting man, carried a sword-cane—a habit common to the fighting men of that period. When the writer of this sketch was a small boy he remembers having seen one of these formidable weapons. To outward appearance the sword-cane differed from no other "walking stick." It looked as innocent as the handle of a wagon whip. But the cane was, in reality, a concealed weapon, for it was nothing more than the wooden scabbard of a long, keen blade of steel which was ready to flash into the light and drink blood the moment the handle of the cane was pulled. In other words, the sword-cane was made upon the principle of the sword, with the difference that all men knew a sword to be a sword, while no one could tell a sword-cane from any other kind of "walking stick."

Andrew Jackson had a quarrel with Samuel Jackson, and before the matter ended Andrew had pierced the thigh of Samuel with the spear of his sword-cane. It does not appear that Samuel Jackson was armed, or that Andrew Jackson was justifiable in the use of the weapon. A daughter of Samuel Jackson, relating the circumstances to John Brownlow, some forty years ago, spoke with deep feeling of the matter, denouncing the conduct of Andrew Jackson. Making allowances for the natural bias of a daughter, the impression remains that the assault was due to the violent temper of Andrew rather than to any adequate provocation.

The famous Parson Brownlow lives in Southern history as one of its most striking figures. From his son, John B. Brownlow, I have received many valuable suggestions in the studies for this sketch of Andrew Jackson; and the following letter from him is inserted here because of its bearing upon this part of Jackson's career.

* * * * * *

KNOXVILLE, TENN., August 16, 1906.

"There is no doubt whatever that Jackson resided at Jonesboro at least one year, and probably longer. While writing his book, Parton spent several weeks at Nashville, but he never came to East Tennessee, and never communicated by letter or otherwise with any citizen of this section of the state about Jonesboro, so far as I have ever heard.

"Immediately after receiving your letter this morning, I called to see Judge O. P. Temple, who had been a citizen of Knoxville since 1848. He was born in Greene County, the county adjoining Washington, of which Jonesboro is the capital town. Before removing here in 1848 he practiced law at Jonesboro, residing at Greenville, twenty-five miles distant. In 1847 Judge Temple was the Whig candidate for Congress against Andrew Johnson, Johnson defeating him by three hundred votes. In 1849 he held a diplomatic position under President Taylor's administration. For sixteen years he was Judge of the Court here. His memory and mental faculties seem unimpaired, and until he retired from the bar, he was one of the most successful lawyers we have had in East Tennessee. He is now eighty-seven. I

asked him bluntly: 'Did Andrew Jackson ever make Jonesboro his home?' He replied: 'Certainly; he opened a law office there and lived there for at least a year, and I think two years; and when I was a young man visiting Jonesboro I heard the name of the widow with whom he boarded while there, but I have forgotten it. I also remember to have heard of his horse-racing there.'

"From Judge Temple's home I called at my mother's. I asked her the very same question. She replied: 'Didn't you know that General Jackson lived at Jonesboro before going to Nashville?' I told her that had always been my understanding, but I wanted her recollection on the subject. She added that when a young woman she was in Jonesboro, and that the house he, Jackson, lived in, where he boarded, was pointed out to her. From 1839 to 1849 my father resided in Jonesboro, editing a Whig newspaper. During this period my mother heard several of the old people of the town speak of Jackson, who knew him personally while he practiced law there. My mother is eighty-seven.

"In the 'History of the Bench and Bar of Tennessee' it is stated that Jackson never wrote an opinion as Judge. The author of that work, Hon. Joshua W. Caldwell, resided in this city. He recently told me that since his book was published he had heard that in the court-house at Elizabeth, Carter County, East Tennessee, there was among the records a Judicial opinion of Jackson's in his own writing. It is worth investigating this matter, as, if true, it is new matter in that no Judicial opinion of Andrew Jackson has ever been published in book or newspaper. Carter is a mountain county, bordering on Washington. I may go there before the November election, and if so I will investigate.

"The county (Washington) it is in is the first county in the United States, not excepting Washington County, Va., which was named in honor of the immortal George. It was named for him while he was a Colonel of Virginia militia wearing the British colors, and while Tennessee was a part of North Carolina. Until within recent years Jonesboro was spelled Jonesborough.

"That not one of the numerous biographers of Jackson has ever visited East Tennessee is one reason why you should do so. There are many spots of interest here in connection with his career which would interest you. On the street where I am writing this letter Jackson, while a Judge of our highest court, made a personal assault on John Sevier, the Governor, because of slighting remarks the latter was alleged to have made, that he, Jackson, 'had stolen another man's wife.'"

* * * * * *

When we bear in mind that Andrew Jackson was admitted to practice law in the "County Court" at Jonesboro in May, 1788, was still there in *August*, 1788, and was putting upon the records of *that* court his Bill of Sale to Nancy in *November* of the same year, it will be difficult to escape the conviction that the young lawyer was living there.

Nashville was one hundred and eighty-three miles farther

on in the wilderness, and no one could travel the road from the one place to the other without a guard to protect him from the Indians; consequently we cannot explain away the facts by supposing that Jackson was living in Nashville and attending to law business in Jonesboro. The nature of the country, the distance between the two places, and the perilous condition of the roads, made this a physical impossibility *in the year* 1788.

Later, conditions changed for the better, but in 1788, when emigrants to the number of "sixty families" dared not move from Jonesboro to Nashville without military escort, no lawyer could have lived in the one town and practiced in the other.

* * * * * *

To be convinced that Andrew Jackson could not have lived in Nashville in 1788, while practicing law in Jonesboro, we have only to study the narrative of Parton himself. We learn from him, and from others, that the road was not to be traveled without military escort. We learn that, even in the year 1789, Judge John McNairy and his party were attacked by Indians while the Judge was on his way to hold the Superior Court at Jonesboro. Three men of McNairy's party were killed, and the rest dispersed. Their horses, camp equipage and clothing were left behind, while they saved their lives by swimming to the other side of the river upon which they had been encamped.

Mr. James Parton was a most industrious biographer, a most entertaining writer, and a most amusingly credulous man. If a story about one of his heroes tickled his fancy, he couldn't help believing it to save his life. Therefore he straightway put it into his book.

That Andrew Jackson could travel one hundred and eighty-three miles in the wilderness without having "adventures" appeared unnatural to biographical and historical writers of the Peter Parley school, and therefore we learn from Parton's "Life of Andrew Jackson" that the guard which had been sent from Nashville to watch over the lives of the emigrants was totally unfit for the business, and that had not Andrew Jackson and his cob pipe been along, the Indians would have surprised and butchered the whites.

* * * * * *

Remember that we have been told by Parton that Jackson and McNairy waited several weeks at Jonesboro for the assembling emigrants and for the guard from Nashville. Remember that the emigrants did assemble in due course and that the guard from Nashville did arrive. Remember that the party numbered about one hundred, and that the military escort must have consisted of backwoodsmen familiar with Indian ways, Indian fighting and all necessary woodcraft. Remember that this guard from Nashville came from the dark and bloody ground of constant and deadly antagonism between the white intruders and the Red Men who believed that the Great Spirit had given them the land. Remember that it was the special duty of this Indian-fighting escort to protect the men,

women and children of the emigrant train from surprise, ambuscade and attack. Remember that at night, in the midst of the unbroken forest, the danger would be greatest and the guard most vigilant. Remember all these things and then smile as you read the story, which Parton repeats, of the childlike manner in which the trained and trusted backwoodsmen from Nashville had all become negligent, and how the young lawyer, Andrew Jackson, who happened to be "sitting with his back against a tree smoking a corncob pipe, an hour after his companions had gone to sleep," called the attention of the young clerk of the court, Thomas Searcy, to the suspicious hoots of the owls—which hoots the young lawyer from old North Carolina knew *must* be made by Indians and not by owls! The trained and trusted backwoods Indian fighters had not suspected that these owls were other than owls! How mean and cheap those trained and trusted Indian fighters from Nashville must have felt as the young lawyer from old North Carolina roused them to a sense of the perils by which they were encompassed! According to this marvelous yarn, which Parton swallows without a wink of the eye, the Andrew Jackson band rose up and marched away from there, unmolested, whereas a party of hunters who came up to the same camp, during the same night, and laid them down to sleep in the same place, were remorselessly butchered by the same Indians who had been hooting those owl-hoots at the Jackson band! What an extensively credulous Parton! In such haste was he to make a wonderful figure out of the raw young lawyer from Salisbury, N. C., that the best borderers whom Tennessee could select were made to neglect the simplest duties, and get caught napping in the stupidest fashion, *at the very time when such a thing was the least likely to have happened.*

That there may have been a narrow escape for the emigrants from some night-attack of Indians is probable enough; but it is simply incredible that a guard, picked by pioneers of the times of Robertson and Donelson and Sevier, for the very purpose of watching over the safety of the inexperienced and helpless emigrants, should have gone to sleep in the depths of the wilderness with Red Men all about them, or should have been so unskilled as not to detect so common an Indian signal as the imitation of the owl-hoot. The unsuspicious, indiscriminate and comprehensively credulous Parton is so sure of his ground that he actually gives his readers the exact time which elapsed between the flight of the Jackson band and the coming of the hunters who were butchered.

It was one hour.

Thus we have one band of white borderers who wait to be led out of the Indian ambuscade by a young attorney, and a *second* band of white borderers who come upon the deserted camp-fires, one hour later, and who see no "signs" which are sufficient to arouse suspicion and excite watchfulness. The second band of white borderers—men who live amid continual dangers, who carry their lives in their hands, and to whom the reading of the

"signs" in the woods is the necessary condition of life in the savage wilds—lie down around the abandoned camp-fires of Jackson's band, and without so much as posting a picket fall into the arms of sleep and of death.

The credulous Parton! Of all things which would have put the *second band* of white borderers upon instant notice that danger lurked on the trail, it was the abandoned camp which must have shown, even to the untrained eye of an emigrant, that it had been suddenly and recently deserted by those *who had intended* to remain there for the night.

(To be Continued.)

I Remember, I Remember.

By Thomas Hood.

I remember, I remember
  The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
  Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
  Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
  Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
  The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
  Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
  And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
  The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
  Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
  To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
  That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
  The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
  The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
  Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
  But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
  Than when I was a boy.

Capt. Jack Crawford, the Poet Scout.

Life 'midst the turmoil of a large city becomes more and more practical. Down in the corner of our hearts are the many things we hold most sacred; among them sympathy, sincerity and simplicity. These receive many a rude shock, in the daily course of existence until finally to protect ourselves, the transforming process as far as outward appearances is complete, and we become stolid, non-committal and matter of fact. Occasionally we meet some one who has escaped all of these "ear marks," so to speak. We appreciate all, and wonder how they have managed to reach a mature age and escape the "pruning."

The one especially in mind is Captain Jack Crawford, the "Poet Scout," a man of broad experiences in life and travel, and one who is feted by those of two continents. Fortunate in having an errand to an artist's studio one day, we found Captain Crawford, just for his old friends' sake, reciting one of his beautiful poems entitled "God and the Canyon"; at least this was portrayed in the beautiful "pen picture" couched in simple language, but delivered in a forceful, natural way, and in a language equally as well understood by artist, musician or writer.

Alluding to the rush and bustle of a large city, Captain Jack, true poet of nature, expresses it, when he writes,—

Do I like the city, stranger? 'Tisn't likely that I would;
'Tisn't likely that a ranger from the border ever could
Git accustomed to the flurry, an' the loud unearthly noise—
Everybody in a hurry, men an' wimmin, gals and boys,
All a rushin' like the nation 'mid the rumble and the jar,
Jes' as if their soul's salvation 'pended on their gettin' thar.

Like it? No. I love to wander
'Mid the vales an' mountains green,
In the border land out yonder,
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

Rhyme seems to be as natural to this poet as breathing; situation or suggestion appeals to him, and then the result—take, for instance, every verse of "The Groucherinos," and from which is quoted the first:

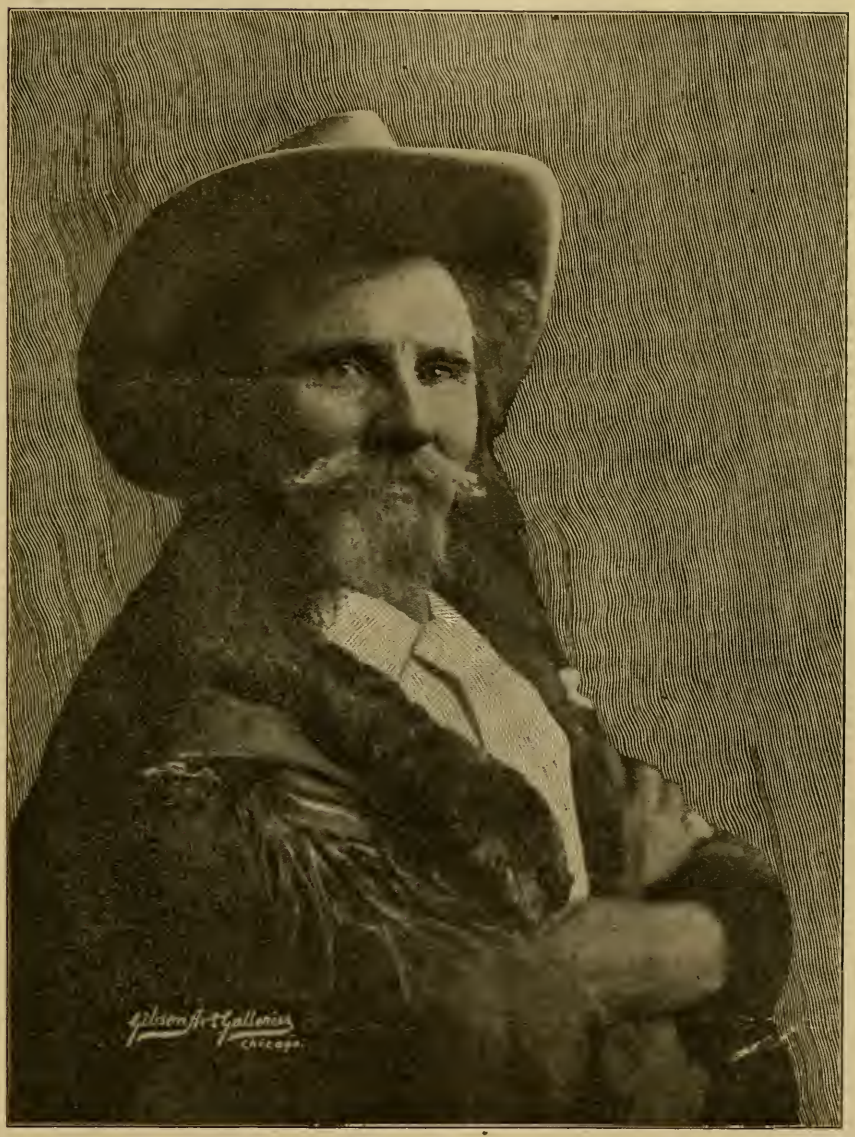
I never like to see a man a-rastlin' with the dumps,
Cause in the game of life he doesn't always catch the trumps.

"Did you ever stop to think," and then he goes and tells of what; we see our short-comings, and in the end the poems help us, and we see the "cause and why."

When your head is bowed in sorrow,
And your soul is out of tune;
When the Hope-Star of to-morrow
Is behind a cloud of gloom;
When Morose Imagination
Leads you to Distraction's Brink—
In your selfish dissipation
Did you ever stop to think?

Captain Crawford must have been at peace with all the world, for at the end of this poem, we find a note:

"Done this Christmas Eve, 1905—after a spin in the open with The Roycrofters."



CAPT. "JACK" CRAWFORD, THE POET-SCOUT.

Beecher said, "The Veteran and his Grandson" was the best short story of the war ever written. One of Captain Crawford's favorites is "Sunshine," a poem often credited to Whitcomb Riley.

"When a bit of sunshine hits ye
After passin' of a clowd,
When a fit of laughter gits ye
An' yer spine is feelin' proud,
Don't forgit to up and fling it
At a soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minit that ye sling it
It's a boomerang to you."

Again in his letter to an old friend, editor of the Deadwood Pioneer Times:

My Dear Bonham:
"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,"
And friends we love so dear
Or Deadwood have a tender spot,
For this old Pioneer?
Memory bids we say, "All hail!"
To friends and comrades true,
And thus, while riding on the rail,
I'm flinging this to you.
'Tis but a little wild bouquet,
A breath from memory's store,
A sonnet, that on my heart strings play,
For dear old days of yore,
And floating back on memory's wings,
Before the iron rail,
Comes music that the anvil brings,
Of the camp fire and the trail.

And thus I might sing on and on in my wild impromptu way, because of memories brought to me by a friend I met today.

Great Scott, I thought I had let up on the rhythm, but find it stealing into my prose.

The spirit of rhyme is ever present, and also the sincere character of the man is delineated. There is an uplifting for good and truth in every line he writes. What more can be said? His early life of hardships of frontier life has brought him near to nature, the weak, helpless and suffering. He is a great child of nature and the mystery of it all is, how has he kept this through all these years?

During a visit to the fair at Onekama, near Manistee, the beauties of Portage Lake would, away down in our hearts, receive the same artistic admiration, but we, in all probability, would have remained dumb or given expression in a few feeble commonplace words. The "Poet Scout" gives expression to his and our thoughts in the easiest and most natural way.

Reflections of a Broncho.

Have you ever seen the sunset from the head of Portage Lake?
Have you listened to the music as the little whitecaps break?
Would you gaze on Nature's grandeur, all unfolded at your feet;
Come to Portage Lake and see it in the coziest retreat.

I have never seen such beauty, in the autumn's richest gold,
As I see spread out before me. In its glory I behold
The grand kaleidoscopic tinted beauty of it all—
As winter comes a-sneaking 'round the dying bed of fall.

The Fair, in all its richness, is a sight you want to see;
The rose-cheeked country lasses, and the belles of Manistee,
The luscious squash and pumpkins, and fruit that beats them all,
Matured as winter whistles 'round the dying bed of fall.

From what I've seen and wondered at, I really cannot see
Where any county in the world can out-crop Manistee.
In fruits and flowers, in shady bowers, in golden showers and all,
The blessing, now maturing, near the dying bed of fall.

Good friends in fair O-nek-a-ma, I fear you never knew
The God of such a plenty, and how good He's been to you.
And when the old moss-backs have croaked, and gone at heaven's call
We kids will dance a two-step 'round the dying bed of fall.

With tints of golden Autumn on the fields and woods and hills,
With laughter of the children and the music of the rills,
With rippling lake reflections, God a-watching over all,
A Heavenly picture's painted 'round the dying bed of fall.

Captain Crawford's life began in Ireland, his birthplace being only second to his love for America where he has spent most of his life. His early childhood years were spent in poverty which compelled the boy to labor in mines. At the sound of the fife and drum the boy left the mines for the battlefield and life of a soldier. Then there was the hospital, the time for thinking and the first struggle and revealing of the poetical temperament, which struggled for light through the very depths of ignorance and lack of opportunity. Family ties were severed by death. A registered vow from the crippled boy to his dying mother to ever avoid the evil which through his father had wrecked their happiness, and then, the spirit of the war with the red man appealed to his patriotic fervor, and the plains and mountains became his school. He learned the true laws of nature, the heart secrets of the birds and flowers, and gave it back to the world in verse. As lecturer and entertainer he is known in two continents. Nature has been his teacher in the art of oratory and he is master of realism and dramatic instinct, and in all has the ring of truth which appeals to every one.—From *Towle's Magazine.*

Book Reviews.

Conducted by Thos. E. Watson.

COTTON. A Treatise on the Cultivation, Marketing, Manufacture and the Problems of the Cotton World. By Charles William Burkett, and Clarence Hamilton Poe. New York. Doubleday, Page & Co., Publishers. Price $2.00 net.

In this handsomely printed, and handsomely bound book, the authors give a most extensive history of cotton, from the times of its primitive use in India down to our own times. The increase of acreage and production are treated. The question as to whether the supremacy of the South is threatened by foreign competition is discussed. What the cotton plant means to the South and to the world is a subject to which large space in the book is intelligently devoted. In Chapter 5 the authors discuss the question as to whether the South will be ready to produce a twenty-five million bale crop when the world demands it. The truth is, the world, even now, needs a twenty-five million bale crop, but our rotten financial system, as well as our infamous tariff system have destroyed, to a large extent, the purchasing power of the people that need manufactured goods. Section three of this most valuable work is devoted to the marketing of the cotton crop, the following of the cotton from the fields to the spindle. A Chapter is devoted to the never ending battle between the bears and bulls in the cotton exchange. Section four is devoted to the manufactures and by-products of cotton. This book of 331 pages gives every indication of having been carefully prepared. It contains all of the statistics necessary to the thorough understanding of the problems discussed. It is handsomely illustrated throughout. It is a work which every intelligent Southern farmer, desiring to study his own interests, with a view to betterment of his condition in life, should read with the utmost care.

RICH MEN'S CHILDREN. By Geraldine Bonner. Illustrated. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. Price $1.50. This is one of the most striking and entertaining of recent novels.

Bernice Iverson reminds one of the she-devil, or beautiful fiend, in Dumas' "Three Musketeers." In the South, we call that kind of woman a hell-cat, or more politely, "one of the blue hen's chickens."

Bernice has run away from a disagreeable environment and a husband who cannot gratify her luxurious tastes, and has returned to her old home, San Francisco, where she begins work in a business office as typewriter. She forms the acquaintance of Dominick Ryan, a rich young man, who fancies himself madly in love with Bernice, and whom he marries, because of his belief that he has been the cause of her fall. The artful little vixen, on the other hand, has really seduced Dominick, but with a loyalty to his sense of duty which is superb, he tries to make the best of a bad situation until at length the failure of Bernice to force her way into the circle in which the Ryans belong infuriates her

to such an extent she throws off the mask, reveals her true character, and fills her young husband with disgust and horror. Almost beside himself because of his unhappy situation, he leaves San Francisco in the depth of winter and goes to a mountain hotel, where he had spent a few days of his vacation during the preceding summer. On his way up the mountain he encounters a terrible snow storm and he falls in the road overcome by the cold. It so happens that in this mountain hotel there is a very interesting group of people who find themselves snow-bound and to whom the intelligence is telegraphed from the railroad station that a traveler is on the way to the hotel and perhaps will be overtaken by the storm. A volunteer searching party is formed and Dominick Ryan is found and carried to the hotel. Then follows the painful nursing back to health and strength, his chief nurse being the beautiful daughter of old Bill Canon, a rich man, who is well known to the Ryans, but whose daughter Dominick, by some chance, had never met. The manner in which the author handles this situation—the mountain hotel, the snow-bound travelers, the lovely Rose Canon, Buford the actor, old Bill Canon himself,—is in the highest degree admirable. The logical result is, of course, that the rich man's daughter falls in love with the other rich man's son, and before Dominick leaves the hotel to return to his miserable home, he has wrung from Rose Canon the admission that were he free he might win her hand. The after scenes in which the strong-willed Mrs. Ryan, and the strong-willed Bill Canon try to buy off Bernice are the most dramatic in the book. Bernice is mistress of the situation, defiant and resourceful, until Buford comes upon the scene. It turns out that Buford's real name is Carter, and that he is the lawful husband of Bernice. Then, swift as a hawk, Bernice flies to old Bill Canon. Her refusal to accept a quarter million dollars shrinks into a desperate demand for immediate settlement, which brings her $35,000 in cash. With this sum in her pocket, she disappears into the night.

Geraldine Bonner showed more of the artistic instinct in the closing of "Rich Men's Children" than Charles Dickens did in closing "Great Expectations." It was certainly a blunder for Dickens to bring Pip and Estella together and leave them practically engaged to be married. He should have left them apart, as the critic's now agree.

Miss Bonner, having taken Bernice Iverson out of the way of the rich men's children, closes the book so, leaving the reader to figure out for himself the absolute certainty that Dominick and Rose will finally travel the long path together.

The character of Bill Canon is splendidly drawn. That of Bernice is perfect, in its way. Dominick is but fairly good, but in Rose Canon we have a most lovely specimen of the highest type of womanhood. The reader loves her because she comes up to his ideal of pure, unselfish, and *strong* womanly character.

Educational Department.

Conducted by Thos. E. Watson.

Courtland, Miss., Dec. 26, 1906.
Mr. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—I received the copy of your JEFFERSONIAN and also your letter. I am glad that you are going to publish a magazine. I want paper and magazine too. I have not gotten the New York magazine this month. I don't care much if I never get it.

(1). Where can I get the best arguments on the Government ownership of railroads? Have you one of your speeches on the subject?

(2). I would like to have some new books on all public questions. Banks and banking, money question, railroad question, as to rates and methods.

(3). And all about markets, futures, etc. I would like to have a book of important facts on cotton and the strongest arguments in favor of farmers organizing. I understand you have made some speeches on this subject and it is probable you may have one in print. If so, please send it.

I am an organizer here and want new points as I go along.

Your friend,
N. B. Duncan.

ANSWER.

(1). Governor Larrabee's book on the Government ownership of railroads is a very satisfactory work. You can get it from any book dealer for $1.50 You will also find a very useful collection of facts and statistics on this subject in Senate document No. 53. This is entitled "Railway Nationalization." Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, presented the argument of David J. Lewis, of Cumberland, Md., on the purchasing and operation of railways by the United States, and thus put it in the power of any citizen to secure a very strong presentation of the cause for government ownership, free of charge. Write to your Congressman, or one of your Senators for a copy of this public document and he will furnish you one that will answer every purpose of those who wish to make a study of the subject.

(2). The newest and best books on this subject are as follows:—"The Heart of the Railroad Problem" by Frank Parsons, published by Little, Brown & Co.; "The Legal Tender Problem," by Percy Kinnaird; "Bossism and Monopoly," by T. C. Spelling; "The Trusts," by W. M. Collier; "The Dark Side of the Beef Trust," by Herman Hirschauer; "The Hocus-Pocus Money Book," by Albert Griffin; "Farmers' Tariff Manual," by Strange. You can obtain the "Hocus-Pocus Money Book" from the author, who lives in Topeka, Kans. Price 25 cents. The others you can order through any book dealer, such as The Columbian Book Co., Atlanta, Ga.; or F. E. Grant, 23 West 42nd Street, New York City.

(3). The very book that you want on this subject has recently been published by Doubleday, Page & Co. It is called "Cotton." The authors are C. W. Burkett and Clarence H. Poe. This is a very comprehensive treatment of every question connected with

cotton. Those interested in the organization of the farmers throughout the country will find this book of the greatest use and value.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Please answer the following questions in your Educational Department:

1. If a pawn-broker in New York State loans money on goods that were stolen, (without his knowledge), must he return same goods to the authorities without compensation? Is it possible for you to quote the law?

2. Please state the difference between Populism and Hearstism.

3. Mr. Shonts claims it necessary to dig the Panama Canal with coolies; I thought that there was a law against importing or contracting foreign labor to the United States. Am I mistaken, or does it apply here?

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) David Meiselas.

ANSWER.

1. Am not familiar with New York Statutes. It would be best for you to consult a local attorney.

2. Could not answer this, unless you tell me what you mean by "Hearstism."

It has been my understanding that Mr. Hearst favors the Gold Standard, Imperialism, and Protection of what he calls "Infant Industries." Populism is opposed to the Gold Standard, opposed to Imperialism and opposed to protecting any one industry at the expense of others. Our cardinal principle is, equal rights to all, with special privileges to none; therefore, we oppose the granting of any special privilege, or *special protection* to any industry, for the simple reason that when you give any one industry a special favor, it has to be done at the expense of all the others. If there are one thousand different kinds of industries in a country, and the Government grants special favors to one hundred, then the nine hundred have been wronged to that extent. The nine hundred would have to bear the burden of donating to the one hundred the amount that the special favors yielded to them.

3. Panama is not in the United States, and does not come under the law to which you refer.

San Antonio, Texas.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, New York City.

Dear Sir:—In your July editorial (*Watson's Magazine*) you state one of your correspondents has furnished you a table of comparative prices as between American Manufactures sold in the United States and abroad.

For some time it has been my endeavor to obtain just such a table, and if you could let me have the one you speak of, if it would betray no confidence, I should return the same to you by first mail, and place myself under everlasting obligation to you.

Thanking you in advance, I am,
Respectfully,
(Signed) J. Orr Campbell.

ANSWER.

1. You will find a carefully prepared table in a speech which Hon. John Sharp Williams made in Congress last year. If you will write him a letter, he will doubtless take pleasure in forwarding you a copy of this speech. Address, Hon. John Sharp Williams, Washington, D. C. House of Representatives. If he fails to respond let me know, and I will try to have some other Congressman respect your request.

Autaugaville, Ala.
Nov. 27, 1906.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—I have just read in an old back number of your Magazine of January 1906, an article in res-

ponse to an Inquirer about orators and oratory, and you have given out information not found in works on elocution and oratory. Of course the Inquirer is a student of oratory, and wrote you asking for information on the subject of oratory, and doubtless you gave him what he desired.

But the question arises, suppose a student of oratory greatly desires to excel as an eloquent speaker, how would he know whether he possesses natural genius for oratory or not?

2. Are there any cases on record where men possessed natural genius for oratory, but did not develop into eloquent speakers until late in life, say between fifty and sixty years of age? And if so, please name them.

3. Whom do you consider the most eloquent orator living?

4. Which has the greater influence, extempore or prepared speech?

I ask you these questions with the hope that you will reply as soon as practicable, giving me the much desired information.

Thanking you in advance for a reply, and wishing you success in business, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) Thos. Hicks.

—

ANSWER.

1. He would know it first by an intense desire to express himself publicly, a profound confidence that he *did* possess the faculty, and then some progress toward success, after making repeated efforts to speak in public. One of the greatest orators was Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He was considered a dunce at school, and made a complete failure when he first attempted to speak in Parliament. A friend of his, who knew him well, and who had witnessed his pitiable collapse in Parliament, advised him not to make any further attempt; telling him he was not cut out for an orator.

Sheridan reflected a moment, and then said, "*It is in me,* however, and, *it has got to come out.*" The result was, that he kept on trying until he reached the climax of oratorical success in the celebrated speech against Warren Hastings,—a speech which Chas. Jas. Fox declared to have been one of the best of modern times.

2. The famous English novelist, Bulwer (Lord Lytton), did not make any atte npt at oratory until he had passed middle age. He then entered Parliament, and made a few speeches that were considered very fine.

Macaulay, the historian, was also late in entering upon the career of a Parliamentary orator. He succeeded.

Mirabeau himself, the Prince of French orators, had not tried his hand as a Parliamentary debater until a short while before his death.

As already stated, Sheridan had passed the years of youth, and had become famous as a writer of plays before he entered Parliament.

Lord Palmerston, who for such a length of time was Prime Minister to England, was practically unknown until he had passed middle life. His best speeches were made after he was fifty. The same thing is true of Thos. H. Benton, of our own country. His very best speeches were made after he had passed fifty.

There is no "age limit" to genius. Some of the finest mental work that has ever been done owes its existence to the veterans, such as Gladstone, Goethe, Voltaire, Fontinelle, Bismarck, Franklin, Cowper, Tolstoi, Ibsen and hundreds of others.

3. If there is a single orator now living who belongs to the class in which are to be found Patrick Henry, Sargent Prentiss, Robert Toombs, Ben Hill, Henry Grady, Daniel Webster, John Bright, Gladstone, Mirabeau, William H. Yancey and Rufus Choate, I do not know it.

The best speeches I have ever heard

—the most powerful, the most overwhelming, were made by H. D. D. Twiggs, a lawyer of the Georgia bar. From Chas. D. Hill I have known one superlatively great speech to come. This was his concluding address to the jury in the first trial of a celebrated murder case at LaGrange, Ga., in which Mr. Hill and I were opposing Counsel. On that day he walked with the stride of a giant, and must have very nearly equalled his great father, Ben Hill.

4. It all depends. Most great orators make certain preparations, but the power of extemporaneous speaking is indispensable to effective oratory.

Bonifay, Fla., Aug. 16, 1906.
Mr. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Will you please tell me in the Educational Department of your Magazine, where I can secure a good book on Parliamentary law? Recommend name of book, and tell me where I can get it.

2. Also please tell men about the $50,000,000 gold bond deal between Mr. G. Cleveland and one J. P. Morgan. I believe that was while "Clevie" was president of this country. Was any of the people's money really squandered? If so, how much?

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Chester E. Johnson.

ANSWER.

1. If you will write F. E. Grant, 23 West Forty-Second St., New York City, he will furnish you with a book upon that subject. He will tell you the price.

2. The bond deal about which you inquire, was brought about in this way: The New York bankers first prevailed upon John G. Carlisle, Secretary of the Treasury, to make a ruling that if the holders of paper money,—silver purchase notes for instance,—should demand their redemption in gold, the demand would be complied with. As the law stood, these silver purchase notes were expressly payable in silver coin. Mr. Carlisle over-ruled the law, and decided that he would pay them in gold, when Wall Street so demanded; therefore, Wall Street established what was called at the time "the endless chain." That is to say, a New York banker would go to the Treasurer with a half million dollars for instance, in paper currency. He would demand gold in exchange for this paper money. Mr. Carlisle would give him the gold. Consequently that unnecessary fund, which the Government calls "the gold reserve" would be diminished to the extent of whatever gold had been paid out to redeem these paper notes. Cleveland and Carlisle appeared to be extremely nervous about this gold reserve; if it sank below what they considered the danger line, they would immediately decide to issue bonds so as to get more gold for the "Gold Reserve." *The bonds were* precisely what the Wall Street gang wanted. The men who were engineering this rascally scheme, were J. P. Morgan, the boss Republican, and August Belmont, the boss Democrat. They played into each others' hands beautifully, as millionaire Republicans and Democrats are constantly doing.

When the Government decided to issue bonds to get back its gold, the Wall Streeters who had first pulled the gold out of the Treaury with paper notes, carried the gold back to the Treasury and got the bonds. This they did, time and again, and again, until the whole country caught on to the racket, and called the process "The endless chain." First, take your paper currency to the Treasury, and get gold for it. Second, the Treasury must issue bonds to get back the gold. Third, the Wall Streeter takes the gold which he has just pulled out the Treasury with paper notes and buys the bonds with it.

It was a very shameful chapter in

our history, and the worst feature of it was, that J. Pierpont Morgan went to the White House at night, had a secret consultation with President Cleveland, made the deal by which he secured the bonds at a price that was less than some of the New England Railway bonds were commanding in the open market, *a smaller price than the negroes of Jamaica were getting for their bonds at the same time.*

As soon as the bonds were placed on the market by Morgan and Belmont, their true value was indicated by the market price which they commanded. This was so much in excess of what Cleveland had sold them to Morgan for, in the mid-night deal, that Morgan and Belmont cleared about $11,000,000 on that first issue.

A very particularly ugly feature about the transaction was that *Mr. Cleveland's law partner, Stetson, acted as attorney for Morgan and Belmont in the transaction.*

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 8, 1906.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Sir:—Will you kindly answer the following questions through the Educational Department of your Magazine?

1. When an Indian killed a Caucassian, did the whites go among the Indians, and hunt out the guilty one, or did they slay the red men promiscuously?

2. When a white person had been killed by an Indian, and the guilty Indian had been found, was the Indian carried to a white Court and tried and executed by law, or was he killed or lynched on the spot by the white man?

3. Was a man guilty of murder for killing an Indian, when not an officer, and not in self defense?

4. Was war always declared between white and red men before the white could do anything to protect his family from the cruelty of the native American?

5. Did Indians assault white women after the manner that negroes often assault white women now?

6. Did Indians sit on juries and act as policemen and officers over white men, as is often done now by negroes?

7. Please give me the name of books that I can obtain that will tell me about the troubles of our fathers with Indians; will tell of Indian massacre and wars, causes and the details of how the Indian has almost been annihilated by the white man; manners, customs, origin and all about Indians.

8. Give me the name of a book that will give me a good account of the Moors, especially their sojourn and expulsion from Spain.

9. Please give me an example of history, if there is one, of when and where, two distinct races lived, or tried to live in the same country under the same laws and privileges.

10. Please give me the name of a book which tells the names of cities owning their own public utilities, and those that do not under similar circumstances. All about the different kind of plants, and what it costs to build and operate them.

(Signed) Wm. G. Travis.

ANSWER.

1. Sometimes it was one way, and sometimes the other. But generally, in retaliation for the killing of white men, Indians were killed indiscriminately.

2. There were very few cases where an Indian was tried in the white men's court for the killing of a white man. Usually if caught, he was put to death without ceremony of any kind.

3. Of course he was guilty of murder, but as a rule no punishment was meted out to him.

4. No.

5. No.

6. No.

7. In any history of the United States. Any Book-dealer will supply you Eggleston's History of the People of the United States; Barnes' History of the United States; Bancroft or Schouler. Parkman's Histories are particularly full of Indian affairs.

8. There is a history of the Moorish Empire which any Book-dealer can order for you. Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," contains an account of the Moors in Spain.

9. The fair-haired German races over-ran the dark-haired people in Europe, and there were very many bitter struggles before the blend of the two races into one. But they were both white races. The German peoples were fair haired and blue-eyed. The peoples whom they over-ran were also white, but were black-haired and dark-eyed. Perfect types of the two can be seen almost anywhere in Europe to-day.

In Great Britain something of the same sort occurred. The original inhabitants were conquered by foreign invasions, one after the other. There, centuries of bloody strife preceded the blending of these foreign peoples with the native races. In this case also, the different races *were all white.*

There have always been in this country, as there are now, some few who do not hesitate to say that the final solution of the race question in America, is the absorption of the black race into the white by inter-marriage. This theory is shocking to most people, since it contemplates the mongrelizing of the Caucasian race. The white race would be what the Mississippi River becomes after the Missouri pours its flood of mud into it—a hopelessly contaminated stream.

10. There are several books upon these questions, as you will see by reading other answers in the Educational Department of this number of the Magazine.

Red Wing, Minn., Dec. 3, 1906.
Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: I realize that I am intruding upon a busy man, but trust that you will pardon a question from one of your admirers. I read your magazine from the first issue, and to say that I enjoyed it, is putting it mildly.

It is in regard to a statement appearing in the February 1906 issue of your magazine that I should like to ask a question. I quote you from page 403, Vol. III, as follows:

"If there is any special system of jurisprudence which may be said to govern the affairs of men to-day, it is that of ancient Rome.

"You will hear much said about the English Common Law. You will hear it praised as if it were some divinely inspired oracle. Don't believe a word of it. The English Common Law was the brutal code of half naked savages. The truth was not in it, and it fell. It deserved to fall."

Now by the above, do you mean to say that the Laws by which we live to-day are derived from those of Rome, rather than from the English Common Law? That is the way I understand it.

One day in our history class we were discussing this question, and I took this view and mentioned you as authority. Our Professor, who is a graduate of the Law School of the University of Minnesota, had a different view, however. Now, if I have grasped your thought correctly, could you tell me where I could find more about the subject?

Now, if you can find time to answer the above, I shall also ask you to answer another question. I am undecided as to whether to study law, or to farm. I expect to finish the collegiate course (5 years above common school) in this institution next spring. If you were to begin life over again, which of these two would you choose?

Thanking you in advance for your answer, I am,

Yours truly,
(Signed) L. B. Grotta.

—

ANSWER.

You must not attach too much importance to the statement of that professor of yours. Professors go sadly astray every now and then. Only a few weeks ago, two of the Professors of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C., declared that there was no well authenticated case of death from snake-bite in this country. When you find our professors talking like that, what can you expect to happen next?

When I declared in the speech to which you refer, that "if there was any one system of jurisprudence which may be said to govern the affairs of men to-day, it is that of ancient Rome," I was speaking of the world at large, and not especially this Country. Throughout Europe the Roman jurisprudence prevails. It also is the code of some of our States, for instance, Louisiana. Many of its principles have been adopted, and are being administered throughout our Union. The Common Law of England is of course the substratum of the local system of most of our States, but it is so different from the parent system that they are almost two different systems.

When I spoke of the brutality of the Common Law of England, I had in mind such things as the monstrous powers which were given the husband over the wife. *Her position was little better than that of a serf.* Her husband had the legal right to beat her, and he had the absolute right to do what he pleased with her property. Her power and control over her child were almost nothing. The law gave the wife no redress against wrongs inflicted upon her by her husband. Her legal existence was merged into his. Then consider the law of the master and slave; consider imprisonment for debt; consider the barbarous punishments. There were considerably more than one hundred comparatively petty misdemeanors punished by death. Any combination of laboring people to better their own conditions was a crime. Begging was punished by death, if repeated more than three times. Prisoners rotted in the jails, and sometimes they did not even know why they were cast into the prison. Previous to the Habeas Corpus act, there was no method by which the citizen who had been cast into the dungeon could compel a trial of his case. Frequently it happened that the accused who had been tried and acquitted, was kept in prison because he was unable to pay for the straw upon which he had slept, and for the food which he had eaten. The prisoner at the bar had no right to be defended by counsel; had no method by which he could compel the attendance of witnesses in his own behalf; had no voice in the selection of the jury; had no earthly redress if he was illegally condemned.

Under the English Common Law, plain people had no part in the government of the country, or with the making of those laws which dealt so harshly with themselves. The common man was fastened by legal chains to the State, which robbed him in the name of *taxes*, and to the Church which robbed him in the name of *tithes*. The Common Law did not provide for his education, did not allow him liberty of speech or of conscience. The Common Law considered it all right for the poor man to be the servant of the rich. The Common Law considered that the ordinary citizen should be perfectly content to hold his neck at the mercy of arbitrary Kings, and his conscience in the keeping of ignorant priests.

Now put some of *that* up to your Professor, and let us see if he belongs to the peculiar type of Professor which declares that nobody in this country has ever been killed by snake-bite.

Franklin, Tenn., Dec. 31, 1906.

Mr. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Will you please write me where I can find information on "Child Labor?" I am writing a speech on that subject, and oblige,

Yours truly,
Erwin McClanahan.

ANSWER.

From The National Child Labor Committee, New York City.

Letters From the People.

Likes That Sentiment.

William M. Peyton, Martinsville, Va.

I am just in receipt of your magazine of January, 1907—WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN.

I am very must pleased with the entire periodical, and especially am I gratified with your first article "Foreward," explaining your transactions in connection with Mann, De France and Tom Watson's Magazine. I fully agree with what you say on page 18 in regard to Mann stealing your magazine and attempting to run it in your name. The name without the man will be a dead weight to the magazine, as Col. Mann has doubtless found out." I don't think there will be a single copy of his magazine taken in this part of Virginia. I have never read it since you withdrew from it. Your followers in this part of the state also fully agree with you in what you say on page 25. "After all, why worry over it? Life is too short to waste many of its precious hours on such a theme. Looked at in one way, those who thought to crush me have done me a service. They have put into me, once more, that intensity of energy and purpose which, otherwise, might never have been mine again. What the spur is to the thoroughbred, what the bugle-call is to the Cavalier, the recent attempt of my enemies to compass my ruin has been to me. By the living God! here is no thought of surrender, no weakness of doubt or hesitation, but a resolution, fixed as hardened steel, to march on."

I like particularly the embodiment of the whole sentiment contained in this last quotation. I like its fire and that fixed purpose and determination not to be defeated or overcome.

Has It Read to Him.

J. W. Algood, Temple, Ga.

Enclosed find $3.00 to pay for 4 yearly subscribers for your weekly Jeffersonian. I am taking it myself. I am 70 years old and can't see to read, but I have it done. I think it the best paper I ever read. I am an old "Confed" and a middle of the road "Pop" and have been all the time and expect to be what little time I shall live, and will do all I can for you. May the good Lord bless you in your good work, is the wish of one of your many and best friends.

Takes It On Faith.

Jas. W. White, Winchell, Tex.

Honored Friend: The first number of *Our* Magazine came to hand yesterday evening. I have not examined it, but *know* it is all right, and hasten to send you a P. O. M. order for $1.50 to cover subscription for a year. The New York "thing" still comes to me, but it will die next month, and I hope that Cholly-Mann will go down with it. The *Weekly Jeffersonian* does me good and makes the reform blood in my old heart run hot. May the good Lord continue to bless you and give you life and strength to educate the people until they can fully realize the dangers that surround us and will all rise up and sweep the present dynasty from the face of the earth and estab-

lish a government of the people, for the people, and by the people.

I am afflicted, and 78, and "flat-footed in the middle of the reform road."

The Cartoons Appeal to Him.

L. S. Newton, Baxley, Ga.

Enclosed find check for $1.50, for which you will please send me your JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE for one year, beginning with the first issue, or January number.

I have been a subscriber, from the beginning, to your old Magazine, and note your recent offer to credit unexpired time of the old on the new, but I will not require this of you, as I feel that I got value received out of your Editorials and Educational Department while you were connected with it.

I have just scanned your January number, and I am exceedingly pleased with it in every way. Mr. H. C. Newton joins me in congratulating you upon your brilliant success in starting off so admirably.

The conception, as well as the execution, of your cartoons is just splendid, especially "The Body Snatchers," and those others showing that the old New York Magazine in the hands of Col. Mann and C. Q. DeFrance is only a corpse—that the Spirit had flown to the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE in Atlanta.

We feel sure that the public, and the great majority of your old subscribers, will take the same view of it.

We think your "New Year" Prayer to Father Time, one of the rarest gems in the English language. Wishing you abundant success, etc.

This Correspondence Explains Itself.

(Copy.)

Huntington, Ga., Jan. 1, 1907.

Liberal Publishing Co., New York.

Gentlemen: Please discontinue Watson's Magazine. Do not send me another copy. Your explanatory article was enough to convince the most anti-Waston person that he (Mr. Watson) was badly treated.

I hope you will comply with my request.

Respectfully,
(Signed) T. E. Castleberry.

Huntington, Ga., Jan. 1, 1907.

Hon. T. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: Find $1.50 enclosed for which please send your WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE for one year beginning with first number, to J. W. Clopton, Lamar, Ga.

I hope you have my letter of December 26th enclosing $6.00 for subscriptions. I took the authority of securing these subscriptions because I considered it my duty to do all I can for my fellow man. I wish every good honest Georgian would subscribe for your magazine and discontinue their subscription to the New York publication, as it would be a just rebuke to Col. Mann and DeFrance.

May God spare you to the common people for many years to come. You are their truest and best friend.

Sincerely yours,
Thos. E. Castleberry.

Truth Will Prevail.

J. M. Cross, Dover, Ga.

I subscribed for "Watson's Magazine beginning with the first number, and it was quite a disappointment to me when I discovered that your connection with it was severed. Your editorials were able, pointed, and instructive. I want to begin with the first number of your magazine, THE JEFFERSONIAN. Please enter my name as a subscriber now and the money for the magazine will be forwarded as soon as I learn the price, and it is issued. I would like much to shake hands with you and congratulate you for your literary success and your political principles. I hear now and then your

former political enemies speak your praises. In the midst of slander, injustice and the vilest persecution you have made a brave and noble fight for civic righteousness, and in my humble judgment you will reap your reward. Truth is mighty and will prevail. May God bless and prosper you in the commendable aims and objects which now engage your thoughts and efforts, and hasten the day when "righteousness shall exalt the nation."

Likes the Old Teacher.

J. J. Bridges, Gainesville, Ga.

You will please find enclosed $1.50, which I believe is the yearly subscription to your new magazine. I have delayed this matter longer than I thought I would.

There are some several thousand of us who will take and pay for your publications as long as you are the promoter of them. Your labor and teachings are beginning to bear fruit, judging from the editorials coming from some of the Atlanta papers, and at the same time some of them are still playing at the same old game of criticising and trying to discount your philanthropic efforts of the past 15 years in putting the people on notice of the death traps in operation in this country to the benefit of the Wall street crowd. But Mr. Watson, chickens must come home to roost, and while the parade is going on in the papers, your friends are watching the game and know who is entitled to the honor of bringing public sentiment up to where it is on the railroad, as well as other questions, and we regret to see these Solomons dishing out their unwelcome and hateful criticisms of your work and at the same time going back 10 years to borrow ideas and expressions of yours that are perfectly familiar to your friends and readers, emphasizing them as all important, and really it amuses one of your humble friends to hear them howl. Mr. Watson, have you really converted them or are they taking the go on you? By previously announcing that there is really no use of Watson's Magazine in Georgia, as *The Atlanta News* and "Granny" *Constitution* have out generaled Watson and propose to push the Third Party doctrine along, and especially, if possible, limit the life of the magazine to a very few short months. But we boys have been in school several years and prefer to retain our old teacher, so let us have it in the plain old English way, and the more space used with T. E. W. at the bottom, the better the list of subscribers in Georgia.

Wishing you much success, and may the giver of all good spare you until your fondest hopes are realized, etc.

Another Specimen.

Harriston, Miss., Nov. 11th, 1906.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—My Daddy sent the letter to the Watson's Magazine I send you here. I thought it would be of interest to you.

Yours truly,
D. H. Chamberlain, Jr.

Watson's Magazine:

Noting the announcement in Nov. issue that Tom Waston is no longer connected with your publication, I beg that you discontinue sending me the magazine when my subscription expires, as it was solely for the instruction and pleasure to be gained from Mr. Watson's masterly and instructive editorials, that I ever subscribed.

You say very truly that Watson's Magazine without Tom Watson as editor would be like the play of Hamlet with the Danish prince left out, and I also agree with you that there are some men who would be as well pleased with the play thus emasculated, as with it complete; I beg to

inform you that I am not to be counted in as belonging to that gang of flabbergasted idiots. I am not at all surprised at Mr. Watson severing his relations with W. D. Mann, it was merely an attempt to make an eagle roost with a buzzard, and was an impossibility from the start.

I am not a Populist, and have no sympathy with that school of politics except in so far as they coincide with true Democracy (and they do in nearly every point), I cannot but realize the brilliancy and truth of Mr. Watson's writings, and their genuine value to the cause of reform and to the success of your magazine.

Well, the die is cast, and we will soon see which has made the magazine —Mann's money, or Watson's brains.

Yours truly,
D. H. Chamberlain.

"It's A Daisy."

W. J. Brown, Martin, Ga.

A thousand thanks to you for your editorial note to my letter of recent date, as published in the last JEFFERSONIAN. I cannot command words to express the sentiment of my heart for the same.

In the last JEFFERSONIAN you asked the question, "Have you seen the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE?" I answer, Yes and it's a daisy. You certainly gave the New York pair of frauds a grand farewell. I am highly pleased with the general make up of the magazine. In looking at "Letters from the People" my attention was arrested when I came to the one with the caption "An Anonymous Slander Rebuked." I instinctively caught on the idea, before I read the letter, that C. Q. D. was the writer of the anonymous letter, and although Mr. Eddy does not say so, I am fully of the opinion that he also is convinced that "The Patient Man" wrote it. I will try to send you some subscribers as soon as I get moved. I never let a chance slip to talk for your two journals.

With best wishes for your success in your fight for Jeffersonian principles, I am, etc.

The Truth About Banks.

J. P. Shaw, Bridgeton, N. J.

I have the *Jeffersonian* of Dec. 6th. The first item on the first page attracted my attention very much, "Privileges Claimed by the National Banks."

After reading the claims mentioned, I said to myself, have I at last found a paper that knows and dares tell all the facts about National Banks, a private institution, sapping the life out of the Nation, a credit system that does and is used to rob real wealth from the producer, a monopoly of the most impudent and destructive force of any or all other monopolies on the face of the earth.

The people are first deluded by it and then robbed by its credit system. Ex-Secretary Gage said: "The people labor under a popular delusion, they think the banks deal in money; we do not deal in money, we deal in Bank Credit."

Director Roberts said: "That no possible supply of money stock could prevent panics and periods of stringency. Experience has shown, said Mr. Roberts, that the superstructure of credit will adjust itself to any money stock and that no matter how greatly the stock may be increased, the pyramid of credit will grow correspondingly; if the money stock should be doubled or trebled, the same symptoms would soon reappear.

The truth of Mr. Roberts' assertion has been positively verified.

There has been, according to the Treasurer's Report, not less than $750,000,000 of new gold come to this country within the last ten years, of which $560,059,869 in gold coin has

been locked up tight and fast in the "Trust Fund."

That was allowed to be created in the Treasury of the United States for the express purpose for that class of people who must have the metal (gold) rather than real money. (Government Fiat.)

The gold coin is held and protected by Uncle Sam for the redemption of the notes and certificates for which they are respectively pledged and it is there for no other purpose. Uncle Sam does not own one dollar of it and the outstanding Gold Certificates will not and never were intended to circulate among the producing class or ordinary legitimate business trade, as their denominations are too large, the smallest of them being $20 and the largest $10,000; the average value of these certificates is about $58. Mr. Roberts said the reason that gold would not circulate more was that a $10 gold piece was too large in denomination and would not circulate in general trade, and the gold reserve of $150,000,000 is held for the redemption of Green-backs and Treasury Notes and for no other purpose, and the law said that they, when redeemed, shall not be used to meet deficiencies in the current revenues. They are like the $150,000,000 of gold, never more, never less, for all they have been redeemed a number of times, they are always kept at $346,-681,016, no matter how often they are redeemed. The law demands that amount, just as it demands the $150,-000,000 of gold coin and bullion.

This is an accommodation machine, the rich man's merry-go-round; when the gold is in, the green-back is redeemable in gold; when the green-back is in, the gold is redeemable in green-backs, another special favor for the special few, like the Trust Fund in the Treasury, it is the point where the "Gold" can be dealt in under the protection of Uncle Sam.

Ex-Secretary Gage said: "The laws that protect the Gold Standard are like armor plate to a ship of war." We producers realize that fact, from a money standpoint.

The National Bank Credit System has by law the advantage over legitimate trade and the producers of real wealth.

In comparison as $1,026.66 is to $100 and that is because they do not deal in money, but deal in bank credit, based on fiat money, real money is only an incident with a bank, an important incident, to be sure.

If both sides could be presented to the public, giving the whole truth instead of all one sided, this so called prosperity would not be in it, for it is only the truth half told, which is the worst kind of a lie.

I once heard a Judge in court say to a mouthy lawyer, "let the witness tell what he knows and don't you do all the talking;" a good comparison to my mind in this case.

The Treasurer said: "The growth and prosperity of the country and the general activity of business are reflected in the transactions and conditions of the Treasury.

Let us have more information from that quarter, that is where the interest of the American people centers and not in Rockefeller's private banks.

Now, Mr. Editor, please don't think that I mean to deny the facts and figures (official) that we are reading every day, for I do not. I only ask for the whole truth of the matter, and then let the people decide for themselves. From a money standpoint (taking the people as a whole) and judging from actual facts from the Government, the people are poorer and becoming more so every day, than we have ever been.

We have a great many men in high places figuring finance for the people that, in my opinion, need more know-

ledge on the financial condition of the country, or their souls converted to God, that they might tell the whole truth.

Calls It a "Hummer."

Robert I. Evans, Grand Island, Neb.

I am in receipt of your new magazine and must say that it is a hummer. Am making some comments on it in my paper this week, copy of which will be sent you. I would appreciate being placed on your exchange list and will make notice of it from time to time.

Although editor of a democratic paper, I could not stand for Parker and supported you in the last campaign. You are hitting Plutocracy some hard blows, and I wish you and your magazine success.

Yours for Jeffersonian Democracy.

Sets a High Standard.

H. M. Jackson, Clifton, Tenn.

I don't doubt that your mail is very burdensome, but allow me a minute of your time to express my appreciation for the receipt of a copy of your splendid magazine. I don't know when I have so thoroughly enjoyed an hour as the one spent with you in the JEFFERSONIAN. You have set a high standard that is sure to win.

I don't entirely agree with you in all you advocate, but I am forced to admit that time has vindicated you in many of your positions on economic questions, and I won't hazard the guess that the future will not vindicate you in all your political opinions. But aside from this, I enjoy your magazine for the pure English you employ. It seems to me you can get more strength out of the common, every-day Anglo-Saxon than any American writer. I don't know of any text book that would give students a clearer idea of pure rhetoric than your magazine. I have called the attention of our college president to this, at the same time giving him copies of your magazine. He afterward agreed with me.

I want you to give me your clubbing rate. I sent in a small bunch of subscribers when you launched your New York venture. I can probably duplicate these subscribers.

Farmers' Union Department.

As the JEFFERSONIAN goes to press, preparations are being made for the grand rally of the Farmers' Union, to be held in the state capitol in Atlanta, January 22, one of the leading features of which will be an address by Hon. Thomas E. Watson.

Local unions throughout the different states held meetings on January 8, and these were followed by rallies on the part of the county and parish unions on January 15. All these, however, were preparatory to the big rally to be held in Atlanta on January 22, when the National Board of Directors and the presidents of the various state organizations will meet and discuss matters looking to the welfare of the organization.

The Farmers' Union now has a membership of more than a million in the south and west, and is growing every day.

President Charles S. Barrett, of the national organization, has issued the following call:

"Atwater, Ga., Dec. 17, 1906.
To the Members of the Farmers' Union:

"As president of your organization, it is my desire to interest every member in the manner of our plans for the approaching year, and to this end I hereby call meetings, as follows:

"1. Of all local Unions on Tuesday, January 8.

"2. Of all county and parish Unions on Tuesday, January 15.

"3. Of the national board of directors, and of all state presidents for Tuesday, January 22, at 10 a. m., in the capitol building, Atlanta, Ga., and at the latter meeting all members interested in the work of the organization are invited to attend.

"The general purpose of these meetings is to discuss matters affecting the welfare of our great organization, and to outline in a general way the plan of action to govern us during the ensuing year. In this work I am anxious to enlist the sympathy and support of every member of the organization, and to this end I have called meetings of the local Unions in order that the movement may start from the heart of the members themselves. So let every member assemble at their local meeting place on the date indicated, discussing among themselves the work demanding our attention, and awakening renewed enthusiasm for the coming year. Let the county and parish Unions do the same thing at their meetings, and let the result of all these deliberations be forwarded immediately to the respective state presidents.

"In this manner when the state presidents and the national directors assemble in Atlanta on Tuesday, Januare 22, they will be in position more than ever to truly represent the membership of the organization in considering and formulating our general plan of action for the next year.

"The year just ending has been the most successful in the history of our association. Its membership has shown a phenomenal increase in every direction, and it is now generally conceded by all that to the Farmers' Union stand for 11-cent cotton is due more than anything else, the fact that up to this time the average selling price of cotton has been far in excess of 10 cents. Had our organization

stood for 10-cent cotton the price in all probability would never have gone beyond that figure.

"As a result of the uncompromising and the loyal stand of the members of our organization, and those who have worked with it, we have seen the price of cotton exceed 11 cents several times during the season, while the average price of all cotton so far sold has gone beyond the limit of that we were asked to meet.

"There is nothing in this world as effective as organization, with every branch of industry or commerce organized to purchase the product of the farmer as cheaply as possible, it is more than ever incumbent upon the growers of those products to organize in order that they may sell these products at fair and just rates.

"The farmers are beginning to realize this now, as never before, and the result of their cooperative effort along this line is being told along every farm house in America.

"So let us all join for our local, county and parish, and our national meetings for January. Let every member do his duty, and the result will speak for itself in making 1907 the banner year of the association.

"C. S. Barrett, President."

Farmers' Union Warehouse Plan.

In a South Carolina exchange we find an editorial on the Federation of Warehouse which fully and fairly analyses the idea and voices the correct view of the Farmers' Union on this subject. Though not written by a member of the Union, it concisely expresses the reasons for such action by the cotton growers of the country, as have been adopted by others engaged in handling raw products of other kinds. The editorial is as follows:

"There is an impending comprehensive change in the system of handling, warehousing and marketing cotton. The change will be to one where cotton will be dealt in by guaranteed certificates standing for the cotton instead of in the cotton itself. This plan involves a certificate which stands for every point connected with cotton, with its quantity, its quality, its safe storage and protection.

"The United States government handles gold in this way. It makes a safe storage for the gold itself and puts out a gold certificate which is more convenient for the people. Wheat is handled in this way. It is graded properly, stored and certificates are put out to represent the wheat. Pig iron is handled in this way. All these certificates are brought to some standard and are handled on the stock and commercial exchanges of the country. By this means better and more stable markets are obtained and great economy accomplished.

"Railway properties as well as large manufacturing properties are represented by stocks and bonds which are simply certificates representing a portion of the property. Better commercial values are obtained because these certificates can be handled on the exchanges. Cotton is probably the one agricultural and commercial product which has not been brought into a system by which a manufacturer in Bremen or in Manchester may buy up his supply of raw cotton and leave it in storage until he wants it shipped out.

"The agitation upon the subject of cotton warehouses is not without foundation, and is going to lead to consequences which will be advantageous to the whole South. It transpires that it is not so much warehouses that are needed as a comprehensive system for grading the cotton, guaranteeing the grades and weights, and issuing certificates which will become a commercial commodity in the open markets. Heretofore warehouses have issued

certificates which represent nothing in particular—simply a bale of cotton. There is no way of dealing in certificates which don't come down to exact specifications.

"Factory insurance is brought to a condition of great perfection and economy by an association of factories. In the same way, if warehouses would associate themselves together and make up an insured or guarantee fund, which would stand back of all the cotton in the warehouse which are members of the association or in a general company, it would make a big difference in the facilities for handling cotton."—*Southern Mercury*, Dallas, Texas.

The South's Great Enemy.

What Co-Operator has said heretofore and has so clearly shown has been fully verified again. Co-operator has declared a number of times that Agricultural Department crop condition monthly statements and crop estimates and census bureau ginners' reports, were utterly worthless, absolute guesswork and altogether chimerical and therefore sensible people ought not to give them a moment's heed. It would not matter how sensational, how bullish or how bearish they were, if it was not that each one of them costs the farmers of the country multiplied millions of dollars—the cotton raisers of the South and the grain growers of the West and Northwest. And the pity of it is, the Argicultural Department is intended especially to benefit the farmer, and does benefit him in many ways. Let us grant that these census reports of ginnings and the agricultural reports of crop conditions and its crop estimates are correct to the figure. How can they possibly help the farmer, how can they help anybody on the face of the earth, except the gamblers in farm products? They can not even be valuable to posterity as historical data, save as a gratification to curiosity.

If they are true, they serve but as clubs for the gambling horde to hammer down farm products below just and legitimate prices, but being absolutely, utterly and damnably false, not even having the coloring of truth, they are tha. much the more dangerous and more ruinous to the farmers of this country. The director of the census bureau says in positive terms, in his official annual statement to the President of the United States, that the ginners' reports are inaccurate and unreliable. How does the Agricultural Department get its data? Throughout the States it has agents who make up their calculations of crop conditions and crop estimates, monthly, sending them in. There are special agents, too, traveling hither and yon within specified bounds, estimating crop conditions and crop yields from car windows as they whirl past the fields, and asking anybody from the forks of the creeks how the crops are in their respective communities, and on this sort of unsubstantial, flimsy foundation, the crop statisticians sum up and average conditions and calculate crop estimates. And upon this sort of flimflamery, this bucket-shop brand of information, these "mitt house," "boozing ken" representations, the farmers of these United States have to submit to being held up while their pockets are rifled of millions of dollars monthly during the crop season. Just at this time it is the Southern cotton grower, who is being garroted and fleeced.

Farmers of the South, Co-Operator is addressing you directly, now, and the farmers of the West and Northwest, through you indirectly. Stand firm. Hold on to your cotton. Let the Agricultural Department and the Census Bureau issue half-hour bulletins if they want to, making any sort of baseless reports they please, but

go on in your ways utterly heedless of all they may say and do, and utterly heedless of what the speculators and gamblers may say and do. Let these fellows fight among themselves to their hearts' content, robbing each other by their fabricated stories, till nothing is left of either. It cannot make any difference to us, brother farmers, whether the cotton crop is a big one or a little one, the price of cotton is 11 cents, and freeze to your staple and you will get it. This crop estimate of 12,546,000 bales will cause a little flurry for a few days, and it will be used by the speculators to frighten timid farmers into rushing their cotton to market, so as not only to keep the price down, but to send it lower. To those of you, friends, who are true blue, with the nerve to face the music for a little while longer, this flurry and semi-panic will prove a blessing. It will get the "scared" cotton out of the way and you will reap your reward by not getting under 11 cents for your cotton. Just look back a moment. Do you not remember that for many years past the Agricultural Department has, just before Christmas, got out some sort of sensational crop report? Do you not remember that it has for years and years been the practice of the cotton gamblers to work some scheme to cause a rush of cotton to market just before Christmas? The farmer wants a little Christmas money and plans to sell a few bales just as the year-end holidays begin to approach, and the gambler takes advantage of this time to skin him. A government mule has sense him.

A Government mule has sense enough to know the cotton crop is not 12,500,000 bales of cotton this year by one and a half or two millions. And a government mule has sense enough to know that it makes no difference if the crop is twice that size, it is worth every cent of 11 cents a pound, and that 11 cents will be obtained by all who hold their cotton, selling it only as the markets actually call for it.

Now is the crisis with us, brother farmers. We had such another, only worse, in December, 1904, but all who stood to their colors got 10 cents for their cotton, notwithstanding the crop was 13,800,000 bales, in fact, not estimated.

What a shame that cotton growers are thus robbed and under cover of law, by means of the very agency that ought to protect them.—*National Co-Operator,* Dallas, Texas.

Tips From the Guide.

The work of the Farmers' Union cannot be checked by any man or set of men. It's of too broad a scope.

* * *

Your boy may some day be Governor of Alabama. Why not encourage them to take an active part in our meetings?

* * *

The education of our people is the key note, so to speak, of our organization. Let's give the young men and women an opportunity in each and every meeting of our locals to discuss matters brought before it. Encourage them to speak.—*Farmers' Union,* Pell City, Ala.

Now Is the Time.

These long winter months should be made a time for agitation and each local union should recruit its ranks, until every farmer in the neighborhood becomes a member. In Texas where the farmers have patronized their warehouses, they have invariably received 11 cents for their cotton. This condition should universally prevail, and will, if the farmers will adopt the idea of collective selling.

In every state the farmers are constructing their union warehouse with a view of getting a position to make

trade agreement with the manufacturers of our products, and with pride for the growth and glory of the Farmers' Union in Indiahoma, I appeal to you to do your duty in this great state and be ready to help the co-operating farmers in other states. I would suggest that you hold special agitation meetings at every local and prepare suitable programs and entertainments, enlisting the support of your wives and daughters, and invite your non-union neighbor to come out and enjoy the evening with you, and while he is your guest educate him and be able to bring him in as a member of your local. This will not be hard to do, as while he enjoys your feast he will readily accept the invitation to join. Let the words be, agitate, educate, organize and co-operate. —J. A. West in *The Farmers' Advocate.*

Join the Union.

We hope that all of our farmers and workingmen will join the Farmers' Educational Union. The union movement is a movement in favor of humanity. It is only through co-operation that we will ever be able to stop the aggressions of capitalistic and corporate greed. It is only by organizing that popular rights can be secured. The few who are already in the saddle will continue in control as long as the workingman and the farmer remain Helots and allow themselves taxed to death to support the rich corporations which are making large dividends on watered stock.

There are enough farmers and workingmen in this country to right every political wrong, if they will only organize and work for the benefit of the many against the encroachments of the few.

Let us all go out, join the Union and work for the good of our country. —*Rambler*, Cordele, Ga.

The Outsider.

And now, a word to the outsider, to the farmer who is as yet outside the union. You know that the farmers have the power to manage affairs more to their interest if they will organize and use their combined strength. You know that alone, your individual efforts amount to nothing. You know that this union was conceived in the brain of a farmer. That it was shaped and moulded to its present perfect form by farmers, that it was organized and officered by farmers for the benefit of farmers. You know that the most intelligent progressive farmers are crowding into its ranks and yet you hold back and to save your life you can't give one reason why. My friends you are going to feel mighty lonesome soon for your neighbors will be in and you out. We are growing faster than any institution ever did before. Our people are in earnest and we beg you for your own sake to come to us and help the good cause.—*Union Advocate,* Hazlehurst, Miss.

Returning Thanks to My Friends.

The first issue of WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE has met with a reception which could not fail to satisfy the most exacting. Literally, from every State in the Union, and from men in every walk of life, these generous words of praise and appreciation have come.

And to say that this cordial reception is gratifying would be but a mild statement of the truth.

From the President of the United States and the Premier of Canada, from Secretary Taft, Secretary Root, Secretary Straus, Secretary Metcalf and nearly every member of the official family of the Chief Executive, acknowledgements have been received. Senator Albert J. Beveridge, Congressman Champ Clark—who, by the way, is a regular contributor to *The Weekly Jeffersonian* — extend greetings.

Governor Jas. K. Vardaman, of Mississippi, writes:

January 7, 1907.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Editor WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE, Atlanta, Ga.

My Dear Mr. Watson:—Enclosed I hand you check for $1.50 which you will place to my credit on account of WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE. I am very much pleased to know that you are going to continue the publication of a Magazine. While you edited *Watson's Magazine,* I thought it about the most interesting publication that I received. There are so many things that I agree with you about and your style of expressing your thoughts is so direct and straightforward that I read your writings with more pleasure than any public man of the day. I sincerely hope that this venture may prove a success. If I can be of any assistance to you in any way please command me.

With best wishes, I am, cordially and sincerely,

Your friend,
Jas. K. Vardaman.

The editors of the various newspapers throughout the country have been particularly cordial. The *Commoner,* of Lincoln, Neb., says:

"Hon. Thomas E. Watson of Georgia has launched a monthly publication, to be known as WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE. It is very neatly gotten up and has all the departments which an up-to-date Magazine usually contains. His New York venture, "*Watson's Magazine,*" fell into the hands of political enemies and he felt it necessary to start the new one. Mr. Watson is essentially a reformer and is powerful both on the stump and with the pen. His style is entertaining and the JEFFERSONIAN will doubtless have a large circulation. It is published at Atlanta."

The New York *American* says: "Feeling bound not to abandon the cause for which he stands, and made his former Magazine stand, Thomas E. Watson, of Atlanta, Georgia, has begun issuing WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE. If there are any who do not know this famed writer's views on the political and social problems of the day, he will find them amply set forth in the polemical editorials to which considerable space in each issue of the new Magazine is to be devoted. Aside from these there are the usual features of fiction, educational and

historical and home departments. In the first number appears the opening chapter of Will N. Harben's delightful novel of Georgia life, 'Ann Boyd,' which excited so much favorable comment upon its appearance in book form, and the editor's own 'Life and Times of Andrew Jackson.' "

Editor Hapgood, in *Collier's Weekly*, says, in his own breezy way:

"It is all right, old man. We never intended to connect you, in obliquity, with His Whiskers. Tom Watson, whatever his vagaries, belongs not with the Colonel Manns of this vale of tears. He writes to us as follows: 'I am too busy with the bringing out of my own Magazine to pay much attention to the published statements of the notorious old hoop-skirt and exposed fraud known as Colonel Mann.' We are sure you are, Tom. 'In his latest rush into print the Colonel did not say much about that $9,000 he owes me.' Alas, that's serious. If you can see that $9,000 again, you will break a record, and the Colonel's heart. 'If it would not be so hard on Ananias, I would compare Colonel Mann to that less expert and voluminous liar.' Don't do it, Watson, there's nothing in it. The Colonel has flatterers enough. 'Among knaves, Colonel Mann must be admitted to be what Beau Brummell was among dandies, the pink of perfection. Other knaves may excel him in some one particular, but as an all-round rascal his match would fatigue a search-warrant.' It would. It would. But what can you do about it? His victims have included many richer and also shrewder men than you. It is because of your simple nature that sympathy from the world really should be yours. 'Some of the most savage abuse that it has ever been my lot to bear was heaped upon me by those who assumed that, because I was connected with Colonel Mann, my character was as bad as his. The public could not know that at the time I made my contract with Colonel Mann I was totally ignorant of his true character.' In justice to you, Tom Watson, the public ought to know."

The sparkling Washington *Herald* says, editorially, that "the Magazine is fully up to the standard that a man of the intellect of Mr. Watson might be expected to maintain. It is not probable that anything his former business associate might say could in any wise injure Mr. Watson with his following throughout the land. It seems that Mr. Watson might well have dismissed that controversy with fifty lines or so, and passed on to higher and better things.

"Differ with Mr. Watson as one may, his forceful personality and his brilliant and scintillating intellect cannot be denied. That he has a mighty following throughout the land —especially in the South and West— will not be disputed. He has the audience, and he has the business ability and judgment to make this venture a literary and a financial success.

"With Mr. Watson there is associated another brilliant young Georgian, Mr. Charles J. Bayne. Mr. Bayne is conceded to be one of the most thoughtful as well as one of the most acomplished writers in all Dixie, and it is not doubted that his work will greatly add to the attractiveness of WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

"It really seems strange that no Southern Magazine has heretofore been able to keep its head above water. It would be a distinct gain to the country should such a Magazine be established upon a paying basis. Mr. Watson is, it will occur to thousands the very man to establish it.

"Good wishes for the success of his undertaking will go to him from all parts of the land."

The Chicago *Daily News*, which is a high authority, says: "WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE has made its appearance and bears out the belief that the Thomas Watson who built

up the Magazine of that name in New York to the point where it became a power will be abundantly able to carry on his work to much better advantage in the South."

The Providence *Journal* sounded a vigorous note of warning against the bogus *Watson's Magazine*, which was highly important, until the New York corpse was finally buried, and *The Journal's* courtesy is duly appreciated, as due acknowledgements are also made to The Indianapolis *Star*, Chicago *Evening Post*, The Mobile *Register*, Nashville *Banner*, The Knoxville *Journal*.

Our special acknowledgements are due The Tallahassee *Sun*, The *Missouri World*, *The National Co-Operator*, The Pell City, Ala., *Farmers' Union Guide*, *The Patriarch*, of Seattle, The Adams County *Democrat*, of Hastings, Neb., the Centuria, Wis., *Outlook*, the Joliet, Ill., *News*, The Marshallville, N. C., *Our Home*, The Jackson, Tenn., *Whig*, The Hondo, Texas, *Herald*, The Wilmar, Minn., *Tribune*, The Talladega, Ala., *Reporter*, The Headland, Ala., *Post*, The Dothan, Ala., *Journal*, and—well, we are overwhelmed with obligations.

The editor of the *Union-Advocate*, of Hazlehurst, Miss., says: "I have read and profited by Tom Watson's writings for many years and will say now and here that he is the best writer in the United States, and as good a Democrat as Thomas Jefferson or Andrew Jackson."

The Tupelo, Miss., *Review*, says: "The gallant Tom Watson has come out of his New York night mare, and now stands firmly on his native soil in Atlanta behind WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE, destined to become the most popular as well as the most conscientiously conducted publication of the kind on the American continent."

The Storkville *News*, of the same State says: "To fully appreciate the work is to read it." The Birmingham *Ledger* remarks that "there isn't a dull line in it," and the Andalusia, Ala., *Times* wafts us a "luck to you." The Guntersville, Ala., *Democrat* doesn't agree with the editor on all points "but we recognize the hand of genius in his writings."

The *Mirror*, of Clifton, Tenn., says: "Watson, the brainiest, clearest and most pungent writer in American literature, has come to the front again, this time with a new Magazine all his own. . . .

"The Foreword from the gifted Watson is only a little season for the real feast that follows. Like every genius, Watson must be stirred to do his best—have something to whet up his intellect, call in play his marvelous vocabulary, set his think-tank to running and draw out the fire that is within him. His editorials are exceptionally bright and pointed, and contain a mixture of humor and irony that make them a healthful diet.

"Of course, we all don't agree with Watson. He says many things that appear radical and extreme, but that doesn't keep his writings from being interesting. Aside from the policies he advocates and the ideas he introduces, his writings are valuable for the splendid English he uses. He doesn't employ all the big words going. Not he. He sticks to the simple language of our forefathers, and that is why it is so beautiful. He takes the old-fashioned words of the masses, marshals them together with such symmetry and harmony that one is astonished at the expressive power of the every-day vocabulary. And withal there is such a deep spirit of earnestness and sincerity about what he says that you unconsciously sympathize, even if you don't agree, with him."

Through *The Weekly Jeffersonian* we have already expressed our thanks to the local press of Atlanta—and we repeat the sentiment here.

In addition, we acknowledge the courtesies of Editor Bowdre Phinizy, of the Augusta *Herald*, Editor Henn-

ing, of the Augusta *Tribune.* The Savannah *News* says of Mr. Watson: "Not only is he a man of convictions, but he has the courage of them. His new Magazine is a credit to the State." Editor Shole, of the North Georgia *Citizen,* has been particularly generous and we extend our thanks to The Cordele *Rambler,* The Royston *Record,* the LaGrange *Reporter,* The Dublin *Times,* The Wrightsville *Chronicle,* The Sandersville *Herald,* The Sandersville *Progress,* The Columbus *Ledger,* The Fitzgerald *People,* The Savannah *Press* and many others, to whom we make our best bow.

Home Study Educates

John F. Genung, Ph.D.
Professor of English.

The Home Correspondence School offers the home student an opportunity to pursue systematic courses of study in Academic and Preparatory, Agricultural, Commercial, Normal and Common School branches under the personal instruction and guidance of able professors in leading American colleges and universities

George Chase, Ph. D.,
Professor of Greek..

Academic and Preparatory Courses

Our Academic and Preparatory courses include all of the usual four years of High School work as well as many additional branches of college grade. The courses in English are given by Prof. Genung of Amherst College; the courses in Latin, by Prof. Harkness of Brown; the courses in Greek, by Prof. Chase of Harvard. An eminent specialist is at the head of every department. Special attention is devoted to students preparing for college and to students working for the higher grades of teacher's certificates. Students may register at any time and may take up complete courses or pursue special branches.

Agricultural Courses

Our courses in Agriculture are taught by Prof. Brooks of the Massachusetts Agricultural College; Horticulture, Landscape Gardening and Floriculture, by Prof. Craig of Cornell University; Agricultural Bacteriology by Prof. Conn of Wesleyan University. We have been very successful in teaching Agriculture and related branches by correspondence. Our books have been adopted as regular text books for classroom work by over three-fourths of the State Colleges of Agriculture. There is money and pleasure too in farming and gardening, in the growing of fruit or of flowers for those who understand the *ways how* and the *reasons why* of Modern Agriculture.

Commercial Courses

Our Commercial courses are in charge of J. Frank Drake, B.A., M.C.Sc., a graduate of Dartmouth College and of the Amos Tuck School of Administration and Finance. We offer a Complete Business Course including bookkeeping and actual business practice, commercial arithmetic, business correspondence, finance and the location, organization and management of industry. Also special courses in Penmanship, Letter Writing, Shorthand and Typewriting and Commercial Law. We have hundreds of commercial graduates who are holding good positions in the business world and who attribute their success in a large measure to our instruction and help.

Albert G. Harkness, M. A.,
Professor of Latin.

Normal and Common School Courses

The principal of our Normal and Common School department is A. H. Campbell, M. A., Ph. D., formerly principal of The State Normal Schools of Vermont and New Hampshire. The courses include Normal and Review instruction in the common branches, also special courses in Kindergarten, Pedagogy, Science and Art of Teaching, etc. Graded courses in the common branches are offered for the benefit of those who have never enjoyed good common school advantages.

The Home Correspondence School is the leading institution offering instruction by correspondence. Our courses are as thorough and painstaking as fully qualified instructors can make them. Our faculty is composed of strong college men who are very much interested in correspondence teaching and who are in full sympathy with the home student. Our tuition rates have been reduced to the lowest point of economy consistent with efficient service.

If you cannot conveniently leave home or your present employment to attend the regular sessions of a resident school, if your local school advantages are not satisfactory, if you are past the school age, if you wish to take up a special course to assist you in attaining some special object, remember that HOME STUDY EDUCATES. In choosing a correspondence school, choose the best. Poor instruction is dear at any price. It is not worth your while to study under obscure instructors when you can just as well study under the personal instruction and guidance of able college professors who are known the world over and whose personal certificates carry all the weight of residence school diplomas.

Lawrence A. McLouth, B. A.,
Professor of German.

A copy of our general catalogue explaining our courses in detail will be sent free to all who ask for it. Write to-day. The information which this catalogue contains is worth having.

The Home Correspondence School, Dept. 46, Springfield, Mass.

The Atlanta Georgian

(Every Day Except Sunday.)

PRESENTS

Every Yearly Subscriber with a 12 Months' Subscription

TO

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

$4.50 PER YEAR FOR BOTH

The Newsiest and Cleanest Southern Daily Newspaper and the Standard Southern Magazine one year for the price of . . . . . .

THE GEORGIAN

20,000 words a day over our New York Wire and 300 men in the South sending us the news each day is how the Georgian gives more news than most papers . . . . . .

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES
IS EDITOR.

Absolutely Reliable and Authoritative Market Quotations and Sporting News.

The Atlanta Georgian,

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

ADVERTISERS

Reach the Most Enthusiastic Audience in this Country Through the Columns of

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

ALL selling finally resolves itself into buying—buying the services of good men, buying business-bringing booklets and form letters, good advertising copy and advertising mediums—buying orders at a profitable figure.

An advertising medium is a known quantity. Why buy advertising space as you *must* choose a salesman, why trust to intuition or snap judgment, when you can work with figures?

Simply be sure of the answers to these questions and you'll never buy space in the wrong medium:

(1) What is a publication's circulation? How is it distributed? Who are the people that buy it? How enthusiastically do they read it? How long do they treasure it? To what degree do they believe in and are they influenced by it?

(2) What is the cost per page per thousand of space in this publication?

(3) What does it cost you to reach these enthusiastic readers in other ways?

(4) What would it cost you to reach our vast audience with one cent post cards?

(5) How do these facts and figures (seemingly conclusive) really work out? What results does the publication quote to make it impossible that these figures lie?

If you do not already know the answer to all these questions concerning WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE, that it goes into the homes and is read by 100,000; that its readers are of the 35 cent magazine sort in point of quality; *that they are the most enthusiastic body of men and women reached by any publication;* that they believe in WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE, and its editor, and know that our advertisers are trustworthy; that every copy of WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE is read and re-read; that the advertising rate is the lowest quoted by any high-grade publication—about sixty cents per page per thousand readers, then write us and let us tell you more about it.

THIS COUPON SAVES YOU 10%

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT
Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

SEND COPY BEFORE FEB'Y 10th. FOR THE MARCH NUMBER.

ATLANTA, GA. .....190....

Kindly enter my order for.....lines, six times, in the classified columns of Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine. Enclosed please find.....(40c per line) in full payment for first insertion—copy attached.

Upon receipt of memo. bill on the 25th of next and each succeeding month (six-time discount to be credited on bill for sixth insertion) I will remit promptly and advise whether to repeat or to run new copy.

Very truly yours,

.....

Address.....

¶Allow about eight words to the line—most of last line for name and address. 5 lines, 6 times, $10.80. 40c per line additional.

Classified Advertising

DO YOU WISH TO SELL

DO YOU WISH TO BUY

REAL ESTATE?

California.

FOR SALE.—FINE HOME IN PINES NEAR OCEAN beach; summer the year round. Rents for $100 per month. Send for photos and price. R. H. Stevens, Carmel, California.

* * * * * *

MONROVIA.—BEAUTIFUL FOOTHILL suburb of Los Angeles. Electric car service. Refined moral community. Send 2 cent stamp for descriptive matter. C. E. Slosson, Monrovia, Cal.

* * * * * *

A BEAUTY.—RANCH 120 acres behind Stanford University. Fine improvements and stock, all for $900! Great boom coming! Greater San Francisco Corporation, Mayfield, Cal. Information!

* * * * * *

LOS, ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.—The most progressive city on the Pacific Coast. Southern California is the ideal summer and winter resort of the world. Information for 5 cents postage. Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

* * * * * *

REAL ESTATE BUSINESS SELF-TAUGHT. I teach California methods. Best in world. Sure money-makers. My course shows how. Particulars and map Los Angeles free. Write today. W. A. Carney, Stimson block, Los Angeles.

* * * * * *

A BEAUTY HOME of 2 acres. Finest climate. Near Frisco and University, only $500. Secure it till you can investigate by deposit of $25, returnable. Easy payments. Commissions executed. Greater San Francisco Corporation, Mayfield, Cal.

* * * * * *

BARGAIN.—520 acres in Butte County, Cal. Olives, olive oil, figs, peaches, and mineral springs. No earthquakes. Price, $65,000. After first payment crops will soon pay for property. May I send you prospectus giving full details? C. C. Spotswood, Suite 507-239 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

* * * * * *

CALIFORNIA IRRIGATED land is best for home and investment. 5,000 acres just secured in richest section. Ten acres ample. Long time—ample water. Level and clear. Perpetual water right. Extra inducements to those who improve. $30 to $50 per acre. W. H. Wise, 218 T. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

* * * * * *

CALIFORNIA LAND $1.00 ACRE.—Balance entire purchase $1.00 week for each 5 acres. No taxes. No interest, 5 acre tracts. Level, clear, rich. Ready to plow. Under irrigation. Perpetual water right. Immediate possession given. Particulars, maps, photographs for 2 cent stamp. Stevinson, Colony, 703 W. Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco.

* * * * * *

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FARMS.—60 minutes from Los Angeles. Beautiful farms with all modern rural improvements; only $75 to $150 per acre; easy terms; inexhaustible water supply; three transcontinental railroads. Ten acres will make you independent. Fruits, vegetables and alfalfa grow every day in the year; no cold or frost; perpetual summer; the land of sunshine and health; beautiful towns of Pomona and Ontario adjoin our lands; write today for maps and complete literature describing the famous Chino Ranch. Chino Land and Water Co., Dept. A, 516 Wilcox Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Florida.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—For information and literature of value to the homeseeker, invalid, or investor, address Board of Trade. Most popular Florida resort.

SUMATRA TOBACCO LAND in the blue grass section of Florida. Will produce $1,000.00 worth every year on each acre. Write quick as boom has started. T. A. Ausley, Tallahassee, Fla.

* * * * * *

PROPERTY ON ORMOND PENINSULA on Halifax R. Best location in state for all year or long winter season. Good house, paying groves, price $5,000. Address E. A. Lapp, Bulow, Fla.

* * * * * *

FLORIDA ORANGE AND GRAPE-FRUIT groves and pineries, are paying big returns. We have some bargains. Write for our descriptive booklet. Tidd, "The Real Estate Man," Jacksonville, Fla.

* * * * * *

ORANGE GROVE.—250 bearing trees twenty years old, including grape fruit and tangerines. In fine condition. One mile from railroad station. High land, near large lake. J. E. Davison, Pawtucket, R. I.

Miscellaneous.

FOR SALE.—81,000 acre ranch, 15 miles from Santa Fe, N. M. 3,000 irrigated. Gold and coal on ranch. Price $4.25 per acre, or $2.12½ for half interest. U. S. Renee, Smithland, Ia.

* * * * * *

BIG BARGAINS IN LAND for investment or homeseeker in Missouri, Kansas, Sunny Texas and Mississippi. Large and small tracts. The Investors Realty Co., 696 W. Hall Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

* * * * * *

IOWA FARMS FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE.—We have some of the best bargains in improved farms in Iowa. Send for our new illustrated list. Northern Iowa Land Co., Independence, Iowa. Box T. W.

* * * * * *

$10.00 down and $10.00 for nine consecutive months buys a lot in Arcadia, Fla., the booming county seat of the greatest "Florida" orange and cattle region in the state. Remit at once to get in this offer. Address, R. C. Selvidge, Brandon, Miss.

* * * * * *

$300 PER ACRE PROFIT IS THE RECORD for our farmers near Kingsville on the Gulf Coast line, Texas, the winter vegetable garden of America and the finest cotton land in Texas. Send for literature. The National Land Co., 92 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Mox W.

* * * * * *

INVESTORS—HOMESEEKERS—take notice. We have for sale 150,000 acres of the richest improved and unimproved land in Indian Territory and the Southwest. Fertile soil—ideal climate—has no competitor for the raising of stock and the growing of the various fruits and grains. Devore-Birkeland & Co., T. W., 131 LaSlle St., Chicago, Ill.

* * * * * *

FARMING ALONG GULF IN TEXAS PAYS $500 an acre. Will deed that land for $15 an acre on payments. Artesian water; fine climate; below frost line; have large body ready for colonization, which will treble in value within 18 months. Immigration Agts. Rock Island R. R. Excursion $25.00. Oklahoma Texas Land Co., 511 W. Reaper Block, Chicago.

FOR THE HOME.

WATERPROOF APRONS LAST A LIFETIME.—Artistic in design, white or colors. Sold by the makers only. 50 cents each, delivered. The Walters, Austen Co., 5th floor, 11th & Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * * * * *

FOR CHRISTMAS.—Send $1 up for self or friend. We send handsome clock bank with deposit credited in passbook. 4% interest. Safety Banking and Trust Co., 2921 Kensington Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Organized 1900.

* * * * * *

ANY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY will appreciate the Imperial Trousers or Skirt Hanger, holds four garments. 50 cents at the furnishers, or 70 cents by mail. Write for booklet, Pynchon & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * * * * *

BUILD MISSION FURNITURE.—For pleasure and profit. We teach how by the Houck Easy System. We furnish plans showing exact size and shape of every piece, give complete directions how to make from start to finish, tell what tools required, etc. So simple anybody can make. Boys and young men acquiring lots of money by making furniture from our designs and selling it. Particulars for stamp. Houck Furniture Pattern Co., Dayton, Ohio, Dept. E. M.

THE BEST PUMP FOR COUNTRY WELLS.—No rusty water on wash day. No plumbers' bills for repairs. The Blatchley Wood Pump (lift or lift and force) the standard for 38 years. Address C. G. Blatchley, 1052 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * * * * *

BEST 200 RECIPES FREE! THE ENTERPRISING HOUSEKEEPER.—A famous book of tested, economical recipes and illustrated kitchen helps, published to sell at 25 cents. We will send it free. Just send your name and address. The Enterprise Mfg. Co. of Pa., 2225 N. Third St., Phila., U. S. A. Makers of the famous Enterprise Meat and Food Choppers.

* * * * * *

PRIZE CLOTHES WRINGER, WORLD'S PRIZE winner over all competitors; distinctly different from all others; strictly high-grade; automatic clamps fasten on any kind of tub; easiest to operate; guaranteed white rubber rolls; ours is one of the three wringer factories in the U. S., est. 1890. Selling direct saves you at least 50%; satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Write us. Reference, Dun's Agency, Deshler National Bank, here. U. S. Wringer Mfg. Co. (E), Columbus, Ohio.

INVESTMENTS.

I HANDLE NOTHING BUT DIVIDEND PAYING securities, and invite your correspondence regarding any you may desire to buy, sell or exchange. List on application. H. L. McCauley, 1524 W. Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * * * * *

LOS ANGELES, CAL., first mortgages, 6 and 7% net, title guaranteed, papers all complete, delivered through your own bank. Investments, reports, and appraisals free. Bank references. 25 years' experience. L. C. Crossmin, W. Chamber of Commerce Building.

GUARANTEED MORTGAGE investments. Interest at 5 4-10% and 6% from $1,200 up. Gilt-edged properties. Mortgages insured. My reference is Hamilton Trust Co., Philadelphia. Charles H. Buckley, W. 38 South Fortieth Street, Philadelphia.

* * * * * *

FOR SALE.—5% first mortgage gold bonds to net 5¾%, principal and semi-annual interest payable in New York—issued by a water and light company with liberal city franchise in one of the best towns in the South. Jas. Thompson, Walhalla, S. C.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

THERE IS BIG MONEY IN ASPARAGUS.—Greater profits from its culture than any other product. Write for free booklet. Napa Improvement Co., San Francisco, Cal.

* * * * * *

I WILL BUY AND PAY SPOT CASH for your store and fixtures, entire contents, no matter where located. Newell D. Atwood, 27 School St., Boston, Mass. Tel. 1322 Main.

* * * * * *

TEN VALUABLE MONEY-MAKING formulas sent for one dollar. Preparations that you can sell. That will pay big profits. W. Formulae Co., 832 Greenmount Ave., Baltimore, Md.

* * * * * *

WANTED.—Patented specialties of merit. We have branch offices in the principal cities of Europe and agencies all over the world. Our correspondence is in eight languages. Power Specialty Co., T. W. Detroit, Mich.

* * * * * *

THERE ARE GOOD OPPORTUNITIES on the lecture and reading platform. Test your talent in a recital for criticism in your locality. Write for plan. Edward Amherst Ott, 252 W. Sixty-first Street, Chicago, Ill.

* * * * * *

COMING TO CALIFORNIA?—$25,000 will buy control of a factory in San Francisco to produce horse collars by a patent process. Profits 40%. Demand steady. Trade established. Principals only address J. C. Hooper, 528 22nd St., Oakland, Cal.

* * * * * *

CUBA.—Tropical fruit plantation. Oranges, grape fruit, cocoanuts, coffee. On ten years' time. Profits enormous. Best investment of kind. By reliable, experienced men; seven years' experience in Cuban fruit growing. Agents wanted, either sex. Address, Buena Bista Fruit Co., 105 W. Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

* * * * * *

WANTED, A PARTNER WITH $25,000 to $50,000. We have an established and growing business, but lack capital to push it. An investment of thousands will net millions. The investor must be a business man and a worker. Write for particulars, and state fully amount you would invest, previous business experience, etc. Purifico Mfg. Co., B. Ashville, N. Y.

* * * * * *

6% ON YOUR MONEY by local Building and Loan Association. 14 years in business. Never had a loss, or failed to meet an obligation. Stock in force $750,000. Write for free literature. Jefferson County B. & L. Association, Birmingham, Ala.

HOME COMPANION TOOL SET.—No. 710.—Special offer. 41 individual tools in hardwood case, sent on receipt of $5 00. Every tool needed by the home carpenter. W. Goodell-Pratt Company, Greenfield, Mass.

* * * * * *

A FEW DOLLARS will start a prosperous mail order business; we furnish catalogues and every thing necessary; by our easy method failure impossible. Send for particulars. Milburn-Hicks, 741 Pontiac Building, Chicago.

* * * * * *

WE CAN SELL OR EXCHANGE YOUR BUSINESS or real estate no matter where located, or find any kind of business or real estate for you anywhere in U. S. and Canada. Write Fidelity Company, C. Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

* * * * * *

CASH for your farm, business, home, or property of any kind, no matter where located. If you desire a quick sale send us description and price. Northwestern Business Agency, 334 Bank of Commerce Bldg, Minneapolis, Minn.

* * * * * *

LONG ESTABLISHED MAIL ORDER and installment house furnishing business for sale. Grand Rapids furniture is celebrated the world over, and big money can be made selling from here. Address C. H. Leonard, Grand Rapids, Mich.

* * * * * *

MEN TO HANDLE high-grade map proposition. Territory in eevry state. Experience no quolification. Liberal terms. Must be men of good address and ability. Get our proposition. Its profitable. Scarborough Co., 144 Essex St., Boston, Mass.

* * * * * *

MONTGOMERY, ALA., offers the homeseeker, investor, and manufacturer wonderful opportunities. Capital of Alabama. Has 50,000 enterprising people and is growing. In rich agricultural section. Has seven great railroads and water transportation on Alabama river to Gulf. Coal, iron and timber close at hand and very cheap. Labor plentiful and high grade. Climate ideal. Schools, churches, public improvements matters of civic pride. Dixie revels in prosperity. Montgomery is Dixie's heart. For booklet and information, address the business men's organization, The Commercial Club, Dept. C, Montgomery, Ala.

* * * * * *

DOES YOUR PRESENT INCOME SATISFY YOU? You can double it by taking the SHELDON SHORT CUTS in SELLING and MANAGEMENT. One salesman says: "You added $5,000 to my salary last year." Another states: "A single deal closed by your method netted 50 times original cost." 8,000 others and nearly 1,000 firms are using it to increase sales and earnings. All instruction by correspondence. You owe it to yourself to investigate. Write for more facts and proof. SHELDON (1750) the Republic, CHICAGO.

HELP WANTED—MALE AND FEMALE.

PORTRAIT AGENTS.—16x20 crayons 25 cents. Water color 30 cents. Samples and catalog free. Berlin Artists Association, 152-O Lake St., Chicago.

* * * * * *

SALESMEN WANTED.—Men or women, whole or part time to sell advertising calendars, fans and other advertising novelties, for an old reliable house. Box 160, Meridian, Conn.

* * * * * *

$25 PER WEEK AND TRAVELLING EXPENSES paid salesmen to sell goods to grocery stores, drug and general stores. No canvassing. A rapid selling line. Experience unnecessary. Purity D. E. Co., Chicago.

* * * * * *

AGENTS.—HERE'S THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME. Stoll's shoes for flat irons, something entirely new, sell in every home. For full particulars address Dexter Supply Co., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

* * * * * *

WE WANT HELP.—Anyone desiring pleasant and profitable business should write us at once. Our positive guarantee inspires confidence and makes sales easy. W. T. Allen Medicine Co., Greenfield, Ind.

* * * * * *

MORE MONEY, LESS TALKING, steadier work, bigger field, handling our new inventions, than any other line. Needed in every home. Agents, you can't beat this. Selwell Co., 105 W. Jackson B., Chicago, Ill.

* * * * * *

BENTON HOLLADAY & CO. Man cleared $1,182, lady $720 last six months selling Celluloid Waterproof Shoe Dressing. Why not you? Demonstrated samples free. Benton Holladay & Co., 260 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

* * * * * *

AGENTS WANTED to handle our line of high grade novelties. Great sellers for cigar stores and newsdealers. Large profits. Catalogue of 300 and wholesale prices free. Write today. National Mfg. Co., Box T. W., Norfolk, Va.

* * * * * *

AGENTS WANTED in every gas town on salary or commission to demonstrate superheated inverted gas light. Latest light out. Nothing to sell. Sample free. Perfection Light Co., Dept. A, 53 River St., Chicago.

* * * * * *

WE WANT A HUSTLING AGENT in your town for the only automatic shears, the Sheer-Cut Shears. Best shears, best terms. Credit given. Orders filled same day received. Novelty Shear Co., 184 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

* * * * * *

THE HEARWELL TELEPHONE ATTACHMENT makes you hear better and shuts off outside noises. An agency is open for you whether you have a store or are employed. Big opportunity. Hearwell Co., W. 1309 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED.—TWELVE EXPERIENCED LECTURERS, subject, industrial activities. Also musicians for male quartettes. Give full particulars and references with first letter. Edward Amherst Ott, 250 East 61st Street, Chicago.

* * * * * *

SALESMEN TO SELL the largest line of souvenir post cards in the country. Also large line of advertising fans. Excellent side line. Good commission and prompt settlement. Alfred Holzman, Publisher, 340 Dearborn St., Chicago.

* * * * * *

AGENTS, OUR NEW GOLD window sign letters beat anything on the market. Big profits. Agents make $10.00 to $20.00 daily. Complete sample outfit 25 cents. Particulars free. Sullivan Co., 406 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

* * * * * *

"FIRE CHIEF."—Latest, most effective extinguisher. Acts instantly without damage to surroundings. Handsome, light, inexpensive. Demand universal. $40 per week to high class competent agents. Write today for terms and territory. W. F. A. Company. The Spitzer, Toledo, O.

* * * * * *

WANTED.—AGENTS IN EVERY SHOP IN THE world to sell Vanco hand soap. Send 10 cents for full size can and particulars. Some agents make $40.00 per month in addition to regular work. Address the J. T. Robertson Co., Manchester, Conn. (Dept. E).

* * * * * *

SAFETY DOOR LOCK can be used without tools on any door without scratching. Proof against burglars, sneak thieves, and pass keys. Pocket size, 25 cents. Exclusive territory to good agents. Large profits. Send for samples and terms. Safety Door Lock Co., Seattle, Wash. Dept. T. W.

* * * * * *

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED.—Experience unnecessary if honest, ambitious and willing to learn the business thoroughly by mail. Splendid income assured. Write at once for full particulars. Address either office. National Co-operative Realty Co., 298 Athenaeum Bldg., Chicago, Ill., or 298 Maryland Bldg., Washington, D. C.

* * * * * *

YOU CAN SELL PORCELA to every bathtub owner in the U. S.—and there are millions of them. Easy to sell; liberal profits to bright agents. Porcela is the only cleansing preparation that preserves the lustre of the porcelain enamel while cleaning it. Porcela cleans everything from kitchen to bathroom. Write for information today. Porcela Company, Sales Dept. T. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.

VIRGINIA HISTORIC HOMES

on the rivers and Bay. Select country homes in the noted Piedmont region and Valley of Virginia. Choice hunting preserves. Free list.

H. W. HILLEARY & Co., Charlottesville, Va.

MORPHINE

COCAINE AND LIQUOR

Addictions cured in ten days without pain. Unconditional guarantee given to cure or no charge. Write for booklet.

CEDARCROFT SANITARIUM, Dept., 33, Lebanon, Tenn.

AGENTS WANTED

We want agents to sell our made-to-order suits and pants. Suits from $10.00 up. Pants, $3.00 up. We will give liberal commission to the right men. If you are interested, write at once for sample outfit, particulars and territory. Warrington Woolen & Worsted Mills, Dept. 41, Chicago, Ills.

MY BOOK FREE

"HOW TO REMEMBER"

Sent Free to Readers of this Publication

THE KEY TO SUCCESS

Stop Forgetting

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Easy, inexpensive. Increases income; gives ready memory for faces, names, business details, studies, conversation; develops will, public speaking, personality. Send for Free Booklet.

Dickson Memory School, 711 Kimball Hall, Chicago

Some Papers of Special Interest

That are Appearing in

The Arena Magazine

The Railways for the Nation By ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE, D. C. L., LL. D. A notable contribution by the eminent scientist and social philosopher dealing with how the people can gain possession of the railways in America in accordance with Herbert Spencer's law of social justice. This paper, which is one of the features of the January, 1907 issue, should be read by all thinking Americans, because of the radical manner in which he advocates the people taking possession of the natural utilities.

Secretary Root and His Plea for Centralization By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS. Mr. Phillips is everywhere recognized as one of the most fearless and incisive champions of Fundamental Democracy, and this paper—which will appear in the February issue—by this strong and brilliant Journalist will doubtless occasion much discussion.

Other Features of the January and February Issues are:

The Truth at the Heart of Capitalism and of Socialism. By Prof. Frank Parsons, Ph. D.

Recent Attacks on Christian Science, with a Survey of the Christian Science Movement, Its Ideals and Achievements. (Illustrated.) By the Editor of "The Arena."

Our Insult to Japan and the Serious Questions it Involves. By C. Vey Holman.

Municipal Art of Springfield, Mass. (Illustrated.) By Geo. Wharton James.

Paying Children to Attend School. By Prof. Oscar Chrisman.

Spoils and the Civil Service. By Frank Vrooman.

Child Slavery; Democracy's Present Battle with the Moloch of Greed. By the Editor.

The Railways of Germany. By Prof. Frank Parsons.

Constitutional Changes Demanded to Bulwark Democratic Government. By Hon. Walter Clark, Chief Justice of North Carolina.

Photography: Its True Function and Its Limitations. Illustrated.

Questions of Over-Shadowing Interest in German Political Life. By Maynard Butler.

Joaquin Miller Answers the Criticisms of H. G. Wells and Contrasts Boston and New York.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER: Send 50 cents in Stamps, Money-Order or Coin, and we will send you the December, January, February and March issues as a trial subscription.

ALBERT BRANDT, Publisher,

563 Brandt Building, Trenton, New Jersey.

WEEKLY JEFFERSONIAN

THOS. E. WATSON & SON, Editors and Proprietors.

Published in Atlanta, Ga.

PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR.

IN CLUBS OF THREE OR MORE, 75c.

A Weekly Newspaper Advocating Jeffersonian Principles.

Editor-in-Chief.....THOS. E. WATSON
Associate Editor.....J. D. WATSON

Mr. Watson spares no pains or labor to make his Weekly Paper one of the best.

He devotes his personal attention to it.

He writes most of the editorials.

Being a Weekly it carries a vast deal of original matter which you would never find in his Magazine.

If you sympathise with Mr. Watson and want to keep up with his work you simply cannot afford to be without the Weekly Jeffersonian.

In the Weekly, Mr. Watson can keep in closer touch with events as they occur than is possible in a magazine, consequently the Weekly fills a want which the magazine cannot supply.

To these two periodicals Mr. Watson will devote himself exclusively during the remaining years of his life.

He wants no office, but he *does* have an ambition to make his two publications a power for good throughout the land.

THE

WEEKLY JEFFERSONIAN

AND

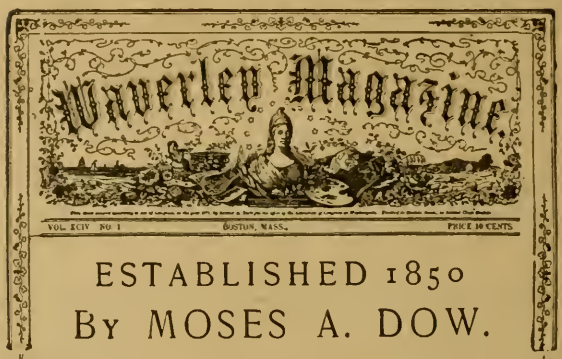
Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

Twelve Months for

$2.00

Energetic and enthusiastic representatives wanted to push the enterest of both the Weekly and Magazine in every community.

THREE MONTHS FREE!!



ESTABLISHED 1850
BY MOSES A. DOW.

THE WAVERLEY claims the proud distinction of being the oldest and best known story magazine published in America! Time was when **The Waverley** was in every home and read by young and old alike. **You** remember those stories, and such stories they were—so intensely interesting, so exciting! Well, **The Waverley** is just the same today—the same size, the same shape, the same captivating stories, **only better and more modern;** but all stories just the same—pure, wholesome, entertaining stories of love, romance and adventure, and all complete in each number.

A Page of Poetry.

Then, too, there has been added a poetry page—poems of the long ago, poetic gems and sonnets perhaps almost forgotten, but which you want to read again.

The Story Teller

The story teller page is another new feature; real short, crispy little stories of every-day life, but how entertaining!

Woman's World

The "Woman's World" department, not the humdrum sort, but facts and fancies worth knowing, helpful hints that really help, things worth doing and how to do them.

You Liked The Waverley Years Ago.
You'll Like It Better Now.

Do you know that there is no other magazine just like The Waverley, and that it is only $1.00 a year?

Special Subscription Offer.

On receipt of $1.00 we will send you FREE the Oct., Nov. and Dec., 1906, copies of the WAVERLEY, and the entire year of 1907, fifteen months in all.

——Address——

WAVERLEY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
BOSTON, - - MASS.